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THE IRISH IN AMERICAN LIFE.

SINCE the settlement of this country, we have received nearly, if not quite four million immigrants from Ireland, — a number about two thirds as large as that of the present population of Ireland. To understand what part these people have played in American life, it is necessary to inquire what were their antecedents and what was their national character.

In the first place, our immigrants have been the most Irish of the Irish. They have come mainly from the western counties, — from Clare, Kerry, Leitrim, Galway, and Sligo; and these are the counties in which the inhabitants are most nearly of Celtic descent. It is a matter of dispute among historians how far the peculiarities of the Irish race are due to the Celtic blood that is in them, but at all events these peculiarities have come to be associated with the Celtic race and are called by that name. A Celt is notoriously a passionate, impulsive, kindly, unreflecting, brave, nimble-witted man; but he lacks the solidity, the balance, the judgment, the moral staying power of the Anglo-Saxon. The Celts, so far as their history is known, have been as unsuccessful in war as they have been brave in battle. Their history is a history of defeat. "They went forth to war, but they always fell." Intellectually, the Celt is fundamentally different from the Anglo-Saxon. He proceeds by intuition rather than by inference, and he is usually unable to state the process by which he has reached a

given conclusion in such a way as to be convincing or even comprehensible to an Anglo-Saxon antagonist. I was present once at a long discussion between the most brilliant Irishman whom I ever knew and an American of great talent. After it had come to an impotent conclusion, one of the disputants declared, "It is useless for us to discuss, for we really cannot understand each other:" and that was the truth. It was this fundamental difference that a great English writer had in mind when he said, after a residence of some length in Ireland, "It becomes more clear to me every day that, in their ways of thinking, in their ideals and mental habits, these people are as different from us as if they belonged to a different world."

Mr. Arnold, in his acute essay upon Celtic literature, says that if we are to characterize the Celtic nature by a single word, "sentimental" is the word that we should choose; and, adopting the happy phrase of a French writer, he speaks of "the Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact." It is this inability to see facts as they are, to realize their consequences and to submit to them, which more than anything else has impaired the efficiency of the Celtic race. For instance, to attempt, as the Fenians did, the conquest of England by throwing a handful of soldiers across the line between Canada and the United States was a signal example of "reaction against the despotism of fact." But Mr. Arnold

speaks also, and with equal truth, of "the greater delicacy and spirituality of the Celtic peoples." They are neither so hard nor so gross as the Anglo-Saxon races; and they have in a high degree the splendid virtues of courage and generosity. Loyalty, too, is a virtue for which the Celt has always been remarkable. Finally, the Celt is essentially a social creature, loving society and hating solitude; and this trait has determined to no small extent his career as a citizen of the United States.

It must be remembered, furthermore, that our Irish immigrants belong not only to the Celtic, but also to a conquered race. They belong to a race which for many years was subjected to a galling persecution. Our immigrants are Catholics; and for a long period the Catholic religion was proscribed in Ireland. Its priests were concealed in the cottages of the peasantry, and mass was said in hiding-places. Resistance by the Irish to England and to the government set over them by England necessarily took the form of conspiracy, sometimes of treachery. And from this long and cruel subjection the Irish character has suffered. It has acquired a quality of deceit, of unvaracity, such as is always found in a race long under subjection. The Christians of the East, at this day, are notoriously untruthful. Moreover, in this country, the Irish, notwithstanding their intense love for Ireland, have always exhibited a certain shame at being Irish instead of American. Partly this may have been simply a reflection from the feeling of superiority which the native American felt and showed; but certainly the Irish brought with them a consciousness of inferiority to the Anglo-Saxon race, — not necessarily an inferiority of nature, but an inferiority of condition. Mr. William O'Brien relates a striking illustration of this. "A great prelate," he says, "of distinguished attainments in Irish, was on his way to the visitation of a parish where almost

everybody understood that language. I asked, should we have the advantage of hearing him address the people in Irish? The answer was that nothing would give him greater pleasure, but that one could not insult an Irish-speaking congregation more effectively than by addressing them in Irish; that they would take it as a suggestion that they were a pack of barbarians who knew no English." "Paddy" is a term of opprobrium in this country, even when addressed by one Irishman to another.

Another Irish trait, often exhibited in American life, is a morbid sensitiveness, a readiness to take offense and to suspect insult or unkindness when none is intended; and this, too, is the badge of a conquered race. This failing has been shown most conspicuously in political matters. When Mayor Hewitt, of New York, refused to permit the Irish flag to be hoisted over City Hall upon St. Patrick's Day, the Irishmen of New York received the refusal with a tirade of abuse. A Democratic governor of Massachusetts once declined to review an Irish society because its members paraded under arms, which was contrary to the law of the State. This was a just and manly act on his part, and one from which he, being a Democrat, could gain no possible advantage; but the Irish, with Celtic impetuosity and with the super-sensitiveness of a conquered race, overlooked the motive, and took the act as an intentional insult.

Finally, our Irish immigrants have been almost universally Catholic in religion, and to the difference in religion between them and native Americans, more than to difference of race or of temperament, is due the fact that they still form a distinct though integral part of the community. However, the American people, though Protestant, had ceased, at the time of the great Irish immigration, to be aggressively Protestant. They had also become much easier to live with, more flexible, more open-minded, than

the Englishmen from whom they were descended; and, on the whole, the two races — Anglo-Saxon, American, Protestant, on the one hand, and Celtic, Irish, Catholic, on the other — have lived and labored side by side with astonishingly little friction. There was, to be sure, the Know-Nothing movement of 1854-55, but that was a short-lived affair, and the present efforts of the A. P. A. are less effective, and bid fair to be equally transitory. The argument against the Irish, as Catholics, is that they owe allegiance first to the Pope, and only secondarily to the government of the United States; but if these two powers ever come in conflict, it is safe to assume that national feeling will prevail, and that the Pope will be disregarded. In the Middle Ages, the authority of the Pope was far greater, national feeling was far weaker, than is the case now; and yet the history of the Middle Ages is full of instances where the Pope attempted to carry out some anti-national policy and failed. To what, indeed, is the present isolated position of the Holy Father due except to his vain resistance of that national feeling which produced United Italy!

Such, then, was and is the character of our immigrants from Ireland: Celtic in race, with the faults of a conquered and oppressed nation; Catholic in religion; agriculturists or "unskilled laborers" by occupation. They have come to us mainly since about the middle of the present century. From 1820 to 1830 the immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland averaged only 6000 per annum; but about the year 1832 the number began to increase, and when the Irish famine of 1846 occurred it suddenly became enormous. It reached a climax in 1854, when the total immigration to this country, about half of it being Irish, was 427,833.¹

¹ Then there was a decline; but after the civil war the Irish immigration began to increase again, until, in 1883, it reached the number of 81,486. After 1883 it fell off somewhat. For 1895 it was 46,304. Of the foreign-

The early emigration, between 1846 and 1855, was attended with a vast deal of suffering. The emigrants crossed the sea, it must be remembered, not in steamships, but in sailing-vessels, and the average length of the voyage from Liverpool to New York was about thirty-five days. In the winter of 1849-50 several emigrant-ships were forced to put back after having been out for seventy days, and their passengers, being soon transferred to other ships, sailed upon a second voyage, weakened and demoralized by the hardships of the first. Ship fever soon broke out among them, and carried off many. In some cases the provisions were exhausted, and there was famine upon the sea as well as upon the land.

The London press fired parting maledictions at the fleeing emigrants: "Ireland has no snakes or vermin except among its peasantry and clergy." "Ireland is boiling over, and the scum flows across the Atlantic." Such were the gentle words with which these emigrants, flying from famine, were speeded on their way. And what was their reception in this country? We permitted them to land. If any were imbecile, crippled, or helpless, we sent them back. To the able-bodied we gave a fair field, but no favor and no assistance or even advice. They arrived in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia (at least three quarters of the whole in New York) with little or no money. As a rule, they knew how to till the soil, and they knew nothing else. Land in unlimited quantities, rich farm land, was lying idle at the West, and could these immigrants have been transported thither, with some aid, perhaps, from temporary loans of money, their prosperity would have been assured, and a source of great danger to our Eastern cities removed. In this emergency, what

born population in the United States, the Irish are now only about 20 per cent, whereas in 1850 they were over 40 per cent. This decrease affects the power of the Irish vote, — a subject touched upon later.

was done by the national government or by the state governments concerned? Nothing. The Irish seem to have been overlooked even by the philanthropists, though one voice, at least, was raised in their behalf. In a series of interesting letters (afterward published in a pamphlet) dealing with the Irish immigration, the Rev. E. E. Hale wrote in 1851: "Here in Massachusetts we writhe and struggle . . . lest we return one fugitive slave who can possibly be saved from Southern slavery; but when there come these fugitives from Irish Bastilles, as they call them, we tax them first, and neglect them afterwards."

This was our first great mistake in dealing with the Irish: we gave them no opportunity to do that for which they were best fitted, to become farmers. Lacking money and skill and information, they remained largely in the great cities where they landed. The Irish who came later have followed a similar course. Partly from necessity and partly from choice, — the Celt being, as I have said, eminently a social creature, — they have become dwellers in cities; and a great proportion of them are found in the chief cities of the Atlantic seaboard. In this tendency the Irish are surpassed only by the Italians.¹ Nearly two thirds of our whole Irish population are in the five States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania; and more than one quarter of the whole are found in five large cities, namely, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Boston.² The only Western State which has a considerable percentage of Irishmen, 3.25, is Illinois; and this percentage is due to the Irish population in Chicago.

The Irish immigrants, being unskilled and uneducated, naturally took their place at the very bottom of the social

ladder; and they have done the hard manual work of the country. They began to come at an opportune time, when our mining and manufacturing industries were ready to receive a great accession of workmen, and when railroads were beginning to be built. Since 1830 one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railroad have been constructed in the United States, and doubtless the greater part of the rails were laid by Irishmen. Irish girls took the place of Yankee girls in the cotton-mills of Lowell and Lawrence; and in the course of a few years the domestic service of the country was revolutionized by the substitution of Irish for native-born servants. In the case of the men this answered well enough. The typical "hired man" of New England, the man employed in towns and villages by people of moderate means who keep a cow, a horse or two, and have a small garden, has been for many years an Irishman; and barring an occasional spree, no more faithful or pleasanter servant could be desired. In the case of the women the results have not been so good. Patrick has an almost innate knowledge of a horse, a cow, and a garden; but Bridget, having never been taught, knows little of cooking or neat housekeeping. Then, too, the difference of race and of religion creates more friction between women than it does between men. But Bridget, despite the fact that her shortcomings have been the theme of comic papers for half a century, has some excellent qualities. She breaks contracts, but she does not steal; and if the little people of the country were interrogated upon the subject, I am sure that they would declare in her favor. Now, a servant to whom a whole nation safely entrusts its household property and its children is not utterly to be condemned.

What became of the native American

¹ The immigrants who settle in our large cities are, of the Irish, 45 per cent; of the Germans, 38 per cent; of the English and Scotch, 30 per cent; of the Italians, 60 per cent.

² These are the largest five cities in the country, except that St. Louis should stand in the fifth place, that city having about 3000 more people than Boston.

servants and mill hands who were displaced by the Irish it would be hard to say. Of the men, many emigrated to the West, and many were employed in shops, or as foremen and superintendents in factories, foundries, and stables, and as brakemen, conductors, and the like upon railroads. Of the women, many became shop-girls and seamstresses. In recent years, the Irish, in their turn, have largely been displaced. They have abandoned to the French-Canadians the woolen and cotton factories of New England. Where one used to see Irishmen digging up the streets one now sees Italians; and the imps of the sidewalk in New York and Boston, the newsboys and bootblacks, are now more often Italian than Irish. In the coal regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio, the Irish have given way to Hungarians, Poles, and Russians. Many Irish are at present employed as salesmen in shops; and no doubt the influx of other nationalities, especially in the last five or ten years, has raised the Irish in the social scale, but a large proportion of them are still unskilled laborers or domestic servants.

Of the children born in the United States of Irish parents, according to the census of 1880,¹ there were occupied industrially 978,854 persons, distributed as follows: rendering personal service, 415,854; in mechanical and mining industries, 284,175; in agriculture, 140,307; in trade and railroads, 138,518. Thus it will be seen that only a very small proportion are engaged in agriculture, and a very large proportion are servants of one kind or another.

Despite the small number of Irishmen who are engaged in agriculture, the Irish as a whole, and especially the Irish immigrants, have shown a fondness for land. When an Irishman acquires a piece of

real estate, even in a city or a large town, it is hard to dislodge him from it. The very fact that in Ireland it was almost impossible for him or for any member of his class to obtain land may be the reason why he is so ambitious of owning it in America. In the Northwest, the Irish farmers have done exceedingly well, and in New England, since the civil war, many farms that were thrown on the market or abandoned by their American owners have been taken up by Irishmen. In the Northwest, the Irish of the second generation usually remain upon the land; but in New England the children of the Irish are just as prone as children of native Americans to exchange country for city life.² Norwegians, Swedes, and even Italians are taking their places.

I happen to know the history of one farm situated about twenty miles from Boston. Thirty years ago it was sold by the American owner, to whom it had descended through his ancestors for two hundred years back. He moved to Boston and opened a shop. The purchaser was an Irishman, who made the farm profitable, and, when he became old, retired with a competence to a house in the village. His sons grew up and went to the city, one of them becoming a coachman; and the farm is now owned by a Norwegian. His children will probably sell it, perhaps to an Italian. In many cases the Irish immigrant and his sons have done well in business, acquiring a good deal of property; and it is noticeable, but not surprising, that in almost all of these cases the business is of what might be called a gregarious kind. Irishmen prefer, and succeed best in, those occupations where a man can be lively and sociable and can move about, and especially where he can have to do with horses. Contractors, blacksmiths, stable-

¹ The corresponding figures for the census of 1890 are not yet available.

² Between 1880 and 1890 the city population in New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, and Vermont showed a greater increase

than did the total population of these States respectively; so that in these States, from 1880 to 1890, the rural population actually decreased.

keepers, and hackmen are largely Irishmen. Some of the most noted trainers and drivers of trotting horses have been Irishmen. I know one Irishman who began life as the driver of a coupé for a liveryman. Before long he had a horse and coupé of his own. Then he bought another horse and coupé, and hired a man. And from this small beginning he has become, in twenty years, the owner of a large stable and of much valuable real estate. He still attends vigorously to business, but indulges himself in the ownership of a few running horses. This is not an isolated case of prosperity. Saloon-keepers are notoriously Irishmen; and what more social occupation could there be than keeping a saloon! In the Boston Directory are the names of 526 persons who sell liquor at retail, and of these names 317 are unmistakably Irish.¹

The same principle holds good in an Irishman's choice of a profession. Very seldom does he become a doctor: the severe course of study is repugnant to him, and the practice of medicine, though it involves seeing people, does not involve seeing them in a sociable way. On the other hand, there are many Irish lawyers. To become a really good lawyer does indeed require hard study; but a man can make a creditable appearance before a jury without knowing much law, and it is easy for an Irishman to be eloquent and quick at repartee. In some cases, where sound judgment and the power of application are united with Celtic liveliness and eloquence, we find Irish lawyers of the first rank; and these men have a suavity and courtesy of their own. But they are not numerous. Neither in the professions, nor in politics, nor in trade does the Irish-American

often rise to a high position. A recent traveler in the West, whose object was to procure investments for foreign capital, states that he found very few Irishmen at the head of industrial enterprises. The managers of such concerns were usually native Americans, Scotchmen, or Englishmen.

The herding of the Irish in our large cities, and their sudden contact with new social and political conditions, have made the average of pauperism, crime, and mortality very high among them. For example, in the year 1890 the number of white paupers born in the United States, but having both parents foreign-born and both parents of the same nationality, was, so far as it could be ascertained, 3333. To this number the Irish contributed 1806, whereas the Germans contributed only 916, although the Germans in this country outnumber the Irish by more than a million.² A table which indicates, not the pauper, but the criminal element is even more significant. In 1890, the number of white prisoners who were born in the United States, but who had both parents foreign-born and both parents of the same nationality, was 11,327. These were distributed, so far as the Irish and Germans are concerned, as follows: Irish, 7935; German, 1709.

However, in this matter one need not resort to such unsatisfactory evidence as statistics. It is plain from observation and experience that, on the whole, the Irish in America, of the second generation, degenerate. The children of Irish birth, born and brought up in this country, are morally inferior to their parents. This is a hard saying, and perhaps it bears harder upon Americans and upon American institutions than it does upon the Irish. Perhaps, also, it

¹ The stranger passing down Broadway, in the city of New York, finds himself in a desert of dry-goods merchants, who seem to be all Jews: Elias Brothers, Solomon Isaacs, Hamerstein, and the like are the names which decorate the signs. And yet there is an oasis in this

desert, for about halfway down one comes suddenly upon a liquor saloon, and above it stands the familiar name "John Flynn."

² The Jewish element among the Germans accounts in part for their low average of pauperism.

does not apply to agricultural communities, but it is true of the Irish in cities and towns. This is the testimony not only of my own personal experience and observation, but of all whom I have consulted upon the subject. It is the testimony of Irishmen themselves. One of the foremost of that race in this country, a man whose name would command the respect of all of our citizens, says, in a letter which lies before me: "Life in cities demoralizes to a noticeable degree the descendants of Irishmen. They are not as good as their immigrant fathers; that is, a large proportion of those descendants. They are disinclined to work, seek easy jobs, rush into politics for the excitement which politics afford. In country places, descendants of Irishmen are an improvement upon the old stock almost in all cases."

The Irish-American finds himself better schooled and better dressed than his father, and with a brogue so much modified as to be barely perceptible. These differences, or superiorities as he conceives them to be, create in him a most unwholesome contempt for the traditions and simple virtues of his father's people. That feeling of racial inferiority which, as I have said, the Irish brought with them, or partly, perhaps, acquired here, is strong in the Irish-American, and he becomes Americanized almost too quickly. He imbibes with avidity the theory of equality, and with true Celtic ardor pushes it to excess. There are, of course, many Irish-Americans who, as the authority whom I have just quoted says, "add to the virtues of the old stock the activity and intelligence of the American." On the other hand, there are many Irish-Americans, young men growing up in our cities, who are too vain or too lazy to work, self-indulgent, impudent, and dissipated.

We can hardly blame the Irish for this degeneracy, when we consider how quickly and completely their habits and ideas were revolutionized by the change

of residence from Ireland to America. In Ireland they were chiefly an agricultural people, living in cottages more or less isolated, each family having a home to itself. In this country they live chiefly in cities and in tenement houses, and often under such circumstances that real home life is impossible. An accomplished Irishman, Mr. Philip Bagenal, gives the following description of how his countrymen, or many of them, live in the city of New York:—

"Crowded into one small room a whole family lives, a unit among a dozen other such families. . . . There is a high rent to be paid, but no one dares in New York to say with Michael Davitt that such a rent is an 'immoral tax.' The street below is dirty and ill kept. In the basement is a beer saloon, where crime and want jostle each other, and curses fill the air. On the other side is an Italian tenement reeking with dirt and rags. Close by is a Chinese quarter or a Polish Jew colony. Everywhere the moral atmosphere is one of degradation and human demoralization. Gross sensuality prevails; the sense of shame, if ever known, is early stifled." Could we expect the simple virtues of an agricultural people to survive such an environment as this?

But perhaps the theory of equality, as the Irish commonly misunderstand it, has worked more havoc with Irish manners and morals than any other new circumstance of their life in America. At home, they lived under a political and social system intensely aristocratic. The Irish peasantry have been regarded, and therefore have regarded themselves, as a class so inferior as to deserve little consideration from their superiors. A striking illustration of this is cited by Mr. Lecky from the notes of a traveler in Ireland:

"In the month of June, 1809, at the races of Carlow, I saw a poor man's cheek laid open by the stroke of a whip. The inhuman wretch who inflicted the wound was a gentleman of some rank in

the county. The unhappy sufferer was standing in his way; and, without requesting him to move, he struck him with less ceremony than an English squire would a dog. But what astonished me even more than the deed, and which shows the difference between English and Irish feeling, was that not a murmur was heard nor a hand raised in disapprobation."¹

From a subjection somewhat like this, though less harsh, the Irishman passes, in no longer time than it takes a modern steamship to cross the Atlantic, to a political condition where no classes are recognized by law, and where one man is considered to be "as good as another." The principle that all men are equal commonly means, as the Irish immigrant, or, more truly, as his son understands it, that there is no superiority of one man to another except the superiority of wealth, and perhaps of that kind of intelligence which enables people to acquire wealth. Now, when a man thinks, or believes that he thinks, or even when he makes a pretense of thinking, that, other things being equal, an untrained, unrefined, uneducated person is as "good as" or "equal to" a trained, refined, and educated person, he has taken the first step in a downward course. He has let go of the truth, and has begun to build on a foundation of falsehood. We often see in native Americans the same degeneracy, the same half-conscious acceptance of a false theory, the same falling-off in manners and morals, when they pass from an agricultural community to a great city.

But what makes the matter worse in the case of the Irish is this: the Irishman is essentially a loyal person, and many generations of subordination have made it natural for him to look up to others. He has need of and an instinctive liking for some one to follow, to obey, to imitate. Can we blame him,

then, if, from the want of worthy leadership, he falls away? He would scarcely look for such leadership among native Americans, for they are alien to him in race and religion. And if he did look for it among them, he would not easily find it. Our aristocracy, so far as we have one, is mainly a vulgar and selfish plutocracy. Among his own race there are individuals, but there is no whole class fit to serve as leaders in morals or in manners; and for want of anything better, he is compelled to fall back upon Irish politicians, orators, and saloon-keepers.

This noble virtue, loyalty, is, in these days, hardly considered a virtue. To esteem a man so much above one's self as to be loyal to him and to show him respect is thought by many persons to be anti-democratic. I was in a room the other day, when there entered a man distinguished in political life, a former Senator of the United States. Nobody was at pains to hand him a chair except one old gentleman, whose notions of respect were derived from a former generation. The Irish, and the Irish-Americans too, are loyal. They have the true spirit of devotion to a leader, to a hero, to a cause. After all, this is not only a virtue, but a fruitful one; and it may be doubted if, in the long run, even a republic can safely dispense with it. The loyalty of the Irish to the Democratic party, though fraught with some evils, is a rare example of constancy. It is like the devotion of a lover to a mistress not always deserving of devotion. The origin of this political attachment is so familiar that it need only be glanced at here. In 1792, the period of residence in this country fixed by law as a condition of naturalization was extended by the Federalists, who were then in power, from two years to five years. In 1798, it was again extended from five years to fourteen years. In the same year, the Federalists passed the famous, or infamous, Alien Act, which

¹ England in the Eighteenth Century, vol. ii. p. 318.

empowered the President, of his own motion and without trial or process of law, to order any and every alien in the country to leave it forthwith, under penalty of imprisonment. The act expired by limitation in 1801. Mr. Adams never made use of it, and the only consequence of it was to hasten the downfall of the Federal party. This unwise and illiberal legislation had the effect of driving every Irishman in the country into the Republican party, as it was then called, and its successor the present Democratic party.

By many people the adhesion of the Irish to the Democratic party is considered to be a vicious thing. There are certain newspapers and reformers who appear to think that the rank and file of Tammany Hall, for example, are actuated by purely selfish motives. But the rank and file have nothing to gain in politics. Tammany draws upon a deep reservoir of loyalty; it has a following composed mostly of good, true men, worthy of better leadership. The Irish vote is not a mercenary vote. It is a significant fact that the Republican party, with all its wealth and with all the unscrupulousness which characterizes political parties in general, has never been able to break the solid column of the Irish Democrats. It is true, no doubt, that in some cases Irish political leaders have "traded" the votes which they controlled, or perhaps even sold them for money; but in these transactions the voters were innocent dupes. There are districts in which, among a large class, a man's vote is a recognized, merchantable commodity. In Rhode Island, for instance, the extent of this vote has been calculated with some nicety;¹ but it has never been charged, in Rhode Island or elsewhere, except in rare cases, that Irishmen sell their votes. But when an Irishman goes into politics, as the phrase is, he leaves honesty behind him.

The political activity of the Irish in

¹ See *The Century*, vol. xlv. p. 940.

this country has been notoriously great, and on the whole it has been pernicious. Ireland has furnished us with a few commanding figures in political life. The fathers of two Presidents of the United States emigrated from one and the same small town in the north of Ireland; but for the most part the Irish have contributed an insignificant number to the higher offices, state or national. They have, however, figured very largely as councilmen and aldermen in the chief cities, and also as legislators in several States, notably in New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts. In these positions, it must be confessed, they have been distinguished more by corruption and intrigue than by any better qualities. The part which Irishmen have played in the city government of New York and in the New York Assembly is too familiar to require comment here. Not long ago an Irish member of the Massachusetts legislature remarked that he was a laughing-stock to his Irish associates because he refused to take money from persons interested in matters of legislation before the House. And yet it would be easy to exaggerate the relative depravity of the Irish in this respect. The power of Tammany in New York would probably have been broken long since had it not been for native American, and, during the latest campaign, German-American support. If we say that the course which the Irish have taken in politics has been more uniformly and consistently bad than that pursued by native Americans, we shall probably state the truth. Among Irish politicians there is an almost entire absence of that reform element which has always to be reckoned with in the case of native Americans. Even Irishmen who are honest in business will often adopt a different standard in politics.

This laxity can be attributed mainly, I think, to the fact that for centuries the Irish in Ireland have been educated to a false conception of government. The government has commonly stood to them

in the place of an oppressor, or at best as something out of which as much as possible should be got, and to which nothing was due. The Irish have not yet realized the American idea, that the people are themselves the government, and that he who holds office is administering a trust for the whole people, of whom he himself is a part. In a measure, also, the unscrupulousness of the Irish in politics arises from the Celtic ardor and partisanship with which they pursue their objects. The end in view seems to them so necessary as to justify almost any means of accomplishing it. Political dishonesty is hardly more of a crime to an Irishman than smuggling is to a woman. In time, however, we may expect that the Irish will acquire clearer views upon this subject.

Another political evil arising from the presence of the Irish in this country is that they help to disturb our relations with England. Many things have been said and done by politicians merely to catch the "Irish vote," and a consciousness of Irish opinion tends to make it hard for Americans to preserve an impartial attitude toward Great Britain. It is difficult to be impartial and spontaneous toward a third person whom the neighbor at your elbow is continually abusing. In such a case one's agreement or disagreement with the neighbor is apt to assume too violent a form. But this influence is not so strong as it was, and the power of the Irish as a political entity in the United States has declined. During the civil war the hopes of the Irish ran high. They thought that their hour had come when the Mason and Slidell affair nearly precipitated a war with England; and although this incident ended peacefully, the expectations which it aroused among the Irish were revived by the Alabama claims. But still there was no war; and, finally, the quick collapse of the Fenian attack upon Canada convinced the Irish that America would never give them any material

assistance in a struggle of their own making against England. Moreover, the Fenian fiasco made it clear to native Americans as well as to Irish-Americans that the power of the Irish to involve the United States in trouble with England had been exaggerated. Since then fear of the Irish vote has decreased.

It is individuals rather than parties who seek to curry favor with the Irish by taking an anti-English position. Thus it was said, whether truly or falsely, of a former mayor of Boston that he once rushed out of town to avoid receiving a British admiral who threatened to make an official call upon him. There was at least nothing improbable in the story. Englishmen who visit this country assume too hastily that the "Irish vote" is the sole cause of American hostility to England. Even so intelligent a critic as Mr. Freeman declared: "The importance of that vote grows and grows; no party, no leading man, can afford to despise it. Parties and men are, therefore, drawn into courses which otherwise they would have no temptation to take, and those, for the most part, courses which are unfriendly to Great Britain." This, no doubt, is partly true; but the importance of the Irish vote becomes, as I have said, less, not greater; and, moreover, it is not the sole cause of American hostility to England. Among all our English critics, the only one, so far as I know, who has correctly stated the relation of Irish influence upon this point is Mr. J. C. Firth, who remarks in his book, *Our Kin Across the Sea*: "America as well as England . . . has its Irish difficulty. It owes it chiefly, I think, to the absence of good will towards England, which, for various reasons and for a long period, has been but too plainly marked in the United States to be denied."

This, it seems to me, is a true statement of the case. The Irish do not cause, though doubtless they increase and inflame American hostility to Great

Britain. It is impossible for the Irish to regard England fairly and dispassionately, because they have been conquered and cruelly misused by England. But we do not labor under this disadvantage; and there is no valid reason why we should either slavishly imitate or churlishly disparage the English. They are foreigners in the sense that we must maintain our rights and our political principles against them as against any other foreign nation. But they are of our own blood; and, as Commodore Tatnall said when, in the Pei-ho River, he sent a boatload of bluejackets to bring off a party of British in danger of capture by the Chinese, "blood is thicker than water." We cannot expect our Irish fellow-citizens to share this feeling with us, and that is their misfortune; but for a native American to be devoid of it is not only a misfortune, but a fault.¹

It is impossible, in a brief examination like this, adequately to describe what the Irish have contributed to American life. I should like, for example, to dwell upon their services in the civil war, which, as the world knows, were many and great.² I should like also to dwell upon the Irish priests in America. We hear little about them, but it may be doubted if there ever was a more zealous, faithful, and efficient clergy; and whenever the occasion has arisen, as when an epidemic of yellow fever raged some years ago in the South, they have shown the courage of soldiers as well as the fidelity of priests. We hear little about them; and so it may be

said of the social and moral forces which go to the building of national character, — they are not always apparent. We may be sure that the fine qualities of the Irish peasantry will not be lost in that American type which we hope to see produced, when the present ferment of society has had time to subside. If we wanted an example of generosity, where should we look for it if not among the Irish in America! Day laborers and servant girls have given millions of dollars to help their relatives and friends in the old country;³ and in addition to this enormous drain, the Irish, out of their poverty, have built churches,⁴ cathedrals, schools, and convents. If illustrations were sought of the essential qualities of womanhood, — gentleness, self-devotion, and chastity, — the latest emigrant-ship from Ireland would supply them in abundance. When we want men with stout hearts and cheerful tempers, tempers which make light of danger and discomfort, we are apt to look for them among the Irish. It is a common complaint of people who would never face a fire or a mob that there are too many Irishmen in our fire and police departments.

It was perhaps a special Providence which deposited the Irish in the Eastern rather than in the Western part of our country. The West, we may be sure, is sufficiently impetuous and unreflective and adventurous without having any additional impulse given to it in that direction. But in the East our tendency is different; we are in danger of becoming ultra-conservative. It has often

¹ The existence of a widespread hostility to England in the United States is taken for granted by many writers. "All the world knows" is apt to be a statement which requires a definition of the world in which the speaker lives. If the testimony of many newspapers is to be taken, such hostility is general. I can only say that my world is not hostile to England, but, on the contrary, most friendly. — EDITOR.

² Of all foreign nations, the Irish contributed the greatest number of soldiers who won dis-

inction in the civil war. See Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's very interesting essay upon the distribution of ability in the United States, in his volume of Historical and Political Essays.

³ Dr. Tuke states that the amount sent back to Ireland by immigrants every year exceeds the total yearly cost of poor relief in Ireland.

⁴ "A church in the United States," writes Mr. Freeman, "which shows any near approach to the character of a great European church is pretty sure to be Roman Catholic."

been remarked that reforms make their way more slowly here than in England; that we are less ready to adapt our laws to new conditions. The extension of municipal powers, for example, has been accomplished in Great Britain, while we are still hesitating over an innovation which seems to us so formidable. When, a few years ago, the citizens of New Orleans arose and lynched the Mafia murderers, the act was generally condemned in New England; whereas in Old England it was generally commended, as being made necessary by the exceptional state of affairs in Louisiana at that time, — and this was probably the true view. Ninety years ago, when the nation was young and small, our navy swept the Mediterranean clear of the Barbary corsairs. If a similar project, under conditions correspondingly hard, were proposed to-day, it would certainly meet with opposition in New England and in New York. It would probably be condemned by the same commercial and academic elements which opposed the war of 1812, and ratified the fugitive slave law. But there can be no doubt whatever as to the position which the Irish press would take. I quote the following from the *Boston Pilot* of November 30, 1895: —

“What right, it may be asked, have we to interfere with Turkey’s treatment of the Armenians? It is not a question of right. It is a question of duty. If God has made this the greatest nation on the earth, he will hold it to strict account for the use or misuse of its mighty opportunities. If we stand idly by while his children are being slaughtered because they worship him, there will be hard questions to be answered by the nation, as they must be answered by every individual soul before the tribunal of judgment. For its sin against human freedom this country has atoned in a river of blood and a sea of tears, and its responsibility does not end with its boundary lines. Wherever a great wrong which we have the power to right is

committed without our protest or interference, we are before Heaven accessory to the crime. This may not be the creed of diplomacy, but there is a higher law than that of nations.”

A nation animated by such a spirit as that displayed in these words might make many mistakes and fall into many difficulties, but its face would be set in the right direction.

Intellectually, the best results from the Irish immigration will probably be found where the Irish blood has been mingled with that of the native American. If you take up a book written by a genuine Irishman, you will find, as a rule, that it is more witty, certainly more eloquent and imaginative in style, than the ordinary English or American book. But read on a little, and you are almost sure to come upon some statement so careless, so exaggerated, so *outré*, or so illogical that the effect of the whole is spoiled. The Celt, though artistic by nature, is almost never a good artist. He has the sense of beauty, — that is the gift of nature; but the sense of form, which is only in part the gift of nature, and which depends upon a trained judgment, upon self-discipline, upon hard, continuous work, he lacks. Ireland is running over with poetic feeling, but where are the Irish poets? The liveliness and sociability of the Celt, which make him a dweller in cities, also tend to repress the literary instinct. He has not that brooding, meditative spirit which is nursed in solitude, and which is necessary to the development of literary genius. But when to Celtic fire and imagination there are joined the Anglo-Saxon restraint and sense of form, great achievements in literature may be expected. From this union have sprung already some writers of talent. Perhaps it is not a wild conjecture that if the long-expected, characteristic American author of genius ever does appear, he will come of mixed New England and Irish stock, and will be a product of the West.

The Irishman and the American — the Celt from the west coast of Ireland, and the Anglo-Saxon born and brought up in New England — might appear to stand at the very opposite poles of nationality; and yet they tend to come together. On the one hand, the Irishman readily assimilates new ideas and adapts himself to new conditions, so that he quickly becomes Americanized; and, on the other hand, the American descendants of the English have become in some important

respects less like the English, and more like a Celtic people, — quicker in mind and in body, more sensitive and more impressionable. The difference in religion is perhaps likely to remain; but it seems highly probable that in all other respects the Irish-American will, before many years are past, be lost in the American, and that there will be no longer an “Irish question” or an “Irish vote,” but a people, one in feeling, and practically one in race.

Henry Childs Merwin.

AN ELEGY.

I.

BLESSED be winds, and woods, and springs,
The things of greatness, simple things
That bid their own in peace endure
Man's greed and cant, and moil and din;
And most in thee who shared their thought
The elemental heart inwrought,
The heart like any open moor
With May-days flocking in.

II.

For thee the gem-bright beach was paved,
The dark autumnal arras waved,
And lanthorning thy road of dreams
Came Hesper and the Hyades.
Dynastic spirit! not in vain
The Out-of-Door was thy domain,
Whose step was every lonely stream's;
Whose look, the alder-tree's.

III.

Good-night, my sylvan. Many yearn
For that sepulchred smile's return:
But as above the town there broods
At eve the kindled Rholben height,
As glorious on the hilltop ground
Past sunset-hour the sun is found,
Mine, mine, on memory's altitudes,
Thy wild beloved light.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS.

VIII.

ONE morning, very early, I heard Mrs. Todd in the garden outside my window. By the unusual loudness of her remarks to a passer-by, and the notes of a familiar hymn which she sang as she worked among the herbs, and which came as if directed purposely to the sleepy ears of my consciousness, I knew that she wished I would wake up and come and speak to her.

In a few minutes she responded to a morning voice from behind the blinds. "I expect you're goin' up to your school-house to pass all this pleasant day; yes, I expect you're goin' to be dreadful busy," she said despairingly.

"Perhaps not," said I. "Why, what's going to be the matter with you, Mrs. Todd?" For I supposed that she was tempted by the fine weather to take one of her favorite expeditions along the shore pastures to gather herbs and simples, and would like to have me keep the house.

"No, I don't want to go nowhere by land," she answered gayly, — "no, not by land; but I don't know 's we shall have a better day all the rest of the summer to go out to Green Island an' see mother. I waked up early thinkin' of her. The wind's light northeast, — 't will take us right straight out; an' this time o' year it's liable to change round southwest an' fetch us home pretty, 'long late in the afternoon. Yes, it's goin' to be a good day."

"Speak to Captain Bean and the Bowden boy, if you see anybody going by toward the landing," said I. "We'll take the big boat."

"Oh, my sakes! now you let me do things my way," said Mrs. Todd scornfully. "No, dear, we won't take no big bo't. I'll just git a handy dory, an'

Johnny Bowden an' me, we'll man her ourselves. I don't want no abler bo't than a good dory, an' a nice light breeze ain't goin' to make no sea; an' Johnny's my cousin's son, — mother'll like to have him come; an' he'll be down to the herrin' weirs all the time we're there, anyway; we don't want to carry no men folks havin' to be considered every minute an' takin' up all our time. No, you let me do; we'll just slip out an' see mother by ourselves. I guess what breakfast you'll want's about ready now."

I had become well acquainted with Mrs. Todd as landlady, herb-gatherer, and rustic philosopher; we had been discreet fellow-passengers once or twice when I had sailed up the coast to a larger town than Dunnet Landing to do some shopping; but I was yet to become acquainted with her as a mariner. An hour later we pushed off from the landing in the desired dory. The tide was just on the turn, beginning to fall, and several friends and acquaintances stood along the side of the dilapidated wharf and cheered us by their words and evident interest. Johnny Bowden and I were both rowing in haste to get out where we could catch the breeze and put up the spritsail which lay clumsily furled along the gunwale. Mrs. Todd sat aft, a stern and unbending lawgiver.

"You better let her drift; we'll get there 'bout as quick; the tide'll take her right out from under these old buildin's; there's plenty wind outside."

"Your bo't ain't trimmed proper, Mis' Todd!" exclaimed a voice from shore. "You're lo'ded so the bo't'll drag; you can't git her before the wind, ma'am. You set 'midships, Mis' Todd, an' let the boy hold the sheet 'n' steer after he gits the sail up; you won't never git out to Green Island that way. She's lo'ded

bad, the bo't is; she's heavy behind's she is now!"

Mrs. Todd turned with some difficulty and regarded the anxious adviser, my right oar flew out of water, and we seemed about to capsize. "That you, Asa? Good-mornin'," she said politely. "I al'ays liked the starn seat best. When 'd you git back from up country?"

This allusion to Asa's origin was not lost upon the rest of the company. We were some little distance from shore, but we could hear a chuckle of laughter, and Asa, a person who was too ready with his criticism and advice on every possible subject, turned and walked indignantly away.

When we caught the wind we were soon on our seaward course, and only stopped to underrun a trawl, for the floats of which Mrs. Todd looked earnestly, explaining that her mother might not be prepared for three extra to dinner; it was her brother's trawl, and she meant to just run her eye along for the right sort of a little haddock. I leaned over the boat's side with great interest and excitement, while she skillfully handled the long line of hooks, and made scornful remarks upon worthless, bait-consuming creatures of the sea as she reviewed them and left them on the trawl or shook them off into the waves. At last we came to what she pronounced a proper fish, and, having taken him on board and ended his life resolutely, we went our way.

As we sailed along I listened to an increasingly delightful commentary upon the islands, some of them barren rocks, or at best giving sparse pasturage for sheep in the early summer. On one of these an eager little flock ran to the water's edge and bleated at us so affectingly that I would willingly have stopped; but Mrs. Todd steered away from the rocks, and scolded at the sheep's mean owner, an acquaintance of hers, who grudged the little salt and still less care which the patient creatures needed. The

hot midsummer sun makes prisons of these small islands that are a paradise in early June, with their cool springs and short thick-growing grass. On a larger island, farther out to sea, my entertaining companion showed me with glee the small houses of two farmers who shared the island between them, and declared that for three generations the people had not spoken to each other even in times of sickness or death or birth. "When the news come that the war was over, one of 'em knew it a week, and never stepped across his wall to tell the others," she said. "There, they enjoy it: they've got to have somethin' to interest 'em in such a place; 't is a good deal more tryin' to be tied to folks you don't like than 't is to be alone. Each of 'em tells the neighbors their wrongs; plenty likes to hear and tell again; them as fetch a bone 'll carry one, an' so they keep the fight a-goin'. I must say I like variety myself; some folks washes Monday an' irons Tuesday the whole year round, even if the circus is goin' by!"

A long time before we landed at Green Island we could see the small white house, standing high like a beacon, where Mrs. Todd was born and where her mother lived, on a green slope above the water, with dark spruce woods still higher. There were crops in the fields, which we presently distinguished from one another. Mrs. Todd examined them while we were still far at sea. "Mother's late potatoes looks backward; ain't had rain enough so far," she pronounced her opinion. "They look weedier than what they call Front Street down to Wesley Centre. I expect brother William is so occupied with his herrin' weirs an' servin' out bait to the schooners that he don't think once a day of the land."

"What's the flag for, up above the spruces there behind the house?" I inquired, with eagerness.

"Oh, that's the sign for herrin'," she explained kindly, while Johnny Bowden regarded me with contemptuous surprise.

"When they get enough for schooners they raise that flag; an' when 't is a poor catch in the weir pocket they just fly a little signal down by the shore, an' then the small bo'ts comes and get enough an' over for their trawls. There, look! there she is: mother sees us; she's wavin' somethin' out o' the fore door! She'll be to the landin'-place quick 's we are."

I looked, and could see a tiny flutter in the doorway, but a quicker signal had made its way from the heart on shore to the heart on the sea.

"How do you suppose she knows it 's me?" said Mrs. Todd, with a tender smile on her broad face. "There, you never get over bein' a child long 's you have a mother to go to. Look at the chimney, now; she's gone right in an' brightened up the fire. Well, there, I'm glad mother's well; you'll enjoy seein' her very much."

Mrs. Todd leaned back into her proper position, and the boat trimmed again. She took a firmer grasp of the sheet, and gave an impatient look up at the gaff and the leech of the little sail, and shook the sheet as if she urged the wind like a horse. There came at once a fresh gust, and we seemed to have doubled our speed. Soon we were near enough to see a tiny figure with handkerchiefed head come down across the field and stand waiting for us at the cove above a curve of pebble beach.

Presently the dory grated on the pebbles, and Johnny Bowden, who had been kept in abeyance during the voyage, sprang out and used manful exertions to haul us up with the next wave, so that Mrs. Todd could make a dry landing.

"You done that very well," she said, mounting to her feet, and coming ashore somewhat stiffly, but with great dignity, refusing our outstretched hands, and returning to possess herself of a bag which had lain at her feet.

"Well, mother, here I be!" she announced with indifference; but they stood and beamed in each other's faces.

"Lookin' pretty well for an old lady, ain't she?" said Mrs. Todd's mother, turning away from her daughter to speak to me. She was a delightful little person herself, with bright eyes and an affectionate air of expectation like a child on a holiday. You felt as if Mrs. Blackett were an old and dear friend before you let go her cordial hand. We all started together up the hill.

"Now don't you haste too fast, mother," said Mrs. Todd warningly; "'t is a far reach o' risin' ground to the fore door, and you won't set an' get your breath when you're once there, but go trottin' about. Now don't you go a mite faster than we proceed with this bag an' basket. Johnny, there, 'll fetch up the fish. I just made one stop to underrun William's trawl till I come to jes' such a fish 's I thought you 'd want to make one o' your nice chowders of. I've brought an onion with me that was layin' about on the window-sill to home."

"That 's just what I was wantin'," said the hostess. "I give a sigh when you spoke o' fish, knowin' my onions was out. William forgot to replenish us last time he was to the Landin'. Don't you haste so yourself, Almiry, up this risin' ground. I hear you commencin' to wheeze a'ready."

This mild revenge seemed to afford great pleasure to both giver and receiver. They laughed a little, and looked at each other affectionately, and then at me. Mrs. Todd considerably paused, and faced about to regard the wide sea view. I was glad to stop, being more out of breath than either of my companions, and I prolonged the halt by asking the names of the neighboring islands. There was a fine breeze blowing, which we felt more there on the high land than when we were running before it in the dory.

"Why, this ain't that kitten I saw when I was out last, the one that I said did n't appear likely?" exclaimed Mrs. Todd as we went our way.

"That 's the one, Almiry," said her

mother. "She always had a likely look to me, an' she's right after her business. I never see such a mouser for one of her age. If 't wan't for William, I never should have housed that other dronin' old thing so long; but he sets by her on account of her havin' a bob tail. I don't deem it advisable to maintain cats just on account of their havin' bob tails; they're like all other curiosities, good for them that wants to see 'em twice. This kitten catches mice for both, an' keeps me respectable as I ain't been for a year. She's a real understandin' little help, this kitten is. I picked her from among five Miss Augusta Pennell had over to Burnt Island," said the old woman, trudging along with the kitten close at her skirts. "Augusta, she says to me, 'Why, Mis' Blackett, you've took the homeliest; ' an' says I, 'I've got the smartest; I'm satisfied.'"

"I'd trust nobody sooner 'n you to pick out a kitten, mother," said the daughter handsomely, and we went on in peace and harmony.

The house was just before us now, on a green level that looked as if a huge hand had scooped it out of the long green field we had been ascending. A little way above, the dark spruce woods began to climb the top of the hill and cover the seaward slopes of the island. There was just room for the small farm and the forest; we looked down at the fish-house and its rough sheds, and the weirs stretching far out into the water. As we looked upward, the tops of the firs came sharp against the blue sky. There was a great stretch of rough pasture-land round the shoulder of the island to the eastward, and here were all the thick-scattered gray rocks that kept their places, and the gray backs of many sheep that forever wandered and fed on the thin sweet pasturage that fringed the ledges and made soft hollows and strips of green turf like growing velvet. I could see the rich green of bayberry bushes here and there, where the rocks made

room. The air was very sweet; one could not help wishing to be a citizen of such a complete and tiny continent and home of fisherfolk.

The house was broad and clean, with a roof that looked heavy on its low walls. It was one of the houses that seem firm-rooted in the ground, as if they were two thirds below the surface, like icebergs. The front door stood hospitably open in expectation of company, and an orderly vine grew at each side; but our path led to the kitchen door at the house-end, and there grew a mass of gay flowers and greenery, as if they had been swept together by some diligent garden broom into a tangled heap: there were portulacas all along under the lower step and straggling off into the grass, and clustering mallows that crept as near as they dared, like poor relations. I saw the bright eyes and brainless little heads of two half-grown chickens who were snuggled down among the mallows as if they had been chased away from the door more than once, and expected to be again.

"It seems kind o' formal comin' in this way," said Mrs. Todd impulsively, as we passed the flowers and came to the front door step; but she was mindful of the proprieties, and walked before us into the best room on the left.

"Why, mother, if you have n't gone an' turned the carpet!" she exclaimed, with something in her voice that spoke of awe and admiration. "When'd you get to it? I s'pose Mis' Addicks come over an' helped you, from White Island Landing?"

"No, she did n't," answered the old woman, standing proudly erect, and making the most of a great moment. "I done it all myself with William's help. He had a spare day, an' took right holt with me; an' 't was all well beat on the grass, an' turned, an' put down again afore we went to bed. I ripped an' sewed over two o' them long breadths. I ain't had such a good night's sleep for two years."

"There, what do you think o' havin'

such a mother as that for eighty-six year old?" said Mrs. Todd, standing before us like a large figure of Victory.

As for the mother, she took on a sudden look of youth; you felt as if she promised a great future, and was beginning, not ending, her summers and their happy toils.

"My, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd. "I could n't ha' done it myself, I've got to own it."

"I was much pleased to have it off of my mind," said Mrs. Blackett humbly; "the more so because along at the first of the next week I was n't very well. I suppose it may have been the change of weather."

Mrs. Todd could not resist a significant glance at me, but, with charming sympathy, she forbore to point the lesson or to connect this illness with its apparent cause. She loomed larger than ever in the little old-fashioned best room, with its few pieces of good furniture and pictures of national interest. The green paper curtains were stamped with conventional landscapes of a foreign order, — castles on inaccessible crags, and lovely lakes with steep wooded shores; underfoot the treasured carpet was covered thick with home-made rugs. There were empty glass lamps and crystallized bouquets of grass and some lovely shells on the narrow mantelpiece.

"I was married in this room," said Mrs. Todd unexpectedly; and I heard her give a sigh after she had spoken, as if she could not help the touch of regret that would forever come with all her thoughts of happiness.

"We stood right there between the windows," she added, "and the minister stood here. William would n't come in. He was always odd about seein' folks, just's he is now. I run to meet 'em from a child, an' William, he'd take an' run away."

"I've been the gainer," said the old mother cheerfully. "William has been son an' daughter both since you was

married off the island. He's been 'most too satisfied to stop at home 'long o' his old mother, but I always tell 'em I'm the gainer."

We were all moving toward the kitchen as if by common instinct. The best room was too suggestive of serious occasions, and the shades were all pulled down to shut out the summer light and air. It was indeed a tribute to Society to find a room set apart for her behests out there on so apparently neighborless and remote an island. Afternoon visits and evening festivals must be few in such a bleak situation at certain seasons of the year, but Mrs. Blackett was of those who do not live to themselves, and who have long since passed the line that divides mere self-concern from a valued share in whatever Society can give and take. There were those of her neighbors who never had taken the trouble to furnish a best room, but Mrs. Blackett was one who knew the uses of a parlor.

"Yes, do come right out into the old kitchen; I shan't make any stranger of you," she invited us pleasantly, after we had been properly received in the room appointed to formality. "I expect Almiry, here, 'll be driftin' out 'mongst the pasture-weeds quick's she can find a good excuse. 'Tis hot now. You'd better content yourselves till you get nice an' rested, an' 'long after dinner the sea-breeze 'll spring up, an' then you can take your walks, an' go up an' see the prospect from the big ledge. Almiry 'll want to show off everything there is. Then I 'll get you a good cup o' tea before you start to go home. The days are plenty long now."

While we were talking in the best room the selected fish had been mysteriously brought up from the shore, and lay all cleaned and ready in an earthen crock on the table.

"I think William might have just stopped an' said a word," remarked Mrs. Todd, pouting with high affront as she caught sight of it. "He's friendly

enough when he comes ashore, an' was remarkable social the last time, for him."

"He ain't disposed to be very social with the ladies," explained William's mother, with a delightful glance at me, as if she counted upon my friendship and tolerance. "He's very particular, and he's all in his old fishin'-clothes to-day. He'll want me to tell him everything you said and done, after you've gone. William has very deep affections. He'll want to see you, Almira. Yes, I guess he'll be in by an' by."

"I'll search for him by 'n' by, if he don't," proclaimed Mrs. Todd, with an air of unalterable resolution. "I know his burrows down 'long the shore. I'll catch him by hand 'fore he knows it. I've got some business with William, anyway. I brought forty-two cents with me that was due him for them last lobsters he brought in."

"You can leave it with me," suggested the little old mother, who was already stepping about among her pots and pans in the pantry, and preparing to make the chowder.

I became possessed of a sudden unwonted curiosity in regard to William, and felt that half the pleasure of my visit would be lost if I could not make his interesting acquaintance.

IX.

Mrs. Todd had taken the onion out of her basket and laid it down upon the kitchen table. "There's Johnny Bowden come with us, you know," she reminded her mother. "He'll be hungry enough to eat his size."

"I've got new doughnuts, dear," said the little old lady. "You don't often catch William 'n' me out o' provisions. I expect you might have chose a somewhat larger fish, but I'll try an' make it do. I shall have to have a few extra potatoes, but there's a field full out there,

an' the hoe's leanin' against the well-house, in 'mongst the climbin'-beans." She smiled, and gave her daughter a commanding nod.

"Land sakes alive! Le's blow the horn for William," insisted Mrs. Todd, with some excitement. "He need n't break his spirit so far's to come in. He'll know you need him for something particular, an' then we can call to him as he comes up the path. I won't put him to no pain."

Mrs. Blackett's old face, for the first time, wore a look of trouble, and I found it necessary to counteract the teasing spirit of Almira. It was too pleasant to stay indoors altogether, even in such rewarding companionship; besides, I might meet William; and, straying out presently, I found the hoe by the well-house and an old splint basket at the woodshed door, and also found my way down to the field where there was a great square patch of rough, weedy potato-tops and tall ragweed. One corner was already dug, and I chose a fat-looking hill where the tops were well withered. There is all the pleasure that one can have in gold-digging in finding one's hopes satisfied in the riches of a good hill of potatoes. I longed to go on; but it did not seem frugal to dig any longer after my basket was full, and at last I took my hoe by the middle and lifted the basket to go back up the hill. I was sure that Mrs. Blackett must be waiting impatiently to slice the potatoes into the chowder, layer after layer, with the fish.

"You let me take holt o' that basket, ma'am," said a pleasant, anxious voice behind me.

I turned, startled in the silence of the wide field, and saw a little old man, bent in the shoulders as fishermen often are, gray-headed and clean-shaven, and with a timid air. It was William. He looked just like his mother, and I had been imagining that he was large and stout like his sister, Almira Todd; and, strange to say, my fancy had led me to picture him

not far from thirty and a little loutish. It was necessary instead to pay William the respect due to age.

I accustomed myself to plain facts on the instant, and we said good-morning like old friends. The basket was really heavy, and I put the hoe through its handle and offered him one end; then we moved easily toward the house together, speaking of the fine weather and of mackerel which were reported to be striking in all about the bay. William had been out since three o'clock, and had taken an extra fare of fish. I could feel that Mrs. Todd's eyes were upon us as we approached the house, and although I fell behind in the narrow path, and let William take the basket alone and precede me at some little distance the rest of the way, I could plainly hear her greet him.

"Got round to comin' in, did n't you?" she inquired, with amusement. "Well, now, that's clever. Did n't know's I should see you to-day, William, an' I wanted to settle an account."

I felt somewhat disturbed and responsible, but when I joined them they were on most simple and friendly terms. It became evident that, with William, it was the first step that cost, and that, having once joined in social interests, he was able to pursue them with more or less pleasure. He was about sixty, and not young-looking for his years, yet so undying is the spirit of youth, and bashfulness has such a power of survival, that I felt all the time as if one must try to make the occasion easy for some one who was young and new to the affairs of social life. He asked politely if I would like to go up to the great ledge while dinner was getting ready; so, not without a deep sense of pleasure, and a delighted look of surprise from the two hostesses, we started, William and I, as if both of us felt much younger than we looked. Such was the innocence and simplicity of the moment that when I heard Mrs. Todd laughing behind us in the kitchen

I laughed too, but William did not even blush. I think he was a little deaf, and he stepped along before me most businesslike and intent upon his errand.

We went from the upper edge of the field above the house into a smooth, brown path among the dark spruces. The hot sun brought out the fragrance of the pitchy bark, and the shade was pleasant as we climbed the hill. William stopped once or twice to show me a great wasps'-nest close by, or some fishhawks'-nests below in a bit of swamp. He picked a few sprigs of late-blooming linnæa as we came out upon an open bit of pasture at the top of the island, and gave them to me without speaking, but he knew as well as I that one could not say half he wished about linnæa. Through this piece of rough pasture ran a huge shape of stone like the great backbone of an enormous creature. At the end, near the woods, we could climb up on it and walk along to the highest point; there above the circle of pointed firs we could look down over all the island, and could see the ocean that circled this and a hundred other bits of island-ground, the world of shore and all the far horizons. It gave a sudden sense of space, for nothing stopped the eye or hedged one in, — that sense of liberty in space and time which great prospects always give.

"There ain't no such view in the world, I expect," said William proudly; and I hastened to speak my heartfelt tribute of praise, but it was impossible not to feel as if an untraveled boy had spoken, and one loved to have him value his native heath.

X.

We were a little late to dinner, but Mrs. Blackett and Mrs. Todd were lenient, and we all took our places after William had paused to wash his hands, like a pious Brahmin, at the well, and put on a neat blue coat which he took from a peg behind the kitchen door. Then he

resolutely asked a blessing in words that I could not hear, and we ate the chowder and were thankful. The kitten went round and round the table, quite erect, and, holding on by her fierce young claws, she stopped to mew with pathos at each elbow, or darted off to the open door when a song sparrow forgot himself and lit in the grass too near. William did not talk much, but his sister Todd occupied the time and told all the news there was to tell of Dunnet Landing and its coasts, while the old mother listened with delight. Her hospitality was something exquisite; she had the gift which so many women lack, of being able to make themselves and their houses belong entirely to a guest's pleasure, — that charming surrender for the moment of themselves and whatever belongs to them, so that they make a part of one's own life that can never be forgotten. Tact is after all a kind of mind-reading, and my hostess held the golden gift. Sympathy is of the mind as well as the heart, and Mrs. Blackett's world and mine were one from the moment we met. Besides, she had that final, that highest gift of heaven, a perfect self-forgetfulness. Sometimes, as I watched her eager, sweet old face, I wondered why she had been set to shine on this lonely island of the northern coast. It must have been to keep the balance true, and make up to all her scattered and depending neighbors for other things which they may have lacked.

When we had finished clearing away the old blue plates, and the kitten had taken care of her share of the fresh had-dock, just as we were putting back the kitchen chairs in their places, Mrs. Todd said briskly that she must go up into the pasture now to gather the desired herbs.

"You can stop here an' rest, or you can accompany me," she announced. "Mother ought to have her nap, and when we come back she an' William 'll sing for you. She admires music," said Mrs. Todd, turning to speak to her mother.

But Mrs. Blackett tried to say that she could n't sing as she used, and perhaps William would n't feel like it. She looked tired, the good old soul, or I should have liked to sit in the peaceful little house while she slept; I had had much pleasant experience of pastures already in her daughter's company. But it seemed best to go with Mrs. Todd, and off we went.

Mrs. Todd carried the gingham bag which she had brought from home, and a small heavy burden in the bottom made it hang straight and slender from her hand. The way was steep, and she soon grew breathless, so that we sat down to rest awhile on a convenient large stone among the bayberry.

"There, I wanted you to see this, — 't is mother's picture," said Mrs. Todd; "'t was taken once when she was up to Portland, soon after she was married. That 's me," she added, opening another worn case, and displaying the full face of the cheerful child she looked like still in spite of being past sixty. "And here 's William an' father together. I take after father, large and heavy, an' William is like mother's folks, short an' thin. He ought to have made something o' himself, bein' a man an' so like mother; but though he 's been very steady to work, an' kept up the farm, an' done his fishin' too right along, he never had mother's snap an' power o' seein' things just as they be. He 's got excellent judgment, too," meditated William's sister, but she could not arrive at any satisfactory decision upon what she evidently thought his failure in life. "I think it is well to see any one so happy an' makin' the most of life just as it falls to hand," she said as she began to put the daguerreotypes away again; but I reached out my hand to see her mother's once more, a most flower-like face of a lovely young woman in quaint dress. There was in the eyes a look of anticipation and joy, a far-off look that sought to the horizon: one often sees it in seafar-

ing families, inherited by girls and boys alike from men who spend their lives at sea, and are always watching for distant sails or the first loom of the land. At sea there is nothing to be seen close by, and this has its counterpart in a sailor's character, in the large and brave and patient traits that are developed, the hopeful pleasantness that one loves so in a seafarer.

When the family pictures were wrapped again in a big handkerchief, we set forward in a narrow footpath and made our way to a lonely place that faced northward, where there was more pasture and fewer bushes, and we went down to the edge of short grass above some rocky cliffs where the deep sea broke with a great noise, though the wind was down and the water looked quiet a little way from shore. Among the grass grew such pennyroyal as the rest of the world could not provide. There was a fine fragrance in the air as we gathered it sprig by sprig and stepped along carefully, and Mrs. Todd pressed her aromatic nosegay between her hands and offered it to me again and again.

"There's nothin' like it," she said; "oh no, there's no such pennyroyal as this in the State of Maine. It's the right pattern of the plant, and all the rest I ever see is but an imitation. Don't it do you good?" And I answered with enthusiasm.

"There, dear, I never showed nobody else but mother where to find this place; 't is kind of sainted to me. Nathan, my husband, an' I used to love this place when we was courtin', and" — she hesitated, and then spoke softly — "when he was lost, 't was just off shore tryin' to get in by the short channel out there between Squaw Islands, right in sight o' this headland where we'd set an' made our plans all summer long."

I had never heard her speak of her husband before, but I felt that we were friends now since she had brought me to this place.

"'T was but a dream with us," Mrs. Todd said. "I knew it when he was gone. I knew it" — and she whispered as if she were at confession — "I knew it afore he started to go to sea. My heart was gone out o' my keepin' before I ever saw Nathan; but he loved me well, and he made me real happy, and he died before he ever knew what he'd had to know if we'd lived long together. 'T is very strange about love. No, Nathan never found out, but my heart was troubled when I knew him first. There's more women likes to be loved than there is of those that loves. I spent some happy hours right here. I always liked Nathan, and he never knew. But this pennyroyal always reminded me, as I'd sit and gather it and hear him talkin' — it always would remind me of — the other one."

She looked away from me, and presently rose and went on by herself. There was something lonely and solitary about her great determined shape. She might have been Antigone alone on the Theban plain. It is not often given in a noisy world to come to the places of great grief and silence. An absolute, archaic grief possessed this countrywoman; she seemed like a renewal of some historic soul, with her sorrows and the remoteness of a daily life busied with rustic simplicities and the scents of primeval herbs.

I was not incompetent at herb-gathering, and after a while, when I had sat long enough waking myself to new thoughts, and reading a page of remembrance with new pleasure, I gathered some bunches, as I was bound to do, and at last we met again higher up the shore, in the plain every-day world we had left behind when we went down to the pennyroyal plot. As we walked together along the high edge of the field we saw a hundred sails about the bay and farther seaward; it was mid-afternoon or after, and the day was coming to an end.

"Yes, they're all makin' towards the shore,—the small craft an' the lobster smacks an' all," said my companion. "We must spend a little time with mother now, just to have our tea, an' then put for home."

"No matter if we lose the wind at sundown; I can row in with Johnny," said I; and Mrs. Todd nodded reassuringly and kept to her steady plod, not quickening her gait even when we saw William come round the corner of the house as if to look for us, and wave his hand and disappear.

"Why, William's right on deck; I did n't know 's we should see any more of him!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd. "Now mother'll put the kettle right on; she's got a good fire goin'." I too could see the blue smoke thicken, and then we both walked a little faster, while Mrs. Todd groped in her full bag of herbs to find the daguerreotypes and be ready to put them in their places.

XI.

William was sitting on the side door step, and the old mother was busy making her tea; she gave into my hand an old flowered-glass tea-caddy.

"William thought you'd like to see this, when he was settin' the table. My father brought it to my mother from the island of Tobago; an' here's a pair of beautiful mugs that came with it." She opened the glass door of a little cupboard beside the chimney. "These I call my best things, dear," she said. "You'd laugh to see how we enjoy 'em Sunday nights in winter: we have a real company tea 'stead o' livin' right along just the same, an' I make somethin' good for a s'prise an' put on some o' my preserves, an' we get a-talkin' together an' have real pleasant times."

Mrs. Todd laughed indulgently, and looked to see what I thought of such childishness.

"I wish I could be here some Sunday evening," said I.

"William an' me'll be talkin' about you an' thinkin' o' this nice day," said Mrs. Blackett affectionately, and she glanced at William, and he looked up bravely and nodded. I began to discover that he and his sister could not speak their deeper feelings before each other.

"Now I want you an' mother to sing," said Mrs. Todd abruptly, with an air of command, and I gave William much sympathy in his evident distress.

"After I've had my cup o' tea, dear," answered the old hostess cheerfully; and so we sat down and took our cups and made merry while they lasted. It was impossible not to wish to stay on forever at Green Island, and I could not help saying so.

"I'm very happy here, both winter an' summer," said old Mrs. Blackett. "William an' I never wish for any other home, do we, William? I'm glad you find it pleasant; I wish you'd come an' stay, dear, whenever you feel inclined. But here's Almiry; I always think Providence was kind to plot an' have her husband leave her a good house where she really belonged. She'd been very restless if she'd had to continue here on Green Island. You wanted more scope, did n't you, Almiry, an' to live in a large place where more things grew? Sometimes folks wonders that we don't live together; perhaps we shall some time," and a shadow of sadness and apprehension flitted across her face. "The time o' sickness an' failin' has got to come to all. But Almiry's got an herb that's good for everything." She smiled as she spoke, and looked bright again.

"There's some herb that's good for everybody, except for them that thinks they're sick when they ain't," announced Mrs. Todd, with a truly professional air of finality. "Come, William, let's have Sweet Home, an' then mother'll sing Cupid an' the Bee for us."

Then followed a most charming surprise. William mastered his timidity and began to sing. His voice was a little faint and frail, like the family daguerreotypes, but it was a tenor voice, and perfectly true and sweet. I have never heard Sweet Home sung as touchingly and seriously as he sang it; he seemed to make it quite new; and when he paused for a moment at the end of the first line and began the next, the old mother joined him and they sang together, she missing only the higher notes, where he seemed to lend his voice to hers for the moment and carry on her very note and air. It was the silent man's real and only means of expression, and one could have listened forever, and have asked for more and more songs of old Scotch and English inheritance and the best that have lived from the ballad music of the war. Mrs. Todd kept time visibly, and sometimes audibly, with her ample foot. I saw the tears in her eyes sometimes, when I could see beyond the tears in mine. But at last the songs ended and the time came to say good-by; it was the end of a great pleasure.

Mrs. Blackett, the dear old lady, opened the door of her bedroom while Mrs. Todd was tying up the herb bag, and William had gone down to get the boat ready and to blow the horn for Johnny Bowden, who had joined a roving boat party who were off the shore lobstering.

I went to the door of the bedroom, and thought how pleasant it looked, with its pink-and-white patchwork quilt and the brown unpainted paneling of its woodwork.

"Come right in, dear," she said. "I want you to set down in my old quilted rockin'-chair there by the window; you'll say it's the prettiest view in the

house. I set there a good deal to rest me and when I want to read."

There was a worn red Bible on the light-stand, and Mrs. Blackett's heavy silver-bowed glasses; her thimble was on the narrow window-ledge, and folded carefully on the table was a thick striped-cotton shirt that she was making for her son. Those dear old fingers and their loving stitches, that heart which had made the most of everything that needed love! Here was the real home, the heart of the old house on Green Island! I sat in the rocking-chair, and felt that it was a place of peace, the little brown bedroom, and the quiet outlook upon field and sea and sky.

I looked up, and we understood each other without speaking. "I shall like to think o' your settin' here to-day," said Mrs. Blackett. "I want you to come again. It has been so pleasant for William."

The wind served us all the way home, and did not let the spritsail slacken until we were close to the shore. We had a generous freight of lobsters in the boat, and new potatoes which William had put aboard, and what Mrs. Todd proudly called a full "kag" of prime number one salted mackerel; and when we landed we had to make business arrangements to have these conveyed to her house in a wheelbarrow.

I never shall forget the day at Green Island. The town of Dunnet Landing seemed large and noisy and oppressive as we came ashore. Such is the power of contrast; for the village was so still that I could hear the shy whippoorwills singing that night as I lay awake in my downstairs bedroom, and the scent of Mrs. Todd's herb garden under the window blew in again and again with every gentle rising of the sea-breeze.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A SEMINARY OF SEDITION.

FEW episodes in English history are more curious than the founding of Virginia. In the course of the mightiest conflict the world had witnessed between the powers of despotism and the powers of freedom, considerations chiefly strategical led England to make the ocean her battle-ground; and out of these circumstances grew the idea of establishing military posts at sundry important strategic points on the North American coast, to aid the operations of the navy. In a few far-sighted minds this idea developed into the scheme of planting one or more Protestant states, for the increase of England's commerce, the expansion of her political influence, and the maintenance of her naval advantages. After royal assistance had been sought in vain, and single-handed private enterprise had proved unequal to the task of founding a state, the joint-stock principle, herald of a new industrial era, was resorted to, and we witness the creation of two rival joint-stock companies for the purpose of undertaking such a task. Of the two colonies sent out by these companies, one (the Popham colony) meets the usual fate, — succumbs to famine, and retires from the scene. The other (at Jamestown) barely escapes a similar fate, but is kept alive by the energy and sagacity and good fortune of one extraordinary man, until sturdy London has invested so much of her treasure and her life-blood in it that she will not tamely look on and see it perish. Then the lord mayor, the wealthy merchants, the venerable craft-guilds, with many liberal knights and peers and a few brilliant scholars and clergymen, turn to and remodel the London Company into a truly great commercial corporation, with an effective government and one of London's foremost merchant princes at its head. As if by special intervention from heaven, the struggling colony is rescued

at the very point of death, and soon takes on a new and more vigorous life.

But for such lavish outlay to continue there must be some solid return, and soon a new and unexpected source of wealth is found. As all this sort of work is a novel experiment, mistakes are at first made in plenty; neither the ends to be obtained nor the methods of obtaining them are distinctly conceived, and from the parties of brave gentlemen in quest of El Dorado to the crowd of rogues and pickpockets amenable only to rough martial law, the drift of events seems somewhat indefinite and aimless. But just as the short-lived system of communism falls to the ground, and private ownership of land and earnings is established, the rapidly growing demand for tobacco in England makes its cultivation an abundant and steady source of wealth; the colonists increase in numbers and are improved in quality. Meanwhile, as the interest felt by the shareholders becomes more lively, the Company acquires a more democratic organization. It exerts political influence; the Court party and Country party contend with each other for the control of it, and the latter wins. Hitherto, the little Virginia colony has been, like the contemporary French colony in Canada and like all the Spanish colonies, a despotically governed community, closely dependent upon the source of authority in the mother country, and without any true political life. But now the victorious party in the Company gives to Virginia a free representative government, not based upon any ideal theory of the situation, but rooted in ancient English precedent, the result of ages of practical experience, and therefore likely to thrive. Finally, we see the British king awakening to the fact that he has unloosed a power that threatens danger. The doctrine of

the divine right of kings — that ominous bequest from the half-orientalized later Roman Empire to post-mediæval Europe — was dear to the heart of James Stuart, and his aim in life was to impose it upon the English people. His chief obstacle was the Country party, which if he could not defeat in Parliament, he might at least weaken by striking at the great corporation that had come to be one of its strongholds. In what we may call the embryonic development of Virginia the final incident was the overthrow of the London Company; but we shall see that the severing of that umbilical cord left the colony stronger and more self-reliant than before. In the unfolding of these events there is poetic beauty and grandeur as the purpose of Infinite Wisdom reveals itself in its cosmic process, slowly but inexorably, hasting not, but resting not, heedless of the clashing aims and discordant cries of short-sighted mortals, sweeping their tiny efforts into its majestic current, and making all contribute to the fulfillment of God's will.

From the very outset the planting of Virginia had been watched with wrath and chagrin by the Spanish court. Within the last few years, a Virginian scholar, Alexander Brown, has collected and published a large number of manuscript letters and other documents preserved in the Spanish archives at Simancas, which serve to illustrate the situation in detail.¹ Very little of importance happened in London that the ambassador Zuñiga did not promptly discover and straightway report in cipher to Madrid. We can now read for the first time many memoranda of secret sessions of Philip III. and his ministers, in which this little Protestant colony was the theme of discussion. It was a thorn in the flesh not easy to extract unless Spain was prepared for war with Great Britain. At first the very weakness of the colony served to keep this enemy's hands off; if it was

on the point of dying a natural death, as seemed likely, it was hardly worth while to repeat the horrors of Florida. In 1612, after Sir Thomas Dale's administration had begun, Spain again took the alarm; for the moment a war with England was threatened, and if it had broken out Virginia would have been one of the first points attacked. But the deaths of Lord Salisbury and of Henry, Prince of Wales, in 1612, changed the policy of both Philip and James. There was now some hope of detaching the latter from Protestant alliances, and Philip's designs upon Virginia were subordinated to the far larger purpose of winning back England herself into the Catholic ranks. A plan was made for marrying the Infanta Maria to Baby Charles, and with this end in view one of the ablest of Spanish diplomats, Count Gondomar (to give him at once his best known title), was sent as ambassador to London. Charles was only twelve years old, and an immediate wedding was not expected; but the match could be kept dangling before James as a bait, and thus his movements might be guided. Should the marriage finally be made, Gondomar believed that Charles could be converted to his bride's faith, and then England might be made to renew her allegiance to Rome. Gondomar was mightily mistaken in the English people, but he was not mistaken in their king. James was ready to swallow bait, hook, and all. Gondomar completely fascinated him, — one might almost say, hypnotized him, — so that for the next ten years one had but to shake that Spanish match before him and he would follow, whatever might betide. The official policy of England was thus often made distasteful to Englishmen, and the sentiment of loyalty to the sovereign was impaired.

To Gondomar the king was in the habit of confiding his grievances, and in 1614, after his angry dissolution of Parliament. Two volumes, 8vo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890.

¹ The Genesis of the United States. . . A Series of Historical Manuscripts now first print-

liament, he said to him one day: "There is one thing I have here which your king in Spain has not, and that is a Parliament of five hundred members. . . . I am surprised that my ancestors should ever have permitted such an institution to come into existence. I am a stranger, and found it here when I arrived, so that I am obliged to put up with what I cannot get rid of." Here James stopped short and turned red in the face at having thus carelessly admitted his own lack of omnipotence, whereupon the wily Spaniard smiled, and reminded him that at all events it was only at his royal pleasure that this very disagreeable assembly could be called together. James acted on this hint, and did not summon a Parliament again for seven years. It is worth remembering that at this very time the representatives of the people in France were dismissed, not to be called together again until 1789.

While Parliament was not sitting, the sort of discussion that James found so hateful was kept up at the meetings of the London Company for Virginia, which were commonly held at the princely mansion of Sir Thomas Smith. Against this corporation Gondomar dropped his sweet poison into the king's ear. The government of colonies, he said, is work fit only for monarchs, and cannot safely be entrusted to a roomful of gabbling subjects: beware of such meetings; you will find them but "a seminary to a seditious Parliament." Before James had profited by these warnings, however, the case of Sir Walter Raleigh came up to absorb his attention. A rare chance — as strange and sad as anything that the irony of human destiny can show — was offered for Spain to wreak her malice upon Virginia in the person of the earliest and most illustrious of its founders.

In 1603, not long after King James's arrival in England, Raleigh had been charged with complicity in Lord Cobham's abortive conspiracy for getting James set aside in favor of his cousin,

Lady Arabella Stuart. This charge is now proved to have been ill founded, but James already hated Raleigh with the measure of hatred which he dealt out to so many of Elizabeth's favorites. After a trial in which the common-law maxim, that innocence must be presumed until guilt is proved, was read backward, as witches were said to read the Lord's Prayer in summoning Old Nick, Sir Walter was found guilty of high treason, and condemned to death. The wrath of the people was such that James, who did not yet feel his position quite secure, did not venture to carry out the sentence. He contented himself with plundering Sir Walter's estates, while that noble knight was kept for more than twelve years a prisoner in the Tower, where he solaced himself with experiments in chemistry, and with writing that delightful History of the World which is one of the glories of English prose literature. In 1616, at the intercession of Villiers, Raleigh was set free. On his expedition to Guiana in 1595 he had discovered gold on the upper waters of the Caroni River, in what is now Venezuela. In his attempt to dispense with Parliaments James was at his wit's end for money, and he thought something might be got by sending Raleigh back to take possession of the place. It is true that Spain claimed that country, but so did James on the strength of Raleigh's own discoveries, and if any complication should arise there were ways of crawling out. Raleigh had misgivings about starting on such an adventure without first obtaining a pardon in set form; but Sir Francis Bacon is said to have assured him that the king, having under the privy seal made him admiral of a fleet, with power of martial law over sailors and officers, had substantially condoned all offenses, real or alleged. A man could not at one and the same time be under attain of treason and also an admiral in active service. Before Raleigh started, James made him explain the details of his

scheme and lay down his route on a chart, and he promised on the sacred word of a king not to divulge this information to any human creature. It was only the sacred word of a Stuart king. James may have meant to keep it, but his evil genius was not far off. The life-like portrait of Count Gondomar, superbly painted by the elder Daniel Mytens, hangs in the palace at Hampton Court, and one cannot look on it for a moment without feeling that Mephistopheles himself must have sat for it. The bait of the Infanta, with a dowry of two million crowns in hard cash, was once more thrown successfully, and James told every detail of Raleigh's plans to the Spaniard, who sent the intelligence post-haste to Madrid. So when the English fleet arrived at the mouths of the Orinoco, a Spanish force awaited them and attacked their exploring party. In the fight that ensued Raleigh's son Walter was slain. Though the English were victorious, the approaches to the gold fields were too strongly guarded to be carried by the force at their command, and thus the enterprise was baffled. The gold fields remained for Spain, but with the fast-increasing paralysis of Spanish energy they were soon neglected and forgotten; their existence was denied and Raleigh's veracity doubted, until in 1889 they were rediscovered and identified by the Venezuelan inspector of mines. Since the expedition was defeated by the treachery of his own sovereign, nothing was left for the stricken admiral but to return to England. The Spanish court loudly clamored for his death, on the ground that he had undertaken a piratical excursion against a country within Spanish jurisdiction. His wife cleverly planned an escape to France, but a Judas in the party arrested him, and he was sent to the Tower. The king promised Gondomar that Raleigh should be publicly executed, either in London or in Madrid; but on second thought the latter alternative would not do. To sur-

render him to Spain would be to concede Spain's claim to Guiana. Without conceding this claim there was nothing for which to punish him. Accordingly, James, in this year 1618, revived the old death sentence of 1603, and Spain drank a deep draught of revenge when the hero of Cadiz and Fayal was beheaded in the palace yard at Westminster,—a scene fit to have made Elizabeth turn in her grave in the abbey hard by. A fouler judicial murder never stained the annals of any country.

The silly king gained nothing by his crime. Popular execration in England set him up in a pillory from which posterity is not likely to take him down. The Spanish council of state advised Philip III. to send him an autograph letter of thanks, but the half-promised Infanta with her rich dowry kept receding, like the grapes from eager Tantalus. A dwindling exchequer would soon leave James with no resource except summoning once more that odious Parliament. Meanwhile, in the London Company for Virginia there occurred that change of political drift whereof the election of Sir Edwin Sandys over Sir Thomas Smith, aided though it had been by a private quarrel, was one chief symptom. That election revealed the alarming growth of hostility in the city of London to the king's pretensions and to the Court party. James had said just before the election, "Choose the devil, if you will, but not Sir Edwin Sandys." From that time forth the king's hostility to the Company scarcely needed Gondomar's skillful nursing. It grew apace till it became aggressive, not to say belligerent. At the election in 1620 it was the intention of the majority in the Company to reelect Sandys, with whose management they were more than pleased. Nearly five hundred members were present at the meeting. It was the custom for three candidates to be named and voted for, one after another, by ballot, and a plurality sufficed for a choice. On this occasion, the name of Sir Edwin

Sandys, first of three, was about to be put to vote, when some gentlemen of the king's household came in and interrupted the proceedings. The king, said their spokesman, positively forbade the election of Sir Edwin Sandys. His Majesty was unwilling to infringe the rights of the Company, and would therefore himself propose names, even as many as four, on which a vote might be taken. The names were forthwith read, and turned out to be those of Sir Thomas Smith and three of his intimate friends.

This impudent interference was received with a silence more eloquent than words, — a profound silence that might be felt. After some minutes came murmurs and wrathful ejaculations, among which such expressions as "tyranny" and "invasion of chartered rights" could be plainly heard. The motion was made that the king's messengers should leave the room while the situation was discussed. "No," said the Earl of Southampton, "let them stay and hear what is said." This motion prevailed. Then Sir Lawrence Hyde moved that the charter be read, and his motion was greeted with one of those dutiful but ominous cries so common in that age; from all parts of the room it resounded: "The charter! the charter! God save the king!" The roll of parchment was brought forward and read aloud by the secretary. "Mr. Chairman," said Hyde, "the words of the charter are plain: the election of a treasurer is left to the free choice of this Company. His Majesty seems to labor under some misunderstanding, and I doubt not these gentlemen will undeceive him."

For a few minutes no one replied, and there was a buzz of informal conversation about the room, some members leaving their seats to speak with friends not sitting near them. One of our accounts says that some of the king's emissaries stepped out and sought his presence, and when he heard what was going on he looked a little anxious and his stub-

bornness was somewhat abated; he said of course he did not wish to restrict the Company's choice to the names he had mentioned. Whether this concession was reported back to the meeting we are not informed, but probably it was. When the meeting was called to order, Sir Robert Phillips, who was sitting near Sandys, got up and announced that that gentleman wished to withdraw his name; he would therefore propose that the king's messengers should nominate two persons, while the Company should nominate a third. The motion was carried, and the Company nominated the Earl of Southampton. The balloting showed an extremely meagre vote for the king's nominees. It was then moved and carried that in the earl's case the ballot should be dispensed with, and the choice signified by acclamation; and then, with thundering shouts of "Southampton! Southampton!" the meeting was brought to a close. The rebuke to the king could hardly have been more pointed, and in such a scene we recognize the prophecy of the doom to which James's wrong policy was by and by to hasten his son.

The choice of Shakespeare's friend instead of Sandys made no difference whatever in the policy of the Company. From that time forth its ruling spirits were Southampton and Sandys and Nicholas Ferrar, the deputy treasurer. The name of this young man calls for more than a passing mention. Better known in ecclesiastical than in political history, he was distinguished and memorable in whatever he undertook, and among all the thronging figures in England's past he is one of the most sweetly and solemnly beautiful. His father, the elder Nicholas Ferrar, who died in April, 1620, just before the election I have been describing, was one of London's merchant princes, and it was in the parlor of his hospitable house in St. Osyth's Lane — now known as Size Lane, near the Poultry — that the weekly

meetings of the Virginia Council were in these latter days regularly held. In this house the young Nicholas was born in 1593. He had spent seven years in study at Cambridge and five years in very extensive travel upon the continent of Europe, when, at the age of twenty-seven, he came to devote all his energies for a time to the welfare of the colony of Virginia. From early boyhood he was noticeable for taking a grave and earnest but by no means sombre view of life, its interests and its duties. For him frivolity had no charm, coarse pleasures were but loathsome, yet he was neither stern nor cold. Through every fibre of his being he was the refined and courteous gentleman, a true Sir Galahad fit to have found the Holy Grail. His scholarship was thorough and broad. An excellent mathematician and interested in the new dawning of physical science, he was also well versed in the classics and in modern languages and knew something of Oriental philology, but he was most fond of the devotional literature of the Church. His intensely religious mood was part of the great spiritual revival of which Puritanism was the mightiest manifestation; yet Nicholas Ferrar was no Puritan either in doctrine or in ecclesiastical policy. In these matters his sympathies were rather with William Laud. At the same time, his career is a living refutation of the common notion that there is a necessary connection between the religion of Laud and the politics of Strafford, for his own political views were as liberal as those of Hampden and Pym. Indeed, Ferrar was a rare product of the harmonious coöperation of the tendencies represented respectively in the Renaissance and in the Reformation, — tendencies which the general want of intelligence and moral soundness in mankind has more commonly brought into barren conflict. His ideal of life was much like that which Milton set forth with matchless beauty in *Il Penseroso*. Its leading motive, strength-

ening with his years, was the feeling of duty toward the "studious cloister's pale," and the part of his career that is now best remembered is the founding of that monastic home at Little Gidding, where study and charitable deeds and prayer and praise should go on unceasing; where, at whatsoever hour of day or night the weary wayfarer through the broad fen country should climb that hilly range in Huntingdon, he should hear the "pealing organ blow to the full-voiced choir below," and, entering, should receive spiritual comfort and strength, and go thence on his way with heart uplifted. In that blest retreat, ever busy with good works, lived Nicholas Ferrar after the downfall of the great London Company until his own early death in 1637, at the age of forty-four. Of great or brilliant deeds according to the world's usual standard this man did none; yet the simple record of his life brings us into such an atmosphere of holiness and love that mankind can never afford to let it fade and die.

This Protestant saint, withal, was no vague dreamer, but showed in action the practical sagacity that came by inheritance from London's best stock of bold and thrifty citizens. As one of the directing minds of a commercial corporation, he showed himself equal to every occasion that arose. He is identified with the last days of the London Company, and his family archives preserve the record of its downfall. It is thence that we get the account of the election of Southampton and many other interesting scenes and important facts that would otherwise have passed into oblivion.

After Southampton's election the king's hostility to the Company became deadly, and within that corporation itself he had allies who, when once they found themselves unable to rule it, were only too willing to contribute to its ruin. Sir Thomas Smith and his friends now accepted their defeat as decisive and final, and allowed themselves to become dis-

loyal to the Company. Probably they would have expressed it differently: they would have said that, out of regard for Virginia, they felt it their duty to thwart the reckless men who had gained control of her destinies. Unfortunately for their version of the case, the friends of Sir Thomas Smith were charged with the burden of Argall's misdemeanors, and the regard which that governor had shown for Virginia was too much like the peculiar interest that a wolf feels in the sheepfold. It is not meant that the members of the Court party who tried to screen Argall were all unscrupulous men, — such was far from being the case; but in public contests nothing is more common than to see men personally stainless blindly accept and defend the rogues of their own party. In the heat of battle, the private quarrel between Smith and the Earl of Warwick was either made up or allowed to drop out of sight. The two men worked together, and in harmony with the king, to defeat Southampton and Sandys and Ferrar. In the Company's quarter sessions the disputes rose so high that the meetings were said to be more like cockpits than courts. On one occasion a duel between the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cavendish, eldest son of the first Earl of Devonshire, was narrowly prevented. As Chamberlain, one of the court gossips of the day, writes: "Last week the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Cavendish fell so foul at a Virginia . . . court that the lie passed and repassed, and they are [gone out] to try their fortune; yet we do not hear they are met, so that there is hope they may return safe. In the mean time their ladies forget not their old familiarity, but meet daily to lament their misfortune. The factions in [the Company] are grown so violent as Guelfs and Ghibellines were not more animated one against another; and they seldom meet upon the Exchange or in the streets but they brabble and quarrel."

In 1621, the king, having arrived at

the end of his purse, seized what he thought a favorable moment for summoning Parliament, but found that body more intractable than ever. The Commons busied themselves with attacking monopolies and impeaching the Lord Chancellor Bacon for taking bribes. Then they expressed unqualified disapproval of the Spanish match, whereupon the king told them to mind their own business, and not meddle with his. "A long and angry dispute ensued, which terminated in a strong protest, in which the Commons declared that their privileges were not the gift of the Crown, but the natural birthright of English subjects, and that matters of public interest were within their province." This protest so infuriated the king that he tore it into pieces, and forthwith dissolved Parliament, sending Pym, Southampton, and other leaders to prison. This was in January, 1622.

As more than a hundred members of this froward Parliament were also members of the Company, it is not strange that the king should have watched more eagerly than ever for a chance to attack that corporation. A favorable opportunity was soon offered him. A certain Nathaniel Butler, governor of the Bermuda Islands, was accused of extorting a large sum of money from some Spaniards who had been shipwrecked there, and very damaging evidence was brought against him; but he seems to have known how to enlist powerful friends on his side. On being summoned to England, he went first to Virginia, where his services were in demand during the brief but bloody Indian war that followed upon the massacre of 1622. Then, after arriving in England, he published, in April, 1623, a savage attack upon the London Company, entitled *The Unmasked Face of our Colony in Virginia*. Simultaneously with the publication of this pamphlet the charges against its author were dropped, and were nevermore heard of. Such a coincidence is ex-

tremely significant; it was commonly believed at the time that Butler bought the suppression of the charges by turning backbiter. His attack upon the Company is so frivolous as plainly to indicate its origin in pure malice. It is interesting as the first of the long series of books about America printed in England which have sorely irritated their American readers. Sixteen of the old Virginia settlers who were at that moment in London answered it with convincing force. Some of this Butler's accusations, with the answers of the settlers, may fitly be cited for the side-light they throw upon the state of things in Virginia as well as upon the peculiar sinuosities of Stuart kingcraft:—

"1. I found the plantations generally seated upon meer salt marishes full of infectious bogs and muddy creeks and lakes, and thereby subjected to all those inconveniences and diseases which are so commonly found in the most unsound and most unhealthy parts of England, whereof every country and climate hath some.

"*Answer*:—We say that there is no place inhabited but is conveniently habitable. And for the first plantation, which is Kiccoutan, . . . men may enjoy their healths and live as plentifully as in any part of England, . . . yet that there are marishes in some places we acknowledge. . . . As for bogs, we know of none in all the country, and for the rest of the plantations, as Newport's News, Blunt Point, Warriscoyak, Martins Hundred, . . . and all the plantations right over against James City, and all the plantations above these (which are many), . . . they are [all] very fruitful, . . . pleasant, . . . healthful, and high land, except James City, which yet is as high as Deptford or Ratcliffe.

"2. I found the shores and sides of those parts of the main river where our plantations are settled everywhere so shallow as no boats can approach the shores, so that—besides the difficulty, danger, and spoil of goods in the land-

ing of them—people are forced to a continual wading and wetting of themselves, and that [too] in the prime of winter, when the ships commonly arrive, and thereby get such violent surfeits of cold upon cold as seldom leave them until they leave [off] to live.

"*Answer*:—That generally for the plantations at all times from half flood to half ebb any boat that draws betwixt 3 and 4 foot water may safely come in and land their goods dry on shore without wading. And for further clearing of his false objections, the seamen . . . do at all times deliver the goods they bring to the owners dry on shore, whereby it plainly appears not any of the country people . . . are by this means in danger of their lives. And at . . . many plantations below James City, and almost all above, they may at all times land dry.

"3. The new people that are yearly sent over [who] arrive here (for the most part very unseasonably in winter) find neither guest-house, inn, nor any the like place to shroud themselves in at their arrival; [and] not so much as a stroke is given toward any such charitable work; [so that] many of [these new comers] by want hereof are not only seen dying under hedges and in the woods, but being dead lie some of them many days unregarded and unburied.

"*Answer*:—The winter is the most healthful time and season for arrival of new comers. True it is that as yet there is no guest-house or place of entertainment for strangers. But we aver it was a late intent . . . to make a general gathering for the building of such a convenient house, which by this time had been in good forwardness, had it not pleased God to suffer this disaster to fall out by the Indians. But although there be no public guest-house, yet are new comers entertained and lodged and provided for by the governor in private houses. And for any dying in the fields through this defect, and lying unburied, we are altogether ignorant; yet that

many [persons] die suddenly by the hand of God, we often see it . . . fall out even in this flourishing and plentiful city [of London] in the midst of our streets. As for dying under hedges, there is no hedge in all Virginia.

"5. Their houses are generally the worst that ever I saw, the meanest cottages in England being every way equal (if not superior) with the most of the best. And besides, so improvidently and scatteringly are they seated one from another as partly by their distance, but especially by the interposition of creeks and swamps, . . . they offer all advantages to their savage enemies. . . .

"*Answer:* — The houses . . . were . . . built for use, and not for ornament, and are so far from being so mean as they are reported that throughout [England] labouring men's houses . . . are in no wise generally for goodness to be compared unto them. And for the houses of men of better rank and quality, they are so much better and [so] convenient that no man of quality without blushing can make exception against them. [As] for the creeks and swamps, every man . . . that cannot go by land hath either a boat or a canoe for the conveying and speedy passage to his neighbour's house."

So go the charges and the answers. It is unnecessary to cite any further. The animus of Captain Butler's pamphlet is sufficiently apparent. He wished to make it appear that things were wretchedly managed in Virginia, and that there was but a meagre and contemptible result to show for all the treasure that had been spent and all the lives that had been lost. Whatever could weaken people's faith in the colony, check emigration, deter subscriptions, and in any way embarrass the Company, he did not fail to bring forward. Not only were the sites unhealthy and the houses mean, but the fortifications were neglected, plantations were abandoned, the kine and poultry were destroyed by Indians, the As-

sembly enacted laws willfully divergent from the laws of England, and speculators kept engrossing wheat and maize and selling them at famine prices: so said Butler, and knowing how effective a bold sweeping lie is sure to be, in spite of prompt and abundant refutation, he ended by declaring that not less than ten thousand persons had been sent out to Virginia, of whom, "through the aforementioned abuses and neglects," not more than two thousand still remained alive. Therefore, he added, unless the dishonest practices of the Company in London and the wretched bungling of its officials in Virginia be speedily redressed "by some divine and supreme hand, . . . instead of a plantation it will shortly get the name of a slaughter house, and [will] justly become both odious to ourselves and contemptible to all the world."

All these allegations were either denied or satisfactorily explained by the sixteen settlers then in London, and their sixteen affidavits were duly sworn to before a notary public. Some months afterward, Captain Butler's pamphlet was laid before the Assembly of Virginia and elaborately refuted. Nothing can be clearer than the fact that the sympathies of the people in Virginia were entirely on the side of the Company under its present management, and no fact could be more honorable to the Company. From first to last, the proceedings now to be related were watched in Virginia with intense anxiety and fierce indignation.

On Thursday of Holy Week, 1623, a formal complaint against the Company, embodying such charges as those I have here recounted, was laid before the Privy Council, and the Lord Treasurer Cranfield, better known as Earl of Middlesex, sent notice of it to Nicholas Ferrar, with the demand that a complete answer to every particular should be returned by the next Monday afternoon. Ferrar protested against such unseemly haste, but the lord treasurer was inexorable. Then the young man called

together as many of the Company as he could find at an hour's notice that afternoon; they met in his mother's parlor, and he read aloud the complaint, which took three hours. Then Lord Cavendish, Sir Edwin Sandys, and Nicholas Ferrar were appointed a committee to prepare the answer. "These three," says our chronicle, "made it midnight ere they parted; they ate no set meals; they slept not two hours all Thursday and Friday nights; they met to admire each other's labours on Saturday night, and sat in judgment on the whole till five o'clock on Sunday morning; then they divided it equally among six nimble scribes, and went to bed themselves, as it was high time for them. The transcribers finished their task by Monday morning; the Company met at six to review their labours, and by two in the afternoon the answer was presented at the Council Board."

This answer was a masterpiece of co-gency. It proved the baselessness of the charges. Either they were complete falsehoods, or they related to disasters directly connected with the Indian massacre which was not due to any provocation on the part of the whites, or else they showed the effects of mismanagement in Sir Thomas Smith's time, especially under the tyrannical administration of Argall from which the colony had not yet fully recovered. In short, such of the charges as really bore against the Company were successfully shown up as affecting its old government under Smith and Warwick, and not its new government under Sandys and Southampton. The latter was cleared of every calumny, and its absolute integrity and vast efficiency were fully established. Such, at least, is the decisive verdict of history, but the lords of the Privy Council were not willing to accept such a result. It amounted almost to an impeachment of the Court party, and it made them angry. So the Earl of Warwick succeeded in obtaining an order that Lord Caven-

dish, Sir Edwin Sandys, and Rev. Nicholas Ferrar, as "chief actors in inditing and penning . . . an impertinent declaration containing bitter invectives and aspersions," should be confined to their own houses until further notice. The object of this was to prevent them from conferring with each other. Further hostile inquiries were prosecuted, and an attempt was made to detach Ferrar from his associates. One day, as he was answering some queries before the Privy Council, one of the lords handed him an important official letter to the governor of Virginia. "Who draws up such papers?" asked the lord. "The Company," replied Ferrar modestly. "No, no!" interrupted another lord, "we know your style; these papers are all yours, and they are masterpieces." The letter was shown to the king, who was pleased to observe, "Verily the young man hath much worth in him." To detach him from the Company, the king offered to make him clerk of the Privy Council or ambassador to the court of Savoy. Both were fine offers for a man only in his thirtieth year, but Ferrar was not to be tempted. Then an effort was made to induce him to advise the Company to surrender its charter, but he refused with some scorn. A great number of the nobility and gentry, he said, besides merchants and artisans of the city of London, relying upon the royal charter, had engaged in a noble enterprise, one of the most honorable that England had ever undertaken; many planters in Virginia had risked their estates and lives in it; the Lord had prospered their endeavors, and now no danger threatened the colony save the malice of its enemies; as for himself, he was not going to abuse his trust by deserting it.

While these things were going on, the king appointed a board of commissioners to investigate the affairs of Virginia; and the spirit in which they were appointed is sufficiently revealed by the fact that they all belonged to the dis-

affected faction in the Company, and held their meetings at the house of Sir Thomas Smith. One of their number was the vindictive and unscrupulous ex-governor, Sir Samuel Argall, — which was much like setting the wolf to investigate the dogs. Some of these commissioners went out to Virginia and tried to entrap the Assembly into asking for a new charter. It was all in vain. Governor, Council, and House of Burgesses agreed that they were perfectly satisfied with the present state of things, and only wanted to be let alone. Not a morsel of evidence adverse to the present management of the Company could be obtained from any quarter. On the contrary, the Assembly sent to England an eloquent appeal, afterward entitled *The Tragical Declaration of the Virginia Assembly*, in which the early sufferings of the colony and its recent prosperity were passed in review; the document concluded with an expression rather more forcible than one is accustomed to find in decorous and formal state papers. After describing the kind of management under which such creatures as Argall could flourish, the document goes on to say, "Rather [than] be reduced to live under the like government, we desire his Majesty that commissioners may be sent over with authority to hang us."

Long before this appeal reached England the final assault upon the Company had begun. In July, 1623, the attorney-general reported his opinion that it was advisable for the king to take the government of Virginia into his own hands. In October an order of the Privy Council announced that this was to be done. The Company's charter was to be rescinded, and its deputed powers of sovereignty were to be resumed by the king. This meant that the king would thereafter appoint the Council for Virginia, sitting in London. He would also appoint the governor of Virginia with his colonial council. Such a transformation would leave the joint-stock company in

existence, but only as a body of traders, without ascertained rights or privileges, and entirely dependent upon royal favor. No settled policy could thereafter be pursued, and, under the circumstances, the change was a death-blow to the Company. Southampton and Ferrar refused to surrender, and referred the question to their next quarter sessions to be held in November. Then the king brought suit against the Company in the court of King's Bench, and a writ of *quo warranto* was served.

Then came the most interesting moment of all. The only hope of the Company lay in an appeal to Parliament, and that last card was boldly played. Early in 1624, the Spanish match, to secure which the miserable king had for ten years basely truckled and licked the hand of England's bitterest enemy, was finally broken off. War with Spain was imminent; a new policy of helping the German Protestants and marrying Baby Charles to a French princess was to be considered, and much money was needed. So James reluctantly issued writs for an election; and the new Parliament, containing Sandys and Ferrar, with many other members of the Virginia Company, met in February. In April a petition was presented in behalf of the Virginia Company; and a committee had been appointed to consider it, when the Speaker read a message from the king, forbidding Parliament to meddle with the matter. He distinctly announced the doctrine that the government of colonies was the business of the king and his Privy Council, and that Parliament had nothing to do with it. This memorable doctrine was just that which afterwards found favor with the American colonists for very different reasons from those which recommended it to King James. The Americans took this view because they were not represented in Parliament, and intended, with their colonial assemblies, to hold the Crown officials, the royal governors, in check, just

as Parliament curbed the Crown. By the middle of the eighteenth century this had come to be the generally accepted American doctrine; it is interesting to see it asserted early in the seventeenth by the Crown itself, and in the interests of absolutism.

In 1624 Parliament was not in good condition for quarreling with the king upon too many issues at once. So it acquiesced, not without some grumbling, in the royal prohibition, and the petition of the Virginia Company was laid upon the table. A few weeks later, the case on the quo warranto was argued before the court of King's Bench. The attorney-general's argument against the charter was truly ingenious. That charter allowed the Company to carry the king's subjects across the ocean to Virginia; if such a privilege were to be exercised without limitation, it might end in conveying all the king's subjects to America, leaving Great Britain a howling wilderness! Such a privilege was too great to be bestowed upon any corporate body, and therefore the charter ought to be annulled. Such logic was irresistible, and on the 16th of June the chief justice declared "that the patent or charter of the Company of English Merchants trading to Virginia, and pretending to exercise a power and authority over his Majesty's good subjects there, should be thenceforth null and void." Next day, Thomas Wentworth, afterward Earl of Strafford, gave vent to his glee in a private letter: "Methinks I imagine the Quaternity before this have had a meeting of comfort and consolation, stirring up each other to bear it courageously, and Sir Edwin Sandys in the midst of them sadly sighing forth, Oh! the burden of Virginia." By the Quaternity he meant Southampton, Sandys, Ferrar, and Cavendish. On June 26 the Privy Council ordered Nicholas Ferrar to bring all the books and papers of the late Company and hand them over to its custody.

Ferrar could not disobey the order,

but he had made up his mind that the records of the Company must be preserved, for its justification in the eyes of posterity. As soon as he saw that the day of doom was at hand he had copies made. One of Ferrar's dearest friends was the delightful poet, George Herbert, a young man of his own age, whose widowed mother had married Sir John Danvers, a prominent member of the Company. They lived in a fine old house in Chelsea, that had once been part of the home of Sir Thomas More. There Nicholas Ferrar passed many a pleasant evening with George Herbert and his eccentric and skeptical brother, afterward Lord Herbert of Cherbury; and if ever their talk grew a bit too earnest and warm, we can fancy it mellowed again as that other sweet poet, Dr. Donne, dropped in with gentle Izaak Walton, as used often to happen. In that house of friends Ferrar had a clerk locked up with the records until they were all copied, — everything relating to the administrations of Sandys and Southampton, from the election of the former in April, 1619, down to June 7, 1624. The copy was carefully compared with the original documents, and its perfect accuracy was duly attested by the Company's secretary, Edward Collingwood. Sir John Danvers then carried the manuscript to the Earl of Southampton, who exclaimed, as he threw his arms about his neck, "God bless you, Danvers! I shall keep this with my title-deeds at Titchfield; it is the evidence of my honor, and I prize it more than the evidence of my lands." About four months afterward Southampton died. Forty-three years later, in 1667, his son and successor passed away, and then this precious manuscript was bought from the executors by William Byrd, of Virginia, father of the famous historian and antiquary. From the Byrd library it passed into the hands of William Stith, president of William and Mary College, who used it in writing his *History of*

Virginia, published at Williamsburg in 1747, one of the most admirable of American historical works. From Stith's hands the manuscript passed to his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph, president of the Continental Congress; and after his death, in 1775, Thomas Jefferson bought it. In 1814 Ex-President Jefferson sold his library to the United States, and this manuscript is now in the Library of Congress, 741 folio pages bound in two volumes. As for the original documents, they are nowhere to be found among British records; and when we recollect how welcome their destruction must have been to Sir Thomas Smith, to the Earl of Warwick, and to James I., we cannot help feeling that the chest of

the Privy Council was not altogether a safe place in which to keep them.

It is to the copy preserved through the careful forethought of Nicholas Ferrar that we owe our knowledge of one of the most interesting chapters in early American history. In the development of Virginia the overthrow of the great London Company was an event of cardinal importance. For the moment it was quite naturally bewailed in Virginia as a direful calamity, but it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Stuart despotism gained not one of its ends, except the momentary gratification of spleen, and self-government in Virginia, which seemed in peril, went on to take root more deeply and strongly than before.

John Fiske.

A HOLY ISLAND PILGRIMAGE.

I.

No one could wish to insinuate a doubt that the rest cure has been a fortunate inspiration of modern medicine. In giving exhausted nerves and worn-out brains a temporary oblivion, mercy and wisdom have met together. Equally wise in their day and generation are the religious bodies that offer the occasional week's retreat as a calmativè to the fever of living. Without intervals of solitude and silence a soul must go clothed in rags and tatters, and prayer is undeniably an attitude of mind proper now and then to all humankind. Nevertheless, beside seeking the waters of Lethe in a hospital or casting one's self into the sheltering arms of a cloister, there are, happily, other ways to be found of fulfilling a nineteenth-century wish to fly away and be for a time at rest. Best among these is the discovering of Nature at her most interesting; and if to the discovery can be added remoteness, and infinitely at-

tractive associations as well, the combination must leave but little for the heart to desire. Such a place, where to pleasure of the eye there is joined generous fare for the imagination, is Lindisfarne, now known as Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland.

There are two ways of reaching Holy Island. One of the two preserves the full flavor of antique custom and local peculiarity, and ought not to be impracticable for the traveler who is keen about entering into the spirit of things; the other, besides being eminently practicable, is by no means lacking in the individuality that is the breath of life to a journey. The former was undoubtedly St. Aidan's mode of traveling, when, somewhat more than twelve hundred years ago, he went to take possession of his rocky diocese in the sea. It is quite as certainly the way in which the Saxon monks again and again fled before the harrying Danes to the mainland, and as often returned to the island, piously car-

rying with them the miracle-working relics of holy St. Cuthbert, their patron. It is still a way — as a traveler's own eye-witness may easily assure him — much in vogue with men and women of the district who wish to reach the island without aid of cart, horse, or boat, and needs no more elaborate preparation than taking off shoes and stockings and making them into a compact parcel. Nothing then remains but to set forth courageously on one's bare soles across the three miles of yellow sand that separate Holy Island from the shore. It does not matter if the foot-passenger starts out on his way alone; his chances of company before he is halfway over the widespread shining flat are of the best. Tonsured and cowed figures may at any moment appear to pass and repass him. In the salt wind that blows invigoratingly in his face visionary coarse cassocks will be blown back from visionary emaciated limbs. It is ten to one he will catch some strain of church music on the air, or hear, wafted from the goal whither he, like any other votary of the cockle-shell and staff, is bound, some sound of the chant of monks at matins or vespers.

The second way of getting one's self transported to the island — from Beal, the nearest railway station — has not the merit of so much directness. Its necessary preliminary is a letter addressed to the postmaster on the island. The postmaster's answer once received, however, the rest may with perfect assurance be left to time and him. He will engage quarters for the traveler, and will meet him — possibly by proxy in the person of his son — on the arrival of the appointed day and train; though far should it be from any one acquainted with the fitful ways of English local trains to predict the precise hour at which the arrival of the latter is to be expected to take place. Two appreciable advantages (the others belong among the dross of utilitarian considerations) belong to the method of conveyance provided by the postmaster. If

the day be fine (otherwise there is nothing to do but importune St. Aidan, St. Cuthbert, and all the saints of Lindisfarne for an unstinted measure of endurance, practically fortified by mackintoshes), — if the day be fine and the wind blowing freshly in from the sea, the seats in the cart are just high enough to let its occupants see one of the prettiest sights the sands have to show. All along their distant verge, where the surface of the water is still invisible, white-capped waves leap up at intervals, spouting their foam far into the air. These snowy wave-crests dance up and down like things possessed of life. For a moment they will be suspended like wild, frail fountains between earth and sky, and then vanish, as if a magician controlled their coming and going. Their strange beauty contributes to the sense of weirdness that presently begins to creep with a light chill through joint and marrow.

The carrier's conversation, which is obviously the second advantage belonging to a place in his cart, does nothing to lessen this on the whole rather agreeable chill. It is the most natural thing in the world that his talk should turn upon the dangers of the route; upon accident, hair-breadth escape from the tide, or fatal catastrophe. It was in consequence of an accident that the ominous square black boxes marking the passenger's route across the sands were set up on poles, above tide-water, and at a distance of several hundred feet apart. "Refuges" they are significantly named. A traveler surprised by the incoming of the tide may, if he be within reach of one, climb the rudely built steps leading up to it, and there remain safe and dry until the fall of the water makes it safe for him to continue his journey. But what an eternity, to any one imprisoned there, the interval of waiting might seem! Noah's forty days and forty nights would be as nothing compared with it. The dull green waves would come creeping up near, and still more dangerously near, to

the rough floor of that unbuoyant ark. The salt brine would be dashed in a man's pallid face, and he could taste the spray on his lips dry with terror. At every fresh shock of the sea pouring in from both sides the poles beneath the refuge would shiver; gulls, with their harsh wild cry, would go pitilessly wheeling overhead. Danger there might be none, yet surely of the sensations that follow in danger's wake a goodly proportion would be felt. Finally, with the subsiding tide would come the sense of relief, the cheerful return of confidence. All this and more there is ample time for the traveler to imagine in detail while the wheels of the cart slowly and toilsomely revolve over the heavy road, coming at last in sight of the treeless fields and into the single road on the island.

The inn, in front of which the stout roan cob finally brings up with his load, is named, with the most infelicitous association, the Iron Rails. The artless secret of this inept nomenclature will be discovered by the visitor before he leaves. It is enough for him at first to find that the name of the inn is the only incongruous fact in the whole situation. Everything else about it preserves the eternal fitness of things in a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. To the left of the front door is the hospitable, roomy kitchen. Sometimes the sound of jovial voices, and sometimes an enticing smell of toasting cheese, issues from its open door. Around the fireplace are drawn high-backed wooden settles, tall enough and long enough to inclose the space of a cosy room. This is an ingle-nook, such as may still be seen once in a while, though now too seldom, in quiet corners of England. One may be sure that the fire is in an open grate, with perhaps an oven built at the side. No close-hearted iron range could ever invite conviviality around itself in this fashion; the hearthstone of a stove is dead to the finer sentiments of good fellowship. At this friendly fireside the two active daughters

of the house preside. It is they — hired service being unknown at the Iron Rails — who also serve the guest in his sitting-room across the hall from the kitchen, to the right of the entrance. In this homely, comfortable room there are wide seats in the windows, cupboards in the walls, pieces of furniture of an age that is a guarantee of family respectability, and chairs to which a person must adapt his spinal column as best he may; they at least harbor no indulgent notion of meeting an occupant halfway.

The installment here, where one must, from the nature of the transportation, arrive light of luggage, need not detain one long. In any case, it could hardly do so after the view of what lies outside has once been seen from the windows. In the distance is the open sea, and nearer at hand the landlocked harbor. Only some rough fields, covered with coarse grass, are to be crossed in order to find one's self upon the pretty white beach that curves around the harbor. It is a fine harbor, large, and safe from all sea-winds; and it is strongly guarded on the north by the Castle, a picturesque, rude fortification which caps a rocky ridge jutting into the sea. Notwithstanding its advantages, the harbor is not populous with shipping. The roadstead, in fact, lies empty, and only some of the fishermen's small craft float in the shallow water of the inner haven. A number of these same boats are also drawn up high and dry on the shingle. Late in the afternoon, when the sun is going down over the land, to the west, the fishermen gather in knots about the upturned black hulls, leaning their elbows upon them, and gossiping in slow, low voices that the visitor would give a good deal to be allowed to overhear. Although their lips move, their eyes seldom waver from that fixed, fascinated gaze towards the horizon which seems to be the seafaring man's favorite occupation even when on land. The interest of the sea will not relax its hold upon these idlers for ever

so short a space of time; they continue to peer into its illimitable distance as if even at the moment life and safety were depending on something that might rise, no larger than a man's hand, above the sky-line. But no stranger in their midst could wish them a jot otherwise than as they are, in their dark blue jackets, with the reddish light falling on their bronzed, weather-beaten faces. They make the focal points of light and color in a scene which, peaceful as it may be at times, can evidently put on its grimmer aspect at the bidding of storm or weather.

Those sapphire spots to the south, in the offing, are other islands. At this distance they look like mere fragments of rock, — natural derelicts which the treacherous sea has thrown up here as a snare to navigation, although when seen, as now, through a luminous haze, they are things of beauty to the eye as well. It must not be forgotten, however, that this is Old World ground, where every cubit of rock may be expected to have its human history. These bleak islets have theirs, ancient and modern both. They are the famous Farne Islands, to the largest of which, the inner Farne, or Farne *par excellence*, St. Cuthbert finally retired when he found the odor of his sanctity threatened by too close contact with the world on Holy Island. Here he breathed his last in March, A. D. 687, though his body was destined to the long wanderings which ended in the altar tomb in Durham Cathedral. Here, also, is the lighthouse in which Grace Darling lived, and from which she went to the rescue of the passengers and crew of the Forfarshire steamer, wrecked just within reach from the Farne.

Grace Darling's grave and monument are in Bamborough churchyard, and the little house in which she died is in the village street, where it is known to all men by the inscription over the door. And that is Bamborough Castle, yonder, — that lovely, illuminated architectural vision that overhangs the water on the

tall promontory to the south, westward from the Farnes. Whatever restoration may have done — and it is much — towards destroying the mediæval picturesqueness of Bamborough, it is not discoverable at the distance of Holy Island beach. As it stands in unapproached solitude and vastness, midway between radiant sea and radiant sky, itself as luminously bright as either in the sunset, this traditional stronghold of King Ida fulfills every requirement of romantic beauty. In all Northumberland there is no other site that equals it in impregnability. As a fastness, it must have presented a reassuring sight even in the rude era when St. Aidan arrived from Iona as Christian missionary to the heathen subjects of King Oswald. In that dim year of grace, 635, the Castle bore its uncontracted name of Bebbanburh, still recalling the Queen Bebbe in whose honor her husband, Ida, had named it a hundred years before. No better outpost to a church militant could have been found than this residence of the famous Oswald, who was at once warrior and saint. From Lindisfarne, or the retreat by the brook Lindis, as St. Aidan named the wild island he selected for the centre of his see, signals of distress or need could easily have been seen at the peninsular Bebbanburh. It was probably over that very same pathway of shining water that the proselytizing saint passed to and fro on his visits of consultation with his royal patron, the interpreter to the Saxons of his Scottish dialect. The saint's Celtic views on the keeping of Easter were, no doubt, heterodox, and deserving of rejection in favor of the Latin rule, at the famous Synod of Whitby; but controversy in regard to his eye for the advantages of situation is something that can never arise among those who have once seen the seaward prospect from Holy Island.

Nevertheless, even in Lindisfarne the imagination is not allowed to enjoy undisturbed the serenity of one catholic and apostolic sway. It is probable that the

very first summer evening he spends there may bring the visitor face to face with dissent, in the shape of an open-air meeting that is being held by the non-conformist minister and his congregation in the village square. A fisherman, in his blue knitted jacket, plays the melodeon which has been placed just before the base of the market cross. His thick fingers move clumsily over the keyboard as he laboriously picks out the tune of a chapel hymn. At his side stands the minister, in long black coat and broad-brimmed black felt hat. As the notes of the melodeon cease, the minister reads from his hymn-book the words of a single verse of a hymn, of which the tune is presently raised by another sunburned fisherman who stands close at the minister's hand. The men, women, and children, who are grouped around in a circle, join in singing the verse; then, *da capo*, with the next verse, until the hymn is finished. Afterwards stillness falls upon the assembly, while the minister prays, with uncovered head, in earnest, simple words. A short address follows the prayer, perhaps by some other minister who is present, perhaps by a woman preacher, who reasons in persuasive words about righteousness and the judgment to come. Finally, after another hymn has been sung, the people noiselessly disperse, in the gathering darkness, to their homes. All the while the parish church has stood unresponsive in the background, its windows unlighted, its doors unopened. Presumably there are many souls on the island whose needs the Church's ritual has not been able to meet. Yet it is difficult not to formulate a wish that these five hundred simple islanders might have been left as one flock, parishioners with an undivided form of worship.

II.

These are some of the approaches to the ecclesiastical heart and centre of

Holy Island. Pleasant as they are, however, they are no more than sanctuary courtyards, or porches, the ambulatory chapels that skirt the high altar itself. The visit to this most sacred part of the island is best undertaken by morning light; fresh limbs, and, above all, elastic time being needed to explore the remains of the priory of Lindisfarne. It is not merely the visible and palpable that one has to do with here, but the invisible and impalpable as well. The boundaries of the priory are not limited by hard-and-fast laws of space; the rude gateway and fence that form its inclosure suffice to sequester the visitor as thoroughly as if walls of granite shut him off from the ordinary earth outside. The ghostly brotherhood who occupy it measure their tenure of possession by centuries, not by the brief span of the village tenantry round about them. Underneath the surface of the soil where the ruins of the priory church now stand lie the ashes of the earlier churches, and mingled with them is the consecrated dust of St. Aidan, and of those of his brethren and successors whose piety or rank entitled them to the same hallowed lying within the walls of the church. St. Aidan's mother church was rebuilt by St. Finan, second bishop of Lindisfarne, in the same primitive fashion, partly of stones, but chiefly of planks, mud, and dried reeds or bentz from the links. Three times was this Saxon church burned to the ground by the Danes, and as many times rebuilt by the persistent saints. The stone coffin of St. Cuthbert, sixth bishop of Lindisfarne, rested undisturbed for a matter of two centuries or so at the right of the altar, and meanwhile his historian, the Venerable Bede, wrote all the pretty stories of his life and miracles. Then came the great incursion of the Danes, when the monks, under the sixteenth and last bishop, Eardulph, fled from the island, leaving it for two hundred years to solitude and desolation.

Those massive fragments of an archi-

ture from which, even in ruin, the voice of ecclesiastical pride still speaks are not the work of the earlier epoch, nor even of canonized hands. The day of greater glory on the island was not the day of greater building. The externally humbler early churches were entitled to the name and dignity of cathedral, as being the seat of a bishop. The stately remains of to-day are the ruins of a building of no higher rank than priory church. The priory was founded by some Benedictine monks sent to take possession of the deserted sanctuary "in the vill of Holy Island" by Bishop Carileph of Durham. Thus it happens that the masonry of surviving column and arch is Norman, and that such fragments of Saxon work as the island can boast were already part and parcel of a reverend past when the Benedictine colony began their building in the year 1093. Their church, naturally, was not one of the first magnitude, but so far as means and the smaller scale would permit they modeled it after the cathedral church at Durham. Some of the fine features that Durham still preserves magnificently intact may here be seen in ruin and in reduction. Although now mere broken stumps on the south side, or stately torsos on the north, the columns that once supported the nave of the priory were reproductions of the superb twin rows of Durham. How solid, worn as they are with time and weather, is their vast rotundity even yet, and what feats of resistance overcome are attested by those huge blocks of the red stone of which they are built! It was an unerring decorative instinct that engraved, by long monotonous labor, the spirals and zigzags that covered their surfaces. Rude as the Norman Romanesque ornamentation is, it has a richness that is lacking in the more delicate Gothic that succeeded it. The lavishness of hand that covered the circumference of giant columns with rude carving conveys a sensuousness of artistic impression that even the

infinite variety of later periods does not often attain.

No better means could be devised for contrasting the effects of preservation and ruin in architecture than to come directly from Durham hither. At Durham the power and strength of the creative hand are still defiant of time; here, what time has done to deform human inspiration nature has gone far in making amends for. The long vistas of the ribbed and cross-ribbed stone vaults of the cathedral cannot outdo in poetry of effect the unfathomable blue vault that spans the ruin. The mystical dim light of the one is no more subduing to the sense than is the loveliness of contrasted sunshine and shadow of the other; nor is the antiquity of dust-covered carving more eloquent in meaning than the freshness of the wallflowers and grasses that clothe the crumbling walls and arches with life. At Holy Island, of the roof of the tower that once joined nave with choir, and north and south transept with both, one curious transverse arch alone remains. That this arch should still throw its slender span diagonally from north to south summit of the fragment of tower yet standing is one of the freaks of survival whereby picturesqueness is secured to decay. The arch, with its supports, is but the thin skeleton, the airy ghost, of the once strong quadrilateral Norman tower, and, ghostlike, it makes itself felt as a thing independent of time and space, speaking with a voice that divides spirit from sense. In the moonlight and silence of midnight its weirdness curdles the blood; in the daylight it is the lofty perch of birds that sing as cheerfully as when it was new.

A step beyond the arch and one stands in the choir. The large east window is of much later date than the nave, but the light from the untraceried opening falls upon the selfsame rood of earth on which the primitive saints of Lindisfarne must have stood when they ministered at their office of the mass. Those rudely

agglomerated portions of stone which may be seen at the base of the more smoothly joined and finished masonry are, it is claimed, the work of Saxon builders, the last visible relic of the edifice of our forefathers. An antiquarian of meddlesome intellect might possibly be able to prove that they are nothing of the kind. But with antiquarian curiosity one should, on this spot of all others, have nothing to do. Credulity is here, if never again, the cue of even the most skeptical. Plenary indulgence for all lapses from the duty of independent examination must be taken for granted here, where acquiescence in the sentiment of the place is for the nonce the first of spiritual necessities. Otherwise the delightful sense of overstepping the boundaries of centuries would be lost; no chronological miracle would be performed in the mind; no apostle of Northumbria would pronounce his *pax vobiscum* in the quickened ear of a belated disciple.

The successors to the early fathers, the Norman Benedictines from Durham, have no natural power like theirs of drawing the hearts of all times to themselves. They are invested with no winning saintship, and the gift of involuntary proselytism is not theirs. One prefers, in fact, to approach them on a decidedly less intimate personal footing. Their priors were doubtless men with many quarterings on their family shields, and the blood of conquerors ran in their veins, but they have bequeathed no individual names to love and memory. The ruins of their priory buildings are their true and only monuments. These are not to be likened to Furness or to Fountain's in extent or in preservation. Not much more than the ground-plan of the once-imposing domestic architecture is to be traced here. But the foundations and what else remains have lately been laid bare from accumulations of earth and fallen stone, and the old custodian of the place can point out the arrangements of kitchen, storehouse, and cellar, and of

the circular turrets by means of which the warlike monks fortified their monastery. Here and there one comes across some still remaining portions of finer stonework, — a few feet of arcaded wall, the columned joints of a doorway, a capital that once upheld a groined arch. They are the material out of which one may mentally reconstruct, or visualize, chapter-house, dormitory, or refectory, and they also keep up the interchange of artistic amenities that inevitably goes on between crumbling architecture and ornamenting nature. Long-stemmed bluebells spring from their crevices, and tufts of feathery grass soften all their harsh outlines.

The churchyard is the western boundary of the monastery. It has been tenanted by secular bones for centuries past. Nevertheless, there is the vicar's word for it that the soil has a reputation for sanctity that spreads far and wide. In proof of this there is to be seen a grave — that of an elderly lady — whose occupant left directions only a decade or so ago to have her mortal remains brought here for safe-keeping until such time as they might again be needed. She is at least awaiting that time in godly company. In the churchyard are the base and socket of the once famous St. Cuthbert's cross. Durham, years ago, reached out her long arm and took the cross itself into her custody; allowing it, however, in due course of time, to be accidentally destroyed. The people of the island have adopted the fragmentary remains in the churchyard into their familiar life, and have rebaptized them, in the name of local tradition, a "pelting stone." Over this pelting stone a new-made bride must jump when she comes out of the church. If she clears it, local superstition declares all is well. If she fails, the event is presumably as her own good temper and the bridegroom's ordain it shall be.

The parish church, gray and severe in exterior, seems at first sight an intruder in the graveyard. The latter is the proper

appanage of the priory, an integral part of the ghostly diocese of St. Cuthbert, patron saint to the Norman foundation. The parish church, on the contrary, is dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, and has a paltry antiquity that begins only in the year 1120. Still, notwithstanding the comparison by which it suffers, it can claim an atmosphere and an interesting individuality of its own. Like many another obscure parish church in the kingdom, it has the fascination of having grown by accretion, and of proving, as an oak does by the number of its rings, the age of its various parts by the cutting of moulding, string-course, or capital, by the depth of a volute or the tilting of a base. But it does not give up its secrets without effort on the part of the visitor. Though much may still be read in the stone in autograph, just as the workman's chisel left it after the last stroke, the meaning of much more has been obscured by repair; Holy Island church, like others, having had to run its chances at the hand of the restorer, partly to its benefit and partly to its archaeological detriment. One record of the spirit of mediæval times is left in the form of a slant opening piercing the north wall, through which, if the eye is put close enough, a view may be had of the space just in front of the altar. This, probably, was the "lepers' squint," by means of which these unfortunates were enabled to see, from the outside of the church, the elevation of the host during the celebration of the mass.

The vicar is the custodian *ex officio* of the most venerable and most precious archaeological relic that the island can boast. This is a Saxon headstone, six by eight inches large, inscribed with a cross and with letters which stand to the uninstructed eye for an epitaph. The vicar has made the church porch the repository of this interesting monument, which is hung upon the wall to the left of the doorway, and is covered with glass as a protection from desecrating

fingers. He takes pride in pointing out that the British Museum would be glad to obtain possession of it. The still more valuable Lindisfarne Gospels have already found their way into that omnivorous institution, so that a visit to the British Museum is, in any case, a part of the complete tour of Holy Island. Nevertheless, the visitor will sympathize with the vicar's satisfaction in keeping the companion relic among its natural surroundings. He is not an antiquarian himself, but a parish priest in the best sense of the word. He is practically his own parish clerk beside, and is choir-master as well to his choir of girls; his reason for having the chants and anthems sung by girls alone being an indisputable one: the voices of the men and boys, he finds, are so rough that by no effort of training can music be extracted from them. Therefore it has in all likelihood happened that ere now a choir of girls has been installed in the newly refitted chancel of the ancient church of Holy Island. The Sunday toggery of the girls not promising to be seemly in this new position, the vicar has doubtless also carried out his further intention of putting them into caps and surplices.

Beside the vicar's testimony to some of the delightfully humorous and human idiosyncrasies of his parishioners, the church holds an illustration of one of them. There stands in a dark corner, by the vestry door, a long wooden object, slatted and lifted on four feet from the ground, with poles like those of a sedan-chair projecting from the corners. This is a bier. It was to have been the parish bier, having been built to that end by the last incumbent of the church. Those, however, for whose use it was intended would have none of it. A bier was not to their taste. Since the memory of man they had gone to their last home on the arms of bearers; and so, by the help of Heaven and their own determination, they still do and still will

continue to do. Hence it is that the bier stands unused in an unused corner of the church, a lasting witness to the sagacity of the islanders in deciding for themselves when to let well enough alone.

There remains, after the church, one more shrine to visit in honor of St. Cuthbert. This last stage should be made, if possible, by evening light. Then, if the tide will serve, one may follow the footsteps of this inveterate and incurable mired hermit, across rough boulders and kelpy stones, to the tiny outlying island that once afforded him solitude and a cell, though too perilously near to human-kind to supply the impregnable envelope he wished for his sanctity. The walking to the island is treacherous, as slippery tangles of seaweed conceal the pools of salt water which the tide has left between the stones, and precipitate unwary feet into them, but the constant accompaniment of the crackling of the pods of the seaweed is pleasant to the ear. It does not take long to explore the outward and visible remains on the island. The foundations of a cell and oratory are still distinctly traceable, and on a plinth of what was once a doorway a bit of carved moulding is significant of the love for comeliness that survived even a desire for the world. This and the extreme smallness of dimensions of the saint's former quarters are the two accentuated impressions the rough island is likely to produce. Around its rocky and tumbled base may be picked up the small fluted fossils which scientists profane by the harsh term "encrinal." The vicar's children know better, however, and call them St. Cuthbert's beads.

The Castle, with its long corridors and upper and lower batteries (the whole garrisoned by a single soldier, his wife and infant), may also be seen to advantage in the twilight. After a view from its summit of the darkening face of lonely land and water, the little inn seems more friendly than ever on one's return to it. As far as the fine old brass knocker on

the front door is concerned, all thoughts of acquiring it in exchange for fair coin of the realm may as well be abandoned. The daughter of the house intimates that she has been approached on this score before. She will, however, in return for nothing more than the question explain how the house has taken its name of Iron Rails from the pair of small railings that flank the sides of the stone doorstep. Think of the temptations to grandiloquence of name here; remember how such temptations would be embraced in another hemisphere, and then admire the modesty and self-restraint that have been satisfied to emphasize this small circumstance! That there should be a background of sadness to the kindness of these people is not surprising. Poverty keeps close company with most of the inhabitants of the island. Pure water is perhaps the one necessity of life they have in plenty, and to see this carried into the houses, from the several common wells or springs, in buckets suspended by a wooden yoke from the shoulders of the drawers, is one of the pretty sights of the place.

When, finally, the pilgrim is forced reluctantly to turn his back upon the attractions of Holy Island, and his face once again towards the railway, it is to be hoped, in the interest of the serenity of mind he is to take with him, that he will not be seduced by the confidence of Mr. Thomas Bell and his son into crossing just before high tide. With a "nip" tide, father and son protest, the crossing may be safely accomplished even at high water. But it is best to be warned by the vicar's wife, the innkeeper's wife, the wife of Mr. Thomas Bell himself, and by the combined feminine wisdom of the island, and to go while there is yet time and to spare of low water. Otherwise, although he may come off unscathed, a horrible tremor of the nerves may be the last sensation a traveler will take with him from his pilgrimage.

Eugenia Skelding.

PIRATE GOLD.

IN THREE PARTS. PART THREE: RECOVERY.

XXIII.

THE customer of St. Clair's firm was paid off, the partnership was dissolved without scandal, and the St. Clairs went to live in New Orleans. Jamie did not sell the old house in Salem Street; but he rented it, and kept one room in the attic for himself. His board, two dollars a week, was given in part payment against the rent. Thus he lived, and wrote no more letters to Mercedes. He did not feel that he was worthy now to write to her. And a year or two after her arrival in New Orleans her letters ceased. She had thanked Jamie sorrowfully when he had paid over the money in New York, and kissed him with her pale lips (though his face was paler still), and upon the memory of this he had lived. But he had fancied her lips wore a new line; their curves had gone; and her eyes had certainly new depth.

When Mercedes ceased to write, Jamie did not complain. He knew well what the trouble was, and that her husband wished her to write to him for more money. But he could do no more for her. And after this his hope was tired, and Jamie hardly had the wish to write. The only link between them now was his prayer at night. The dry old Scotchman had come to prayer at last, for her if not for himself.

And the office lost their interest in him. Only the Bowdoin's were true. For the "foreign mail" no longer came; and Jamie was no longer seen writing private letters on his ledger page. His dress grew so shabby that old Mr. Bowdoin had to speak to him about it. He had no long absences at lunch-time, but took a sandwich on the street. In fact, Jamie had grown to be a miser.

Great things were happening in those days, but Jamie took no heed of them. Human liberty was in the air; love of man and love of law were at odds, and clashed with each other in the streets; Jamie took no heed of them. They jostled on the pavement, but Jamie walked to his task in the morning, and back at night, between them; seeing mankind but as trees, walking; bowed down with the love of one. And he who had never before thought of self could think now only of his own dishonor. As a punishment, he tried not to think of her, except only at night, when his prayers permitted it; but he thought of her always. His crime made him ashamed to write to her; his single-heartedness made him avoid all other men.

Only one man, in all those years, did Jamie seem willing to talk to, at the office, and that man was Harleston Bowdoin. Had he not loved her? Jamie never spoke of her; but Harleston had a happy impulse, and would talk to the old man about Mercedes. Away from business, Jamie would walk in all the places where her feet had trod. He would go to King's Chapel Sundays; and he went up, evenings, and sat upon the lonely doorstep of the house on Worcester Square, as he had sat there that night waiting for St. Clair to come home. And he looked up John Hughson again, and would sit with him, wondering. John had married a stout wife, and had sturdy children. Hughson petted the old man, and gave him pipes of tobacco; for McMurtagh was too poor to buy tobacco, those days. The children on Salem Street feared him, as a miser; which was hard, for Jamie was very fond of little children.

How does a man live whose heart rules

his soul, and is broken; whose conscience rules his head, and is dishonored? For men so heavy laden, heaven was, and has been lost. But Jamie never thought his soul immortal until his love for Mercedes came into it; perhaps not consciously now. Such thoughts would have seemed to him childish. How then did Jamie live? For no man can live quite without hope, as we believe, — hope of some event, some end of suffering, at least of some worthier act.

With Jamie it was the hope of restitution. He wished to leave behind him, as the score of his life, that he had been true to his employer and had loved his little ward. And if the time could ever come when he could do more for her, it would not be until his theft was made good, and his hands were free, as his heart, to serve her again. For the one thing that Jamie stood for was integrity; that was all the little story of his life.

His salary was eighteen hundred dollars: at the end of the first year after his theft he had spent a hundred and fifty. Then he asked for two days' leave of absence, and went to New York, where he exchanged sixteen hundred and forty dollars for Spanish gold pieces. A less old-fashioned man would have invested the money at six per cent, but Jamie could not forego the satisfaction of restoring the actual gold. Coming back, he opened the old chest, now empty, one day, after hours, and put the pieces in the box. The naked gold made a shining roll in its blackness, just reaching across the lower end; and poor Jamie felt the first thrill of — not happiness, but something that was not sorrow nor shame. And then he pulled down the old ledger, and made the first entry on the Dr. side: "Restored by James McMurtagh, June 9, 1849, \$1640." The other ten dollars had gone for his journey to New York.

And that night, as he went home, he looked about him. He bowed (in his queer way) to one or two acquaintances

who passed him, unconscious that he had been cutting them for a year. Before supper he went in to see John Hughson, carrying his pipe, and, without waiting to be offered it, asked to borrow a pinch of tobacco against the morrow, when he should buy some. The good Hughson was delighted, pressed a slab of "plug" upon him, and begged him to stay and have something liquid with his pipe. But Jamie would not; he was anxious to be alone.

His little bedroom gave upon the roof of the adjoining house in the rear; and here his neighbor kept a few red geraniums in boxes, and it was Jamie's privilege to smoke his pipe among them. So this evening, after a hasty meal, he hurried up there. Beyond the roofs of the higher houses was a radiant golden sky, and in it the point of a crescent moon, and even as Jamie was lighting his pipe one star came.

Old Jamie breathed hard, and sighed; and the sigh meant rest. He took a pleasure in the tobacco, in the look of the sky again.

And with this throb of returning life, in one great pulsation, his love rushed back to his heart, and he thought of Mercedes. . . . He sat up nearly all the night, and with the first light of dawn he wrote to her.

XXIV.

But Jamie got no answer to his letter, and he wrote again. Again he got no answer; and he wrote a third time, this time by registered mail; so that he got back a card, with her name signed to the receipt.

Jamie's manner, unconsciously to himself, had changed since that first row of gold coins had gone into the black tin box; the tellers and the bookkeepers had observed it, and they began to watch his mail again. What was their glee to see among Jamie's papers, one morning,

a letter in the familiar feminine hand ! "Jamie's foreign mail has come !" the word went round. "I thought it must be on its way," said the second book-keeper ; "have n't you noticed his looks lately ?" "The letter is postmarked New Orleans," said the messenger boy, turning it over. But it was felt this went beyond friendly sympathy. "Mr. O'Neill," said Mr. Stanchion sternly, "if I see you again interfering with McMurtagh's mail, you may go. What business is that of ours ?"

Poor O'Neill hung his head, abashed. But all eyes were on Jamie as he opened his desk. He put the letter in his pocket. The clerks looked at one another. The suspense became unendurable. When old Mr. Bowdoin came in, the cashier told him what had happened. "Jamie's foreign mail has come again. But he will never read it here, sir, and we can't send him out till lunch-time : the chief bookkeeper" —

The old gentleman's eyes twinkled. "McMurtagh !" he cried (Mr. Bowdoin had always called Jamie so since he came into the bank), "will you kindly step down to my counting-room ? I will meet you there in a few minutes, and there are some accounts I want you to straighten out for me."

As Jamie hurried down to the Long Wharf, he pressed his coat tight against him. The letter lay in his pocket, and he felt it warm against his breast.

Neither Mr. James Bowdoin nor Harley was in the little room (it was just as Jamie remembered it when he first had entered it, only no pretense of business was made there now), and he tore the letter open. Thus it ran : —

NEW ORLEANS, August 30, 1849.

MY DEAR, DEAR JAMIE, — If I have not written to you, it was only because I did not want to bring more trouble on you. But things have gone from bad to worse with us. I feel that I should be almost too unhappy to live, only that

David is with me now. [Jamie sobbed a little at this.] I wanted never to ask you for money again. But we are very, very poor. I will not give it to him. But if you could send me a little money, a hundred dollars would last me a long time.

Your loving M. ST. CLAIR.

Jamie laid his head upon the old desk, and his tears fell on the letter. What could he do ? His conscience told him, nothing. All his earnings belonged to the employers he had robbed.

After a minute he took a sheet of paper and tried to write the answer, no. And Mr. Bowdoin came in, and caught him crying. The old gentleman knocked over a coal-scuttle, and turned to pick it up. By the time he had done so Jamie had rubbed the tears from his eyes, and stood there like a soldier at "Attention."

"Jamie," said Mr. Bowdoin, "I should like to make a little present to your ward, to Mercedes. Could you send it for me ? I hope she is well ?" And before Jamie could answer Mr. Bowdoin had written out a check for a hundred dollars. "Give her my love when you write. I must go to a directors' meeting." And he scurried away hurriedly.

Jamie sat down again and wrote his letter, and told her that the money was from Mr. Bowdoin. "But, dear heart," it ended, "even if I cannot help you, always write." And going home that night, Jamie began to fancy some omniscient power that had put it into the old gentleman's heart just then to do this thing.

XXV.

Old Mr. Bowdoin, one morning, some time after this, stood at his window before breakfast, drumming on the pane. The gesture has commonly been understood to indicate discontent with one's surroundings. Mrs. Bowdoin had not

yet come down to breakfast. Outside, her worthy spouse could see the very tree upon which cousin Wendell Phillips had not been hanged; and his mouth relaxed as he saw his grandson Harley coming across the Common, and heard the portentous creaking that attended Mrs. Bowdoin's progress down the stairs, — the butler supporting her arm, and her maid behind attending her with shawl and smelling-salts. The old lady was in a rude state of health, but had not walked a step alone for several years. As she entered, Harley behind her, old Mr. Bowdoin gravely and ostentatiously pulled out a silver dollar and put it into the hand of the surprised young man.

"Pass it to the account," said he.

Harley took the coin, and, detecting a wink, checked his expression of surprise.

"It all goes into the fund, my dear, to be given to your favorite charity the first time you are down in time for breakfast. It amounts to several thousand dollars already."

Mrs. Bowdoin snorted, but, with a too visible effort, only asked Harley whether he would take coffee or tea.

"With accumulations, my dear, — with accumulations. But you should not address me from your carriage in that yellow shawl, when I am talking to a stranger on the Common. At least, I thought it was Tom Pinckney, of the Providence Bank, but it turned out to be a stranger. He took me for a bunco-steerer."

"James!"

"He did indeed, and you for my confederate," chuckled the old gentleman. "'Mr. Pinckney, of Providence, I believe?' said I. 'No, you don't,' said he; and he put his finger on his nose, like that."

"James!" said Mrs. Bowdoin.

"I did n't mind — don't know when I've been so flattered — must look like a pretty sharp old boy, after all, though I have been married to you for fifty years."

"James, it's hardly forty."

"Well, I thought it was fifty. The last time I did meet Tom Pinckney, he asked if I'd married again. I said you'd give me no chance. 'Better take it when you can,' said he. 'That will I, Tom,' says I. 'I've got one in my mind.'"

"Really, grandpa," remonstrated young Harley.

"Don't you talk, young man. Did n't I hear of you at another Abolition meeting yesterday? And women spoke, too, — short-haired women and long-haired men. Why can't you leave them both where a wise Providence placed them? Destroy the only free republic the world has ever known for a parcel of well-fed niggers that'll relapse into Voodoo barbarism the moment they're freed!"

"James, the country knows that the best sentiment of Boston is with us."

"The country does n't know Boston, then. And as for that crack-brained, demagogue cousin of yours, he calls the Constitution a compact with hell! I hope I'll live to see him hanged some day."

"Wendell Phillips is a martyr indeed."

"Martyr! humbug! He could n't get any clients, so he took up a cause. Why, they say at the club that he" —

"They said at the meeting last night, sir," interrupted Harley, "that they'd march up to the club and make you fellows fly the American flag."

"It's Phillips wants to pull it down," said the old gentleman.

Mrs. Bowdoin rattled the tea things.

"Don't mind your grandma, Harley, if she is out of temper. She's got a headache this morning. She went to bed with the hot-water bottle under her pillow and the brandy at her feet, and feels a little mixed."

"James! I never took a brandy bottle upstairs with me in my life. And Harleston knows" —

"Do you suppose he knows as well as I do, who have lived with you for fifty years?"

"And I'll not stay with you to hear my cousin insulted!" Majestic, she rose.

"It's too much of one girl," chuckled Mr. Bowdoin. "No wonder men keep a separate establishment."

"*James!*" Mrs. Bowdoin swept from the room.

"Don't run upstairs alone; consider the butler's feelings!" called her unfeeling spouse after her.

"You're too bad, sir," said Harley.

"I'm trying to develop her sense of humor; it's the one thing I always said I'd have in a wife. Remember it, when you get married. Why the devil don't you?"

"I have too much sense of humor, sir," said Harley gravely. "What is that?" For a noise of much shouting was heard from the Common. Both men rushed to the windows, and saw, surrounded by a maddened crowd, a small company of federal soldiers marching north.

"What are they saying?" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

Every minute the crowd increased: men and women, well dressed, sober looking, crying, "Shame! shame!" and topping by a head the little squad of undersized soldiers (for the regular army was then recruited almost entirely from foreigners) who marched hurriedly forward, with eyes cast straight before and downward, and dressed in that shabby blue that ten years later was to pour southward in serried column, all American then, to free those slaves whom now they hunted down.

"To the Court House! To the Court House!" cried the mob.

"It's that fellow Simms," said Mr. Bowdoin, but was interrupted by sounds as of a portly person running downstairs; and they saw the front door fly open and Mrs. Bowdoin run across the street, her cap-strings streaming in the air.

"By Jove, if Abolitionism can make your grandma run, I'll forgive it a lot!" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

"Do you know the facts, sir?" suggested Harley.

"No, nor don't want to," said Mr. Bowdoin. "I know that we are jeopardizing the grandest experiment in free government the world has ever seen for a few African darkies that we didn't bring here, and have already made Christians of, and a d—d sight more comfortable than they ever were at home. But come, let's go over, or I believe your grandma will be attacking the United States army all by herself!"

But the rescue was made unnecessary by the return of that lady, panting.

"Now, sir," gasped Mrs. Bowdoin, "I hope you're satisfied, that foreign Hessians control the laws of Massachusetts!"

"I am always glad to see the flag of my country sustained," said Mr. Bowdoin dryly; "though we don't fly it from our club."

"I think you misunderstand, sir," ventured Harley. "This Simms is arrested by the Boston sheriff for stabbing a man; and the Southerners have got the federal commissioner to refuse to give him up to justice."

"If he stabbed a man, it's cheaper to let them sell him as a slave than keep him five years in our state prison."

"The poor man seems to prefer it, though," said Harley gently. "Have you seen him?"

"No; what should I see the fellow for?" cried Mr. Bowdoin irritably.

"I understand the State Court House is held like a fort by federal soldiers, and thugs who call themselves deputy marshals."

Mr. Bowdoin growled something that sounded like, "What if it is?"

The two started to walk down town. Tremont Street was crowded with running men, and School Street packed close; and as they came in sight of the Court House they saw that it was surrounded by a line of blue soldiers.

"Let's go to the Court House," said Harley.

The old gentleman's curiosity made feeble resistance.

"I had a case to see about this morning. Why, there's Judge Wells, the very man I want to see."

The judge had a body-guard of policemen, and our two friends joined him as they were slowly forcing a passage through the crowd. When they came before the old gray stone Court House, they saw two cannon posted at the corners, and all the windows full of armed troops; and around the base of the building, barring every door, a heavy iron cable, and behind this a line of soldiers.

"What the devil is the cable for?" said Mr. Bowdoin.

The crowd, which had opened to let the well-known judge go by, were now crying, "Let the judge in! Let the judge in!" and then, "Give him up! Give Simms up! Give him to the sheriff!" and then, "Kidnapped! Kidnapped!" Just ahead of them our party saw another judge stopped rudely before the door by a soldier dropping a bayonet across his breast.

"Can't get in here, — can't get in here."

"I tell you I'm a judge of the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth," they heard him say.

"Go around, then, and get under the chain. But the court can't sit to-day." Mr. Bowdoin bubbled with indignation as he saw the old man take off his high hat, and, stooping low, bow his white hairs to get beneath the chain.

"If I do, I'm damned," said Mr. Bowdoin quietly.

"And if I do, I'm — Drop it down, sir, and let me pass: Judge Wells, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts."

"And I'm James Bowdoin, of James Bowdoin's Sons, and a good Democrat, and defendant in a confounded lawsuit before his honor."

"Courts can't sit to-day. Keep back."

"They can't?" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

"Since when do the courts of Massachusetts ask permission of a pack of slave-hunters whether they shall sit or not?"

Harley was chuckling with suppressed delight. "If only grandma were here!" thought he.

"Let them in! Let Judge Wells in!" shouted the crowd.

The soldier called his corporal, and a hasty consultation followed; as a result of which the chain dropped at one end, and the three men walked over it in triumph.

"Three cheers for Judge Wells! Three cheers for Mr. Bowdoin!" cried the crowd, recognizing him.

When they got into the dark, cool corridor of the old stone fort, "That I should ever come to be cheered by a mob of Abolitionists!" gasped Mr. Bowdoin, mopping his face. "Upon my word, I think I lost my temper."

"Oh no, sir," said Harley Bowdoin gravely. "But where is the courtroom?"

"Follow the line of soldiers," replied the judge, and hurried to his lobby.

Up the stone stairs went our friends, three flights in all; soldiers upon every landing, and, leaning over the banisters and carelessly spitting tobacco juice on the crowd below, a row of "deputy" United States marshals, with no uniform, but with drawn swords.

Mr. Bowdoin started. "Harley," said he, stopping by one of them, "I know that fellow. His name's Huxford, and he keeps a gambling-house; I had him turned out of one of my houses."

"Very likely," said Harley.

"Move on there, move on," said the man surlily, pretending not to recognize Mr. Bowdoin.

"What are you doing here, sir?" said that gentleman. "Don't you know I swore out a warrant against you?"

"Who the h—l are you?"

"James Bowdoin, confound you!" answered that peppery person, and swung his fist right and left with such vigor that

Huxford went down on one side, and another deputy on the other. Then Harley hurried the old gentleman through the breach into the upper court-room, where they were under the protection of the county sheriff in his swallow-tailed blue coat, cocked hat, gold lace, and sword, and a friendly judge.

"Hang it, sir, they 'll be arresting you, next," said Harley.

"By Heaven, I should like to see them do it!" cried our old friend in a loud whisper, if the term can be used. "Sheriff Clark, do you know those fellows are all miserable loafers?"

"They are federal officers, sir; I can do nothing," whispered back that gorgeous official.

"Humph!" returned Mr. Bowdoin. "How about state rights? Do we live in the sovereign State of Massachusetts, or do we not, I should like to know?"

"How about the Union, sir?" whispered Harley slyly.

"Hang the Union! Hang the Union, if it employ a parcel of thugs to do its work!" said Mr. Bowdoin, so loud that there was a ripple of laughter in the court-room; and the judge looked up from the bench and smiled, for had not he dined with old Mr. Bowdoin in their college club once a month for forty years? But a low-browed fellow who was sitting behind the counsel at the table was heard to mutter "Treason." Beside him in the prisoner's dock sat the slave; not cowed nor abject, though in chains and handcuffs, but looking straight before him at the low-browed man who was his master, as a bird might look at a snake.

"Which of those two is the slave?" asked Mr. Bowdoin in an audible voice.

Again the room laughed. The clerk rapped order. The low-browed man looked up angrily, and spoke to a deputy marshal whose face had been turned away from Mr. Bowdoin before. He rose and started toward them.

"By Heaven," cried Mr. Bowdoin, "it is David St. Clair!"

XXVI.

But old Jamie knew naught of this, and the Bowdoin never told him. They consulted much what they should do; but they never told him. And Jamie went on, piling up his money. Three rolls were in the old chest now, and all of Spanish gold. Doubloons and pistoles were growing rarer, and the price was getting higher. But the old clerk was not content with replacing the present value to the credit of "Pirates" on the books; the actual pieces must be returned; so that if any earringed, whiskered buccaneer turned up to demand his money from James Bowdoin's Sons, he might have it back in specie, in the very pieces themselves, that the honor of the firm might be maintained. Until then, he felt sure, there was little chance the box would ever be looked into. Practically, he was safe; it was only his conscience, not his fears, that troubled him.

Since he had sent her that hundred dollars, he had heard nothing from Mercedes. The Bowdoin did not tell him how her husband had sunk to be a slave-catcher; for they knew how miserly old Jamie had become, and supposed that his salary all went to her. While Jamie could take care of her, it mattered little what the worthless husband did, save the pain of Jamie's knowing it. And of course they did not know that Jamie could no longer take care of her, and why.

But one day, in the spring of 185-, a New York correspondent of the bank came on to Boston, and Mr. Bowdoin gave a dinner for him at the house. The dinner was at three o'clock; but old lady Bowdoin wore her best gown of tea-colored satin, and James Bowdoin and his wife were there. After dinner, the three gentlemen sat discussing old madeira, and old and new methods of banking, and the difference between Boston and New York, which was already

beginning to assume a metropolitan pre-eminence.

"By the way, speaking of old-fashioned ways," said the New Yorker suddenly, "that's a queer old clerk of yours, — Mr. McMurtagh, I mean."

"Looks as if he might have stepped out of one of Dickens's novels, does he not?" said Mr. Bowdoin, always delighted to have Jamie's peculiarities appreciatively mentioned.

"But how did you come to know him?" asked Mr. James.

"Why, I see him once a year or so. Don't you send him occasionally to New York?"

"He used to go, some years ago," said Mr. Bowdoin.

"He buys his Spanish gold of us," added the New Yorker. "Queer fancy you have of buying up doubloons. Gold is gold, though, in these times."

"Spanish doubloons?" said Mr. James.

"We have a use for them at the bank," remarked the old gentleman sharply. "Shall we join the ladies?"

"You have to pay a pretty premium for them," added the money-dealer, as he stopped to wipe his lips. "Wonderful madeira, this."

Old Mr. Bowdoin took no squeaking toy to bed with him that night; but at breakfast his worthy spouse vowed he must take another room if he would be so wakeful. For once the old gentleman had no repartee, but hurried down to the bank. Early as he was, he found his son James there before him. And with all his soul he seized upon the chance to lose his temper.

"Well, sir, and what are you spying about for? You're not a director in the bank!"

Mr. James looked up, astonished.

"Got a headache, I suppose, from drinking with that New York tyke they sent us yesterday!"

"Well, sir, when it comes to old madeira" —

"I earned it, I bought it, and I can drink it, too. And as for your Wall Street whipper-snappers that have n't pedigree enough to get a taste for wine, and drink champagne, and don't know an honest man when they see one — it's so seldom" —

"Seriously, what do you suppose he wanted with the gold?"

"I don't know, sir, and I don't care. But since you're spying round, come in!" and Mr. Bowdoin led his son into the vault. "There, sir, there's the confounded box," tapping with his cane the old chest that lay on the top shelf.

"I see, sir," said Mr. James, taking his cue.

"And as for its contents, the firm of James Bowdoin's Sons are responsible. Perhaps you'd like to poke your nose in there?"

"Oh no, sir," said Mr. James. And that chest was never opened by James Bowdoin or James Bowdoin's Sons.

"When the pirate wants it, he can have it, — in hell or elsewhere," ended Mr. Bowdoin profanely.

But coming out, and after Mr. James had gone away, the old gentleman went to Jamie McMurtagh's desk. Poor Jamie had seen them enter the vault, and his heart stood still. But all Mr. Bowdoin said was to ask him if his salary was sufficient. For once in his life the poor old man had failed to meet his benefactor's eye.

"It is quite enough, sir. I — I deserve no more."

But Mr. Bowdoin was not satisfied. "Jamie," he said, "if you should ever need more money, — a good deal of money, I mean, — you will come to me, won't you? You could secure it by a policy on your life, you know."

Jamie's voice broke. "I have no need of money, sir."

"And Mercedes? How is she?"

"It is some time since I heard, sir; the last was, she had gone with her husband to Havana."

"Havana!" shouted Mr. Bowdoin; and before Jamie could explain he had crushed his beaver on his head and rushed from the bank.

Jamie's head sank over the desk, and the tears came. If only this cup could pass from him! If Heaven would pardon this one deceit in all his darkened, upright life, and let him restore the one trust he had broken, before he died! And then he dried his eyes, and took to figuring, — figuring over again, as he had so often done before, the time needed, at the present rate, to make good his theft. Ten years more — a little less — would do it.

But old Mr. Bowdoin ran to the counting-room, where he found his son and Harley in that gloomy silence that ends an unsatisfactory communication.

"Say what you will, you'll never make me believe old Jamie is a thief," said Harley.

"Thief! you low-toned rascal!" cried Mr. Bowdoin. "Thief yourself! He's just told me Mercedes is in Havana. Of course he wants Spanish gold!"

"Of course he does!" cried Harley.

"Of course he does!" cried James.

Their faces brightened, and each one inwardly congratulated himself that the others had not thought how much easier it would have been for Jamie to send her bills of exchange.

XXVII.

Meantime, Jamie, all unconscious of his patrons' anxiety, went on, from spring to fall and fall to spring, working without hope of her, to make his honor good to men. If there was one day in the year that could be said to bring him near enjoyment, it was that day when, his yearly salary saved, he went to New York to buy doubloons. One might almost say he enjoyed this. He enjoyed the night voyage upon the Sound; the waking in the noisy city by busy ships

that had come, perhaps, from New Orleans or Havana; the crowded streets, with crowds of which she had once been one, crowds so great that it seemed they must include her still. The broker of whom he bought his gold would always ask to see him, and offer him a glass of wine, which, taken by Jamie with a trembling hand, would bring an unwonted glow to his wrinkled cheeks as he hastened away grasping tight his canvas bag of coin. The miser!

Can you make a story of such a life? It had its interest for the recording angel. But it was two years more to the next event we men must notice.

May the twenty-seventh, eighteen fifty-four. Old Jamie (old he had been called for thirty years, and now was old indeed) had finished his work rather early and locked up the books. All day there had been noise and tramping of soldiers and murmurs of the people out on the street before the door, but Jamie had not noticed it. Old Mr. Bowdoin had rushed in and out, red in the face as a cherry, sputtering irascibility, but Jamie had not known it. And now he had come from counting his coin, a pleasure to him, so nearly the old chest lay as full as it had been that day a quarter century before. He had been gloating over it with a candle in the dark vault; but a few rows more, and his work was done, and he might go — to die, or find Mercedes.

As he came out into the street, blinking in the sudden sunlight, he found it crowded close with quiet people. So thick they stood, he could not press his way along the sidewalk. It was not a mob, for there was no shouting or disorder; yet, intermittently, there rose a great murmur, such as the waves make or the leaves, the muttering of a multitude. Jamie turned his face homeward, and edged along by the wall, where there was most room. And now the mutter rose and swelled, and above it he heard the noise of fife and drum and the tread of soldiers.

He came to the first cross-street, and found it cleared and patrolled by cavalry militia. The man on a horse in front called him by name, and waved his sword at him to pass. Jamie looked up, and saw it was John Hughson. He would not have known him in his scarlet coat.

"What is it, John?" said Jamie.

"What is it? The whole militia of the State is out, by G—! to see them catch and take one nigger South. Look there!"

And Jamie looked from the open side street up the main street. There, beneath the lion and the unicorn of the old State House, through that historic street, cleared now as for a triumph, marched a company of federal troops. Behind them, in a hollow square, followed a body of rough-appearing men, each with a short Roman sword and a revolver; and in the open centre, alone and handcuffed, one trembling negro. The fife had stopped, and they marched now in a hushed silence to the tap of a solitary drum; and behind came the naval marines with cannon.

The street was hung across with flags, union down or draped in black, but the crowd was still. And all along the street, as far down as the wharf, where the free sea shone blue in the May sunshine, stood, on either side, a close rank of Massachusetts militia, with bayonets fixed, four thousand strong, restraining, behind, the fifty thousand men who muttered angrily, but stood still. Thus much it took to hold the old Bay State to the Union in 1854, and carry one slave from it to bondage. Down the old street it was South Carolina that walked that day beneath the national flag, and Massachusetts that did homage, bidding her time till her sister State should turn her arms upon the emblem. "Shame! shame!" the people were crying. But they kept the peace of the republic.

Old Jamie understood nothing of this. He only saw and wondered; saw the

soldiery, saw old Mr. Bowdoin leaning from a window as a young man on the sidewalk tried to drag down a flag that hung from it, with a black coffin stitched to the blue field.¹

"Young man," cried the old gentleman, "leave that flag alone; it's my property!"

"I am an American," cried the youth, "and I'll not suffer the flag of my country to be so disgraced!"

"I too am an American, and damme, sir, 't is the flag in the street there that's disgraced!"

The fellow slunk away, but Jamie had ceased to listen, for the negro was now in front of him, and there, among the rough band of slave-catchers, his desperate appearance hid by no uniform, a rough felt hat upon his dissolute face, a bowie-knife slung by his waist, there, doing this work in the world, old Jamie saw and recognized the husband of his little girl, — St. Clair.

XXVIII.

McMurtagh ran out into the street toward him, but was stopped by an officer. He still pressed his way, and when the end of the procession went by they suffered him to go, and he fell in behind the trailing cannon. There he found some others, following out of sympathy for the slave. Some of them he knew, and they took Jamie for an Abolitionist, but Jamie hardly knew what it was all about.

"When Simms was taken," said one, a doctor, "I vowed that he should be the last slave sent back from Massachusetts."

"Did you hear," said another, a young lawyer, "how they have treated him? His master had him whipped, when he got home, for defendin' his case before our courts."

¹ A fact, but the man who thus assaulted the flag lived to command a company in the Union army.

Jamie tried to find his way through the artillery company, but failed. It was only when they got down to the Long Wharf that the artillery divided, sending two guns to either side of the street, and Jamie and the others hurried to the end. Here was a United States revenue cutter, armed with marines, to take this poor bondsman back to his master. No crowned head ever left a country with more pomp of escort and retinue of flag and cannon. But Jamie's business was with the slave-catcher, not the slave. He found St. Clair standing by the gangway, and called him by name. The fellow started like a criminal; then recognizing the poor clerk, "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"How is Mercedes?" stammered Jamie.

"How the h—l should I know? And what is that to you?"

"But you will tell me where she is?" pleaded the poor old man. "She will not answer my letters. Does she get them? I know she does not get them," he added, as the thought struck him suddenly.

"She gets any that have got money in," retorted St. Clair grimly. "However, I married her, and I suppose I've got to support her. Get out of the way, there!"

The men were already casting off the ropes. Poor Jamie felt in his pocket, but of course he had no money; he never carried money now.

The cordon of soldiers drew across the wharf and presented arms as their commanding officer came ashore, and the stars and stripes rose at the stern of the vessel, and she forged out toward the blue rim of the sea that is visible, even from the wharves, in Boston harbor.

But not a gun was fired. Silently the armed ship left, with its freight of one negro, its company of marines and squad of marshals. Among them St. Clair stood on the lower deck and looked at Jamie. The poor clerk hung his head as if he were the guilty one. And in the silence

was heard the voice of a minister in prayer. The little group of citizens gathered around him with bared heads. He prayed for the poor slave and for the recreant republic, for peace, and that no slave-hunter should again tread quietly the soil of Massachusetts. But Jamie heard him not. He was thinking over again the old trouble: how he could not take his salary, — that was needed for restitution; how he could not ask the Bowdoin, or they would wonder where his salary had gone.

As he turned his steps backward to the city, he wondered if St. Clair was still living with her. But yes, he must be, or she would surely have come back to him. A hand was laid upon his shoulder; he looked up; it was the minister who had been upon the wharf.

"Be not cast down, old man. 'In his service is perfect freedom,'" quoted the minister. He fancied he was one of the Abolitionist group that had followed Anthony Burns to the last. But Jamie only looked up blankly. He was thinking that in four years more he might go to bring back Mercedes.

XXIX.

Year followed year. This was the twelfth year since Jamie had begun to make up his theft from his own salary; but it had been slower work than he had hoped, for he now had to pay almost a collector's price to get the Spanish gold. He had hurried home one night eagerly, to count his money; for he made his annual purchase and payment in June. Sixteen hundred dollars in bills he had (it was curious that he kept it now in money, and had no longer a deposit in the bank), and he congratulated himself that he had not had the money at the wharf that day: he might have given it to St. Clair, to learn Mercedes' whereabouts; and it would not have reached her, and St. Clair would have lied to

him; while the taking of a dollar more than was rightfully the bank's — for so Jamie regarded his salary — would really make him a defaulter.

For the old chest was getting so full now that the clerk could almost hold his head up among men. The next year, but three rows of gold coin remained to fill. The smaller coins had all been purchased long ago. And Jamie (who had only thought to do this, and die, at the first) now began, timidly, to let his imagination go beyond the restitution; to think of Mercedes, of seeing her, of making her happy yet. For she was still a young girl, to him.

The thirteenth year came. Jamie had begun to take notice of the world. He took regularly a New Orleans newspaper. The balance against him in the account was now so small! He looked wistfully at the page. However small the deficit, his labors were not complete till he could tear the whole page out. And he could not do that yet: the transaction must be shown upon the books; he might die.

Die! Suddenly his heart beat at the thought. Die! He had never thought of this, to fear it; but now if he should die before the gold was all returned, and all his sacrifice go for naught, even his sacrifice of Mercedes —

The other clerks had lost their interest in poor Jamie by this time; some of them were new, and to these he was merely an old miser, and they made fun of him, he grew so careful about his health. Life had not brought much to poor Jamie to make him so fond of it; but both the Bowdoin's noticed it, and remarked to one another, it was curious, after all, how men clung to life as they grew older.

In 1859 a rumor had reached them all that St. Clair had gone on some filibustering expedition to Cuba. Old Mr. Bowdoin mentioned it to McMurtagh; but he said nothing of sending for the wife. In 1861 the war broke out, and there began to be a premium on gold; and

the poor clerk saw the one sober crown of his life put off still a year. He had calculated this journey would complete the long tale, but he was yet more than a thousand dollars short. He was coming back, on a Sound steamer, thinking of this, wondering how he could bear this last delay, — his scanty bag of high-priced gold crowded into a pocket, — reading his New Orleans paper carelessly (save only the births and deaths), when his eye caught a name. Jamie knew there was a war; and the article was all about some fighting of blockade-runners with a federal cruiser near Mobile. But his quick eye traveled to the centre of it, where he read, "Before the vessel was taken, a round shot killed several of the crew, . . . among them . . . and David St. Clair, well known in this city."

XXX.

Jamie could not go to bed that night, but sat on deck watching the stars. The next day he went through his avocations in the bank like one in a dream. And in the night ensuing that dream became a vision; and he saw Mercedes alone in a distant city, without money or friends, her soft eyes looking wistfully at him in wonder that he did not come.

The next morning Jamie went to old Mr. Bowdoin's office, at an hour when he knew he should find him alone. For the old gentleman called early at the little counting-room, as in the days when he might hope to find some ship of his own, fresh from the Orient, warping into the dock. Jamie's lips were dry, and his voice came huskily. He gave up the effort to speak of St. Clair's death, but asked briefly that Mr. Bowdoin would get him three months' leave.

"Three months!" cried the old man. "Why, Jamie, you've not taken a vacation for fifteen years!"

"That's why I make bold to ask it, sir," said Jamie humbly.

"Take six months, man, six months, — not a week less! And your salary shall be paid in advance" — Mr. Bowdoin noted a sudden kindling in Jamie's eye that gave him his cue. "Two quarters! you have well deserved it. And now that the bank is to change its charter, there 'll be a lot of fuss and worry; it 'll be a good time to go away."

"Change its charter?"

"Ay, Jamie; we've got to give up being a state bank, and go in under the new national law to issue shinplasters to pay for beating the rebels! But come with me to the bank, — the board are meeting now for discounts," and the old gentleman grabbed his hat, and dragged Jamie out of the counting-room.

I doubt if ever the old clerk was rushed so rapidly up the street. And coming into the bank, Mr. Bowdoin shoved him into an anteroom. "Wait you there!" said he, and plunged into the board-room.

There had been a late spring snow that night, and Jamie had not had time to wipe his boots. He cleaned them now, and then went back and sat upon a sofa near the sacred precincts of the directors' room. Suddenly he felt a closing of the heart: he wondered if he were going to be taken into custody — after so many years — and now, just now, when he must go to rescue Mercedes. Then he remembered that he had been brought there by Mr. Bowdoin, and Jamie knew better than to think this.

In a minute more the door opened, and that gentleman came out. Behind him peered the faces of the directors; in his hand was a crisp new bank-note.

"McMurtagh," said Mr. Bowdoin, "the directors have voted to give you a six months' vacation; and as some further slight recognition of your twenty years of service, this," and he thrust a thousand-dollar note into his hand.

Jamie's labors were light that day. To begin with, every clerk and teller and errand-boy had to shake him by the hand

and hear all about it. And it was not for the money's sake. Old Mr. Bowdoin had been shrewd enough to guess what only thing could make the clerk want so much liberty; and the news had leaked down to the others, — "that Jamie was going for his foreign mail."

"I hear you are going away," said one. "To Europe?" said another. "Blockade-running!" suggested a third. "For cotton."

"I — I am going to the tropics," stammered Jamie. He had but a clouded notion how far south New Orleans might be.

"I told you so," laughed the teller.

"Bring us all a bale or two."

Jamie laughed; to the amazement of the bank, Jamie laughed.

When the cashier went to lunch, Jamie stole a chance to get into the vault alone. And there, out of every pocket, with trembling fingers, he pulled a little roll of Spanish gold. Then the delight of sorting and arranging them in the old chest! He had one side for pistoles, and this now was full; and even the doubloon side showed less than the empty space of one roll, across the little chest, needed to fill the count, after he had put the new coins in. The old clerk sat in a sort of ecstasy; reminding himself still that what he gazed at was not the greatest joy he had that day; when all these sordid things were over, he was to start, on the morrow, for Mercedes.

He heard the voice of the cashier returning, and went out.

"Well, McMurtagh," said he, "you're lucky to escape this miserable reorganization. July 1st we start as a national bank, you know."

"Yes," said Jamie absently.

"Every stick and stone in this old place has got to be counted over again, the first of the month, by the examiners of Uncle Sam, and every book verified. By the way," the cashier ended carelessly, as witless messengers of fate alone can say such things, "you'd better leave

me the key of that old chest we carry in special account for the Bowdoins. They 'll want to look at everything, you know. The examination may come next year, or it may come any time."

XXXI.

A few minutes more of Jamie's life were added to the thirty years he had spent over his desk. He even went through a few columns of figures. Then he closed the desk, leaving his papers in it as usual, and went out into the street.

So it was all gone for naught, — all his labors, all his self-denial, all his denial of help to Mercedes. If he left to seek her, his theft would be discovered in his absence. He would be thought to have run away, to have absconded, knowing his detection was at hand. If he stayed, he could not make it good in time.

What did it matter? She was first. Jamie took his way up the familiar street, through the muddy snow; it had been a day of foul weather, and now through the murky low-lying clouds a lurid saffron glow foretold a clearing in the west. It was spring, after all; and the light reminded Jamie of the South. She was there, and alone.

He had tried to save his own good name, and it was all in vain. He might at least do what he could for her.

He did not go home, but wandered on, walking. Unconsciously his steps followed the southwest, toward the light (we always walk to the west in the afternoon), and he found himself by the long beach of the Back Bay, the railroad behind him. The tide was high, and the west wind blew the waves in froth at his feet. The clearing morrow sent its courier of cold wind; and the old clerk shivered, but did not know he shivered of cold.

He sat upon an old spar, to think. The train bound southward rattled be-

hind him; he was sitting on the very bank of the track, so close that the engineer blew his whistle, but Jamie did not hear. So this was the end. He might as well have saved her long before. He might have stolen more. To-morrow he would surely go.

The night came on. Then Jamie thought of getting his ticket. He remembered vaguely that the railroad behind him ran southward; and he rose, and walked along the track to the depot. There he asked if they sold tickets to New Orleans.

The clerk laughed. New Orleans was within the rebel lines. Besides, they sold no tickets beyond New York or Washington. The clerk did not seem sure the way to New Orleans was through Washington. A ticket to the latter city was twenty dollars.

Jamie pulled out his wallet. He had only a few dollars in it; but loose in his pocket he found that thousand-dollar bill. "I — I think I will put off buying the ticket until to-morrow," he said.

For a new notion flashed upon him. He had not thought of this money before. With what he could earn, — the book-keeper had said the investigation might be put off a year, — this bill might be enough to cover the remaining deficit.

He hugged it in his hands. How could he have forgotten it? He turned out into the night again to walk home; he felt very faint and cold, and remembered he had had no supper. Well, old Mrs. Hughson would get him something. He had taken her into the house, rent free; in return she did the little work he needed, and made him tea occasionally. John and his growing family still lived in their house, near by.

But Mrs. Hughson was out. He stumbled up the high stairs in the dark, and lit a lamp with numbed fingers. He had not been often so late away; probably she had gone to search for him. He must go out after her. She was doubtless at John's.

But first McMurtagh went to his writing-desk and unlocked a drawer that he had not visited for years; and from its dust, beneath a pile of letters, he drew out his only picture of Mercedes. He had vowed never to look at it again until he could go to help her; and now —

And now he was not going to help her. He had left her alone all those years; and now he was still to leave her, widowed, in a hostile city, perhaps to starve. Old Jamie strained his eyes to the picture with hard, tearless sorrow. It was a daguerreotype of the beautiful young girl that Mercedes had been in 1845.

Was there no way? The thousand dollars he would need, if he went after her. Should he borrow of Mr. Bowdoin? But how could he do so, now that he had this present from him? Jamie sat down and pressed his fingers to his temples. Then he forgot himself a moment.

He was out in the street again, in the cold. He had the idea that he would go to John Hughson's; and sure enough, he found the old lady there. She and John cried out as he came in, and would know where he had been. He could not tell. "Why, you are cold," said the old lady, feeling his hand. And they would have him eat something.

In the street again, returning: it was pleasanter in the dark; one could think. One could think of her; he dared not when people were looking, lest they should know. He would go to her.

Suppose he told old Mr. Bowdoin, frankly, the debt was nearly made up: he would gladly lend him. Nay, but it was a theft, not a debt. How could he tell — now — when so nearly saved?

In the room, Mrs. Hughson was bustling about, getting a hot drink. So nearly! Why, even if David might have lived a year more! And he had been a slave-catcher. Perhaps he had left her money? Perhaps she might get on for a year — if he wrote? Ah, here was the hot drink. He would take it;

yes, if only to get rid of Mrs. Hughson. She looked old and queer, and smiled at him. But he did not know Mercedes' address; he could not write. Yes, he felt warmer now; he was well enough, thank you. Ah, by Heaven, he would go! He must sleep first. Would not Mrs. Hughson put out the light? He liked it better so. Good-night. Just this rest, and then the palm-trees, and such a sunny, idle sky, where Mercedes was walking with him. The account had been nearly made up; the balance might rest.

XXXII.

No letter came back from Jamie, and Mr. Bowdoin rather wondered at it. But openly he pooh-poohed the idea. His wife had lost twenty years of her age in presiding over Sanitary Commissions, and getting up classes where little girls picked lint for Union soldiers; and Mr. Bowdoin himself was full of the war news in the papers. For he was a war Democrat (that fine old name!), and had he had his way, every son and grandson would have been in the Union army. Most of them were, among them Harley, though the family blood had made him choose the naval branch. Commander Harleston Bowdoin was back on a furlough won him by a gunshot wound: and it was he who asked about old Jamie most anxiously.

"You feel sure that he was going to Havana?" said he over the family breakfast table.

Old lady Bowdoin had left them; long since she had established her claim to the donation fund by arriving always first at breakfast, and had devoted it, triumphantly, to a fund for free negroes, — "contrabands," as they were just then called. But Mrs. Bowdoin never had taken much interest in Mercedes.

"Sure, they were last heard of there. He was on some filibustering expedition in Cuba. Perhaps he was hanged. But

no, I don't think so. Poor Jamie used to send them so much money!"

"He might have written before he sailed," said Harley, nursing his wounded arm.

"If he wrote, I guess he wrote to her," said Mr. Bowdoin dryly. "Why should he write to me?"

"I don't like it," said Harley.

Mr. Bowdoin did not like it; and not being willing to admit this to himself, it made him very cross. So he rose, and, crowding his hat over his eyes, strode out into the April morning, and down the street to the wharf, and down the wharf to the office, where he silenced his trio of pensioners for the time being by telling them all to go to the devil; *he* would not be bothered. And these, hardly surprised, and not at all offended, hobbled around to the southern side of the building, where they lent each other quarters against the morrow, when they knew the peppery old gentleman would relent.

Mr. Bowdoin stamped up the two flights of narrow stairs to the counting-room, where his first action was to take off a large piece of cannel coal just put on the fire by Mr. James Bowdoin, and damn his son and heir for his extravagance. As the coal put back in the hod was rapidly filling the room with its smoke, James the younger fled incontinently; and the elder contemplated the situation. It was true Jamie had not written; but he had not thought much about it. Harley entered.

"I was thinking, sir, of going down to McMurtagh's lodgings and asking if they had heard from him."

"Haven't you been there yet? I should think any fool would have gone there first!"

"That's why I did n't, sir," said Harley respectfully.

Old Mr. Bowdoin chuckled grimly, and his grandson took his leave.

"Come back and tell me at the bank!" cried Mr. Bowdoin.

But hardly had Harley got down the stairs before the old gentleman had another visitor. And this time it was a sheriff with brass buttons; and he held a large document in his hands.

Now Mr. Bowdoin was not over-fond of officers of the law; he detested lawsuits, and he had a horror of legal documents. Therefore he groaned at the sight, and, throwing open a window, fingered his watch-chain nervously, as one who is about to flee.

"What do *you* want, sir?" said he.

"Is this the office of James Bowdoin's Sons?"

"What if it were, sir?"

The officer brandished his document. "Is there a clerk here, — one James McMurtagh?"

"No, sir." Mr. Bowdoin spoke decidedly.

"Has he a son-in-law, David St. Clair?"

The old gentleman breathed a sigh of relief. "He has, sir."

"Where is McMurtagh?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Where is St. Clair?"

"Have you a citation for him?"

The officer winked. "Can you tell me where to find him?"

Mr. Bowdoin saw his chance. "Yes, sir; I can, sir. The last I heard of him, he had gone to Cuba on a filibustering expedition with one General Walker, who has since been hanged; and if you find him, you'll find him in Havana, Cuba, and can serve the citation on him there; though I'm bound to tell you," ended the old gentleman in a louder voice, "my opinion is, he won't care a d—n for you or your citation either!" And Mr. Bowdoin bolted down the stairs.

XXXIII.

So Mr. Bowdoin hurried up the street to the bank, half chuckling, half angry, still. Then (having found that there

was a special and very important directors' meeting called at once) he scurried out again upon the street, his papers in his hat, and did the business of the day on 'change. And then he went back to the bank, and asked if Mr. Harleston Bowdoin had got there yet.

Mr. Stanchion told him no. By that time it was after eleven. But Mr. Bowdoin made a rapid calculation of the distance (it never would have occurred to him to take a hack; carriages, in his view, were meant for women, funerals, and disreputable merrymakers), and hastened down to Salem Street.

Old Mrs. Hughson met him at the door, grateful and tearful. Yes, young Mr. Harley (she remembered him well in the old days, and had been jealous of him as a rival of her son) was upstairs. She feared poor McMurtagh was very ill. He had been out of his head for days and days. To Mr. Bowdoin's peppery query why the devil she had not sent for him Mrs. Hughson had nothing to say. It had never occurred to her, perhaps, that the well-being of such a quaint, dried-up old chap as Jamie could be a matter of moment to his wealthy employers whom she had never known.

"Can I see him?" asked Mr. Bowdoin. But as he spoke, Harley came down the stairs.

"It's heart-breaking," he said. "He thinks he's in the South with her. He was going to meet her, it seems; and the poor old fellow does not know he has not gone."

"Let me see him," said the elder. "Have they no nurse?"

"I nurse him off and on, nigh about all he needs," answered Mrs. Hughson. "And then there's John."

But Mr. Bowdoin had hurried up the stairs. Jamie was lying with his eyes wide open, moving restlessly. It seemed a low fever; for his face was pale; only the old ruddiness showed unnaturally, like the mark of his old-country lineage,

left from bygone years of youth and sunlight on his paling life. And Jamie's eyes met Mr. Bowdoin's; he had been murmuring rapidly, and there was a smile in them; but this now he lost, though the eyes had in them no look of recognition. He became silent as his look touched Mr. Bowdoin's face and glanced from it quickly, as do the looks of delirious persons and young children. And then, as the old gentleman bent over him and touched his hand, "A thousand dollars yet! a thousand dollars yet!" many times repeating this in a low cry; and all his raving now was of money and rows of money, rows and rows of gold.

Mr. Bowdoin stood by him. Harley came to the door, and motioned to him to step outside. Jamie went on: "A year more! another year more!" Then, as Mr. Bowdoin again touched his hand, he stared, and Mr. Bowdoin started at the mention of his own name.

"See, Mr. Bowdoin! but one row more to fill! But one year more, but one year more!"

Mr. Bowdoin dropped his hand, and went hastily to the door, which he closed behind him.

"Harley, my boy, we must n't listen to the old man's ravings—and I must go back to the bank."

"He has never talked that way to me, sir: it's all about Mercedes, and his going to her," and Harley opened the door, and both went in.

And sure enough, the old man's raving changed. "I must go to her. I must go to her. I must go to her. I cannot help it, I must go to her."

"Sometimes he thinks he has gone," whispered Harley. "Then he is quieter."

"What are these?" said Mr. Bowdoin, kicking over a pile of newspapers on the floor. "Why does he have New Orleans newspapers?"

The two men looked, and found one paper folded more carefully, on the table; in this they read the item telling of

St. Clair's death. They looked at one another.

"That is it, then," said Harley. "I wonder if he left her poor?"

"So she is not in Havana, after all," said Mr. Bowdoin.

And old Jamie, who had been speaking meaningless sentences, suddenly broke into his old refrain: "*A thousand dollars more!*"

"I must get to the bank," said the old gentleman, "and stop that meeting."

"And I must go to *her!*" cried Harleston Bowdoin.

The other grasped his hand. But Jamie's spirit was far away, and thought that all these things were done.

XXXIV.

Old Mr. Bowdoin went back to his bank meeting, which he peremptorily postponed, bidding James his son to vote that way, and he would give him reasons afterward. Going home he linked his arm in his, and told him why he would not have that meeting, and the new bank formed, and all its assets and trusts counted, until James McMurtagh was well again, or not in this world to know. And that same night, Commander Harleston, still on sick leave, started by rail for New Orleans, with orders that would take him through the lines. They had doctors and a nurse now for poor old Jamie; but Mr. Bowdoin was convinced no drug could save his life and reason, — only Mercedes. He lay still in a fever, out of his mind; and the doctors dreaded that his heart might stop when his mind came to. That, at least, was the English of it; the doctors spoke in words of Greek and Latin.

James Bowdoin suggested to his father that they should open the chest, thereby exciting a most unwonted burst of ire. "I pry into poor Jamie's accounts while he's lost his mind of grief about that girl!" (For also to him Mercedes, now

nigh to forty, was still a girl.) "I would not stoop to doubt him, sir." Yet, on the other hand, Mr. Bowdoin would probably have never condoned a theft, once discovered; and James Bowdoin wasted his time in hinting they might make it good.

"Confound it, sir," said the father, "it's the making it good to Jamie, not the making it good to us, that counts, — don't you see?"

"You do suspect him, then?"

"Not a bit, — not one whit, sir!" cried the father. "I know him better. And I hate a low, suspicious habit of mind, sir, with all my heart!"

"You once said, sir, years ago (do you remember?), that but one thing — love — could make a man like Jamie go wrong."

"I said a lot of d—d fool things, sir, when I was bringing you up, and the consequences are evident." And Mr. Bowdoin slammed out of the breakfast-room where this conversation took place.

But no word came from Harleston, and the old gentleman's temper grew more execrable every day. Again the bank directors met, and again at his request — this time avowedly on account of McMurtagh's illness — the reorganization and examination were postponed. And at last, the very day before the next meeting, there came a telegram from Harley in New York. It said this only: —

"Landed to-day. Arrive to-morrow morning. Found."

"Now why the deuce can't he say what he's found and who's with him?" complained old Mr. Bowdoin to his wife and son for the twentieth time, that next morning.

Breakfast was over, and they were waiting for Harley to arrive. Mrs. Bowdoin went on with her work in silence.

"And why the devil is the train so late? I must be at the bank at eleven. Do you suppose she's with him?"

"How is Jamie?" said Mrs. Bowdoin only in reply.

"Much the same. Do you think — do you think?" —

"I am afraid so, James," said the old lady. "Harley would have said" —

"There he comes!" cried Mr. Bowdoin from the window. Father and son ran to the door, in the early spring morning, and saw a carriage stop, and Harley step out of it, and then — a little girl.

XXXV.

The image of Mercedes she was; and the old gentleman caught her up and kissed her. He had a way with all children; and James thought this little maid was just as he remembered her mother, that day, now so long gone, on the old Long Wharf, when the sailing-vessel came in from the harbor, — the day he was engaged to marry his Abby. Old Mrs. Bowdoin stood beside, rubbing her spectacles; and then the old man set the child upon his lap, and told her soon she should see her grandfather. And the child began to prattle to him in a good English that had yet a color of something French or Spanish; and she wore a black dress.

"But perhaps you have never heard of your old grandfather?"

The child said that "mamma" had often talked about him, and had said that some day she should go to Boston to see him. "Grandfather Jamie" the child called him. "That was before mamma went away."

Mr. Bowdoin looked at the black dress, and then at Harleston; and Harleston nodded his head sadly.

"Well, Mercedes, we will go very soon. Is n't your name Mercedes?" said the old gentleman, seeing the little maid look surprised.

"My name is Sarah, but mamma called me Sadie," lisped the child.

Mr. Bowdoin and Harleston looked

each at the other, and had the same thought. It was as if the mother, who had so darkened (or shall we, after all, say lightened?) Jamie's life, had given up her strange Spanish name in giving him back this child, and remembered but the homely "Sadie" he once had called her by. But by this time old lady Bowdoin had the little maid upon her lap, and James was dragging Harley away to tell his story. And old Mr. Bowdoin even broke his rule by taking an after-breakfast cigar, and puffed it furiously.

"I got to New Orleans by rail and river, as you know. There I inquired after St. Clair, and had no difficulty in finding out about him. He had been a sort of captain of marines in an armed blockade-runner, and he was well known in New Orleans as a gambler, a slave-dealer" —

Mr. Bowdoin grunted.

— "almost what they call a thug. But he had not been killed instantly; he died in a city hospital."

"There is no doubt about his being dead?" queried Mr. Bowdoin anxiously.

"Not the slightest. I saw his grave. But, unhappily, Mercedes is dead, too."

"All is for the best," said Mr. Bowdoin philosophically. "Perhaps you'd have married her."

"Perhaps I should," said Captain Harley simply. "Well, I found her at the hospital where he had died, and she died too. This little girl was all she had. I brought her back. As you see, she is like her mother, only gentler, and her mother brought her up to reverence old Jamie above all things on earth."

"It was time," said Mr. Bowdoin dryly.

"She told me St. Clair had got into trouble in New York; and old Jamie had sent them some large sum, — over twenty thousand dollars."

Mr. Bowdoin started. "The child told you this?"

"No, the mother. I saw her before she died."

"Oh," said his grandfather. "You did not tell me that."

"I saw her before she died," said Harley firmly. "You must not think hardly of her; she was very changed." The tears were in Captain Harleston's eyes.

"I will not," said Mr. Bowdoin. "Over twenty thousand dollars, — dear me, dear me! And we have our directors' meeting to-day. Well, well. I am glad, at least, poor Jamie has his little girl again," and Mr. Bowdoin took his hat and prepared to go. "I only hope I'm too late. James, go on ahead. Harley, my boy, I'm afraid we know it all."

"Stop a minute," said Harley. "There was some one else at the hospital."

"Everybody seems to have been at the hospital," growled old Mr. Bowdoin petulantly. But he sat down wearily, wondering what he should do; for he felt almost sure now of what poor Jamie had done.

"The captain of the blockade-runner was there, too. He was mortally wounded; and it was from him that I learned most about St. Clair and how he ended. He seemed to be a Spaniard by birth, though he wore as a brooch a small miniature of Andrew Jackson."

"Hang Andrew Jackson!" cried the old gentleman. "What do I care about Andrew Jackson?"

"That's what I asked him. And do you know what he said? 'Why, he saved me from hanging.'"

Mr. Bowdoin started.

"Before he died he told me of his life. He had even been on a pirate, in old days. Once he was captured, and tried in Boston; and, for some kindness he had shown, old President Jackson reprieved him. Then he ran away, and never dared come back. But he left some money at a bank here, and a little girl, his daughter."

"What was his name? Hang it, what was his name?" shouted old Mr. Bowdoin, putting on his hat.

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"Soto, — Romolo Soto."

Mr. Bowdoin sank back in his chair again. "Why, that was the captain. Mercedes was the mate's child."

"No. The money was Soto's, and the child too. He told me he had only lately sent a detective here to try and trace the child."

"The sheriff's officer, by Jove!" said Mr. Bowdoin. "But can you prove it? can you prove it?" he cried.

"Mercedes had yellow hair, so had Soto. And he knew your name. And before he died he gave me papers."

Mr. Bowdoin jumped up, took the papers, and bolted into the street.

XXXVI.

His son James was sitting in the chair, with the other directors around him, when old Mr. Bowdoin reached the bank. There was a silence when he entered, and a sense of past discussion in the air. James Bowdoin rose.

"Keep the chair, James, keep the chair. I have a little business with the board."

"They were discussing, sir," replied James, "the necessity of completing our work for the new organization. Is McMurtagh yet well enough to work?"

"No," said the father.

"What is your objection to proceeding without him?" asked Mr. Pinckney rather shortly.

"None whatever," coolly answered Mr. Bowdoin.

"None whatever? Why, you said you would not proceed while Mr. McMurtagh was ill."

"McMurtagh will never come back to the bank," said old Mr. Bowdoin gravely.

"Dear me, I hope he is not dead?"

"No, but he will retire; on a pension, of course. Then his granddaughter has quite a little fortune."

"His granddaughter — a fortune?"

"Certainly — Miss Sarah — McMur-

tagh," gasped Mr. Bowdoin. He could not say "St. Clair," and so her name was changed. "Something over twenty thousand dollars. I have come for it now."

The other directors looked at old Mr. Bowdoin for visual evidence of a failing mind.

"It's in the safe there, in a box. Mr. Stanchion, please get down the old tin box marked 'James Bowdoin's Sons;' there are the papers. The child's other grandfather, one Romolo Soto, gave it me himself, in 1829. I myself had it put in this bank the next day. Here is the receipt: 'James Bowdoin's Sons, one chest said to contain Spanish gold. Amount not specified.' I'll take it, if you please."

"The amount must be specified somewhere."

"The amount was duly entered on the books of James Bowdoin's Sons, Tom Pinckney; and their books are no business of yours, unless you doubt our credit. Would you like a written statement?" and Mr. Bowdoin puffed himself up and glared at his old friend.

"Here is the chest, sir," said Mr. Stanchion suavely. "Have you the key?"

"No, sir; Mr. McMurtagh has the key," and, putting the chest under his arm, Mr. Bowdoin stalked from the office.

XXXVII.

Then old Mr. Bowdoin, with the box under his arm, hurried down to Salem Street. Jamie still lay there, unconscious of earthly things. For many weeks, his spirit, like a tired bird, had hovered between this world and the next, uncertain where to alight.

For many weeks he had been, as we call it, out of his head. Harley had had time to go to New Orleans and return, Mercedes and Soto to die, and all these meetings about less important things to happen at the bank; and still old Jamie's

body lay in the little house in Salem Street, his mind far wandering. But in all his sixty years of gray life, up to then, I doubt if his soul had been so happy. Dare we even say it was less real? Old Mr. Bowdoin laid the chest beside the door, and listened.

For Jamie was wandering with Mercedes under sunny skies; and now, for many days, his ravings had not been of money or of this world's duty, but only of her. It had been so from about the time she must have died; dare one suppose he knew it? So his mind was still with her.

The doctors, though, were very anxious for his mind, still wandering. If his body returned to life, they feared that his mind would not. But the Bowdoins and little Sarah sat and watched there.

It came that morning, — it was late in May; so calmly that for some moments they did not notice it, — old Mr. Bowdoin and the little girl.

Jamie opened his eyes to look out on this world again so naturally that they did not see that he had waked; only he lay there, looking out of the window, and puzzling at a blossom that was on a tree below; for he remembered, when he had gone to sleep the night before, it was March weather, and the snow lay on the ground. The snow lay thick upon the ground as he was walking to the station. How could spring have come in a night? Where was — What world was this?

For his eyes traveled down the room to where, sitting at the foot of his bed to be the first to be seen by him, Jamie saw his little girl as he remembered her.

Mr. Bowdoin started as the look of seeing came back to Jamie's eyes. But the little girl, as she had been told to do, ran forward and took the old clerk's hand.

It was very quiet in the room. Old Mr. Bowdoin dared not speak; he sat there rubbing his spectacles.

But old Jamie had looked up to her, and said only, "Mercedes!"

XXXVIII.

Jamie did come back to the bank — once. It was on a day some weeks after this, when he was well. He had been well enough even for one more journey to New York; the Bowdoin did not thwart him. And Mercedes — Sadie — was at his home; so now he came to get possession of his ward's little fortune, to be duly invested in his name as trustee, in the stock of the Old Colony Bank. He came in one morning, and all the bookkeepers greeted him; and then he went into the safe, where he found the box as usual; for Mr. Bowdoin, knowing that he would come, had taken it back.

When he came out, the chest was under his arm; and he went to old Mr. Bowdoin, alone in his private room. "Here is the chest, sir. I must ask you

to count it." And before Mr. Bowdoin could answer he had turned the lock, so the lid sprang open. There, almost filling the box, were rows of coin, shining rows of gold.

Old Mr. Bowdoin's eyes glistened. "Jamie, why should I count it?" he said gently. "It is yours now, and you alone can receipt for it, as Sarah's legal guardian."

"I would have ye ken, sir, that the firm o' James Bowdoin's Sons ha' duly performed their trust."

And old Mr. Bowdoin said no more, but counted the coins, one by one, to the full number the ledger showed.

He did not look at the other page. But Jamie was not one to tear a leaf from a ledger. No one ever looked at the old book again; but the honest entries stand there still upon the page. Only now there is another: "Restored in full, June 26, 1862."

F. J. Stimson.

FRENCH ROADS.

THE little vintage grapes were hanging thick in the sunny vineyards. There had been an unbroken stretch of fine weather, of which I had taken advantage every day, but the fairest day of all lured me down the valley to Villevenarde.

"A—h!" once cried an American girl, shaking her fist out of the railway carriage window at a village slumbering in the moonlight, "you beautiful, pale-tiled, gray stone town, that I gushed about when I first saw you and your likes lying in green valleys, you'll never deceive me any more. I know how you smell. You have manure heaps raked to your front doors, and your inhabitants eat artichokes, *salade Roumaine*, spinach, and other weeds, and your meat is calves'-head and sheeps'-toes, and not a decent American fried potato or pot of tea can

be had in all your borders! Sour wine is your drink, and though all the springs of the hills flow through your gutters you never know the taste of honest water."

Villevenarde does not differ from its contemporaries. There are always a towered church, the great street with branches, and the arched gateways and pretentious houses of two or three chief men. While on the long, white, granite-smooth highway descending from the uplands between vineyards and meadows, you loved the gray town in its opal and emerald nest. On nearer approach you began to smell it, that same old reek of animal refuse which may be called the surface breath of France. There is no harm in this odor. It promises fertilization. A come-and-go sifting of its qual-

ity sometimes deludes you with the conviction that one place is less rank than another; but let the wind rise and saturate a keen and nervous sense of smell, you are directly gasping, "This is the worst of all."

At the edge of Villevenarde a girl was washing by herself in what seemed to be a private pool, roofed, and, so to speak, just large enough for one; very exclusive compared with the public washing-place from which the whack of paddles resounded. She was a pretty-faced girl, all dark rosy and fresh-looking. Her big black wooden shoes, so large that they did not at all seem a part of the person, as shoes usually do, bore her up as a pedestal. It would be easy to find the way out of Villevenarde, having for landmark this rosy girl at her lone washing-pool, with such structures betwixt her and the earth.

The tabac shop, where postage-stamps are always sold, was up an alley and a flight of stone steps which led into an interior that might have been painted by Teniers. There was a dim light from high windows, and a smouldering fire in the chimney, with cooking-vessels about, proclaimed the lately eaten peasant dinner.

The church was up this alley, also, — that very church which sent from the sweet mouths of its bells such music to the uplands. It was surrounded by high walls, and singularly guarded by an old woman, who protested against my entering. But the gate-latch yielded and so did the door, letting into a place of worship with nothing to distinguish it. No sooner had I knelt in the empty hollow than the door clicked again, and my old woman entered, having a young man with her, possibly as witness against me. They composed themselves upon their knees, but I am afraid none of us overflowed with devotion. They followed me out, without being otherwise troublesome, though they were probably disappointed of an expected fee. I never heard that

there were relics or other sacred valuables in the church of Villevenarde which a relicless American might be tempted to steal. The unusual solicitude of this pair of wooden-shod peasants and their distrustful espionage as I turned again to the farm diverted me from my landmarks. But it is certain that the hard-beaten ribbon of highway by which I left Villevenarde looked exactly like the hard-beaten ribbon of highway by which I had entered it.

I went on, missing nothing save the girl at the washing-pool. The pool itself, indeed, was spirited away. Yet there were the hills which looked — in some enchanted way they were — the uplands of Les Buissons. The fortress-like farm lay on its spur of heights, and woods I knew well were smeared against the horizon. Pool and blanchisseuse ought to have been on my right hand going back. There had also been a shepherd with his flock, and the vineyard tower ought to appear, and the stone-breaking at Les Buissons should send its clinking down the valley. Coming nearer the transformed farm, I saw no gateway across the road, — a gateway unconnected with any fence, and barring passage without any visible purpose, but a certain landmark on the brow of the homing hill. Of course the walk back seemed longer than the walk out, but why did all these familiar things recede or dodge, and the goal stretch into far blue distances? I began to feel lonesome and confused, and stood still, trying to rearrange my mixed localities. I could not convince myself that I had come out at the wrong end of Villevenarde, and was walking in the opposite direction from Les Buissons. The road was exactly the same, and rose as gradually among the hills to the farms. There is only one thing to do when you are lost in rural France, and that is to retrace your steps. If you try cross-paths, you enter endless mazes, as I proved to myself later. I followed the deceptive highway back into Villevenarde, again

passed the church alley, turned at a certain cart and archway which sprang into sudden importance, inquired my way of groups enjoying the sunny afternoon in leisure, finally sighted the lone blanchisseuse, and so won home. And there is no doubt that if I should go to Villevenarde to-day, with the same bump of locality which has always been its owner's pride, I should again take the wrong road up the hills. In France you are always on the highway; there seem to be no byways.

Very different would be the experience of a Frenchwoman in America, where one country road is easily distinguished from another by being just a little worse. Of course we have not had the great example of the Romans, as the Gauls had, in the making of highways. We have not had two thousand years in which to lay out and harden our paths. The buffalo, indeed, laid them out for us, and the red Indian, following him, trod them into a plain course; but future generations will probably see them unfinished.

France, however, floundered for centuries in the mud. To see some of the coaches of the mighty Louis's time gives one a realizing sense of the service they had to perform. France is indebted to Napoleon for much of her solid footing. He knew the value of excellent roadbeds under marching troops.

Though all roads look alike in France, there are three kinds, national, departmental, and communal. The national road is made by government, and the departmental by departments, while two or three villages which form a commune or canton unite to maintain the various cross-tracks which intersect them. Taxes are distributed for this purpose. We are never entirely happy. France has perhaps the best roads in the world, but she grumbles at the burden of their support. "Oh, it is dreadful!" mourned a beautiful woman, doubtless reflecting what she could herself buy with the money.

"Everything is taxed; even doors and windows. I do not mean that each window and door must pay a fixed sum, but a château or house of a certain grade is supposed to need so many openings, and is taxed accordingly."

No trifling sum can be required to keep toll-free streets, macadamized and almost dustless, so graded and smoothed that one horse can draw a mountainous van along their surface, and to maintain them to the remotest edges of the provinces. Across the Beauce, that vast grain prairie, the perfect road-ribbons stretch at intervals. North of Noyon, where the newest thing is a fountain built the year that America was discovered, perfect thoroughfares ray off to world-old secluded villages. Everywhere a constant patrol is kept over the public work. You can trace a distant road by its double line of poplars, standing like slim plumes. Thought is taken for the irrigation of the trees, also, in a land where drought is almost unknown. A small channel, paved with stones, conducts the rainfall to a depressed basin left around the roots of each tree.

By graded I do not mean monotonously level roads. They wind up hill and down valley, but the bed is generally lifted some feet above the country surface. Red soil or clay whiteness of the north or the south is cloven by an omnipresent causeway of powdered flint. At intervals of a few kilometres along the way small stone tool-houses are set. And oblong piles of beaten stone, familiar to an American eye, are supplemented by a stranger sight, another proof of the thrift of France: cords of black blocks, pressed from coal waste, stand ready to feed the steam roller.

Wherever there is a junction of railway and French road it is the people's thoroughfare which has the right of way. Trains pass through culverts beneath the undisturbed rider or wheelman or walker. Or, if there is a surface crossing, gates are shut and locked on each side

of the dangerous track five minutes before the passing of a train, and opened directly after. Some steady old peasant is usually the gatekeeper, and he is an autocrat when he has once barred the thoroughfare; no bribe will induce him to let you run any risk upon it. Americans, used to skipping across surface rails, with their lives, so to speak, in their teeth, are touched by all these precautions taken to save human slaughter.

The sides of a French road are kept shaven green and smooth like a lawn, except on rugged ridges like that of Fontainebleau, where one can wade from the beaten track knee-deep in fern and heather. There the natural glory of elm and oak arches is seen, making arcade beyond arcade for the traveler.

Loches upon its height has steep streets; but so smoothly are they perfected that cochers drive over them horses attached to heavy cabs by nothing but yokes and rope traces. Even the streets of Greux and Domremy are swept like a floor. When an American sees in remote corners of the French republic these thoroughfares, cleared of litter, tended by laborers, fringed with plumed tree-tips, drained to irrigate the greenery alongside, and remembers the bottomless ways through which his countrymen flounder of an open winter or wet summer, the annual disfigurement with scrapers by which rural people work out their poll-tax, and the indifference of a rich nation to its bestial mire, he is filled with wrath and envy, and taxes become no consideration at all.

I lost my way a second time by consciously departing from the direct road and attempting a cross-cut on the sunset prairie. There were shadows in damp woods rising to the uplands behind the convent when I hurriedly left, and it was gloomy along a hedge where light struck most boldly on my daily walk back to the farm. A plough-girl had gone home from her field, and all the large plateau was turning dim.

"No one will molest you in Marne," the convent mothers had told me. "We could not take our walks with the children so freely in every direction if these were not such gentle and harmless people."

Comforted by that fact, but naturally wishing to reach the farm by the shortest cut, I fixed on a distant clump of trees as *Les Buissons*, — so easily lost to view as it sloped downhill, — and was tempted by a road stretching straight to that goal. I even remembered seeing the facteur coming over this short cut. It seemed to swerve far to the right, but the land lay open and plain, and it was as perfect as any road of them all. The primrose evening light and the witchery of that wonderful sameness played over it. I was disgusted at never having availed myself of it before. What use was there in passing the long blackberry hedge and making so many turns to come up at the front of the farm? Indifferently I let the twilight catch me, for was not my way as clear and unambushed as the sky overhead? But once more I lost *Les Buissons*, and a ghostly farm, a strange farm, stood out in its stead.

Remembering the confusion of ways at *Villevénarde*, I stopped in sudden terror of that deceptive road. The blurred landscape became as unfamiliar as if I had been dropped into Russia. Hedges and bushes on the left were already making darkness. If I did not want to stay out in the fields, it was time to plunge through them and fight a way to *Les Buissons*.

Beyond the bushes were woods, and certainly there was the very path where I had pleased myself fancying that *St. Alpin* walked. The road might have drawn me down into strange valleys, but those woods were a bath of darkness. How unaccountably they breathed and rustled! Human nature could not endure it long, struggling towards thinner spots and what remained of open land-

scape. And here was the traitor road again, or one of its many duplicates, with a deep ditch and a high field on its opposite side.

It was now so dark that only the whiteness of sheep-fleece could be seen far away in the field. Against the sky the shepherd's figure merely hinted itself. I crossed the gutter and climbed up to the field, letting out a call which sounded like some stranger's apprehensive cry across the hidden land, — "Berger!"

Grizzled or young, the darkness hiding everything but his kindliness, this belated angel drew near, telling me, as soon as his voice would carry sentences, that he could not make haste, he must not alarm his sheep; they depended on him to guide them home. And when he learned that I sought the farm of Les Buissons he regretted that he dared not leave them, for their fold lay in another direction; but he would set me right if I walked along parallel with the flock for a short distance. Timid brebis in the field and dependent American on the road, we moved with this good dim caretaker between us, until he showed me a wide grassy space through forest shadows where I must turn off toward Les Buissons.

"Tout droit," declared the shepherd, and I stretched my arm across the gutter to leave a franc in his hand. He said it was too much for a service not fairly rendered. How do I know that man was not a saint? His presence gave security as the holy Alpin's would surely do, and he had no need of any franc from me, or any desire to take it. To turn my back on his benign protection and grope "tout droit" required a strong effort of the will. As soon as his encouraging voice died on the ear, I began to wonder if he meant straight ahead when he said straight ahead. The monster darkness swallowed me.

A gleam of something like the stone farm buildings showed presently far below. The white pile was ghostly still,

and had no light at a time when bougies would be burning in Les Buissons. Nothing but a breakneck strip of rock, the color of chalk, offered me passage downward. So stubborn is the mind when a landscape plays tricks upon it that I felt bound to try this dangerous descent, and steadied myself by bushes, puzzled by such an aspect of the farm, but anxious to feel its shelter again over my head.

Loosened stones fell into depths below. They admonished me of the shepherd's charge to keep "tout droit." He had said nothing about climbing down a cliff to Les Buissons. The shepherd was a better guide than benighted senses, so, returning to the level, I went straight forward again, until it seemed to me I must be well on the way to Epernay. Then familiar blackberry hedges appeared, edging the mass of forest. When a swell of this blackness was rounded I ran against my chair, drawn from the outdoor study into a long afternoon shadow, and forgotten there by René.

A little beyond the dog of Les Buissons barked, and there was the farmhouse blinking with lights. I approached at right angles to the track which would have brought me home if I had not tried short cuts and wandered kilometres out of the way. Next morning I went back to the cliff, and discovered it was the vineyard tower on which I had been determined to plunge myself.

The road from Paris to Versailles, oddly, seems less perfect than many provincial ones. If the weather happens to be bad, it leaves on the carriage traveler an impression of roughness and muddiness. What it must have been when the great Louis, or, later, Marie Antoinette, floundered back and forth in coaches as clumsy as omnibuses, is easy for an American to conjecture.

The value of France's great system of macadamized streets can hardly be estimated. Wherever Roman roads could be incorporated into the modern it has been done. It is probable, taxes or no

taxes, that the nation would part with many another precious thing before it would let these highways fall to decay.

I once saw an English laborer, between Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon, sweeping the road with a besom, until no dust was left to be moistened by rain-fall; and I thought of ankle-deep winter slush on Broadway, of snow which accumulates so quickly in Boston's narrow streets, and the broad muddy crossings of Chicago. The people of the Old World have not long been perfectly served by these arteries of travel. Last century saw England a quagmire in many places. The early part of this century found matters no better. Of all civilized countries, the United States continues to maintain the most savage highways.

Orleans, after a rainfall, is as clean as a fresh-washed dish, and you will scarcely stain a sandal in the crooked streets of Tours. The cleaning and flushing of Paris have been noticed by every traveler. It cost the Old World many plagues to learn the lesson of good national housekeeping; but no scrap of paper, or heap of dust, or litter of animal refuse is now left unnoticed on its tracks.

One other French road, for which no taxes had ever been levied, I saw on my journey from the farm back to the convent. It was the day before St. Alpin's feast, bleak and stormy. The Sister, coming with Frizette and the donkey-cart to

carry me, drew up at the door-stone of the farmhouse. The rain beat heavily upon us as we turned from the warm kitchen where madame and René and the housed patron stood bowing their adieux; but the Sister, while executing the orders of her superior, merely laughed at our discomfort. She led the little donkey away from the front of Les Buissons, down a soaked path which passed through a hollow and up betwixt drenching bushes. Her shoes trod the wet green luzerne of the field we entered as calmly as if that had been the chapel floor. Then we took a ploughman's track.

"Dépêche - toi, Fri - Fri," she said, climbing to her seat, and the tiny beast trotted across that unsheltered open. Storm-driven and laughing, we dashed in our two-wheeled chariot from the exposed plain where an umbrella was blown wrong side out to a forest lane where it caught on overhanging branches. We raced running water down this gullied channel, and finally crossed the head of the park lake. Frizette's hoofs beat grass and moss beside that village of hollied and ivy-twined playhouses in the woods which the children called their Crusoes; and when we came to the rear of the convent, through an archway and around to the alighting-place betwixt glass corridor and fountain, I felt that I had just traversed one of the prettiest roads in France.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

TWO NEW SOCIAL DEPARTURES.

Two very interesting new departures in matters social will mark the year 1895 for the British Isles, — the foundation of an Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, and the holding in London of the first International Coöperative Congress. Both have the very hopeful quality of being no "bolts from

the blue," but orderly developments from or of existing institutions, the worth of which is established by experience. The former, though British in its inception, represents an idea which may be carried out in any country where industry is to any extent organized; the latter was graced at the outset by foreign help.

The Industrial Union of Employers and Employed was established at a conference held at Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, June 22, 1895. It was the direct outcome of a smaller conference between twenty employers and twenty work people, held in London on March 16, 1894, as related in an article by Mr. T. W. Bushill, of Coventry, published in the *Economic Review* for April, 1894. That conference itself arose out of the wide-spreading distress and suffering caused by the then recent conflict between coal owners and miners in the Midlands. From a report of the proceedings of the conference of 1895 (Methuen, London), it appears that this was attended by some twenty-six employers or employers' representatives, and some forty-seven employed, of whom twenty-one were representatives of trade unions, trade councils, or conciliation or wages boards, numbering together over two hundred thousand men, and including the premier British trade union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers with its 77,306 members.¹ Eighteen other trade unions or trade councils, representing over thirty thousand workers, sent expressions of sympathy, and of regret at their inability to be represented at the conference. The one striking and most encouraging feature about the conference was the perfect footing of equality upon which employers and employed met together. The provisional committee consisted of an equal number of employers and employed, forming two sections, with two honorary secretaries, one of each class. Each section met separately, before the joint meeting. The whole country was fairly represented, though the strength of the movement lies evidently in the northern and midland counties; and in the list of

the president, vice-presidents, and council, as finally constituted, the only name of a London working man is that of Mr. F. Maddison, compositor (editor of the *Railway Review*). The basis of the Union is "the recognition of association and combination both of employers and of workmen, and of the underlying common interests of both." The statement of its objects, in fourteen articles, is too long to quote in full, but the first three may be set forth:—

"1. *Harmony.* To promote harmony between employers and employed, by affording opportunities for each side to obtain a better understanding of the other's aims and difficulties, to realize in larger measure their common interests, and to encourage and foster feelings which will tend to remove the ground for labor disputes.

"2. *Conciliation and Arbitration.* To promote the formation of properly constituted local boards of conciliation and arbitration.

"3. *Means.* To discuss and suggest means by which, without detriment to business, the conditions of labor and the opportunities of workmen may be improved, and to make known the results of experiments in this direction."

I have said that both the social developments of which I propose to treat in this paper grow out of existing facts. In proof of this, it would be almost sufficient to say that the president of the conference, Mr. W. Whitwell, of Stockton-on-Tees, addressed it as having been for twenty years chairman of the Board of Conciliation and Arbitration for the Manufactured Iron and Steel Trade of the North of England, which itself had been established six years before he took the chair on March 22, 1869. It has set-

¹ It should be observed that not all the workmen's organizations which were represented at the conference joined the Union. Some of the speakers openly dissented from the proposal to form it.

It is painful to have to note that, since the

above was written, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has itself become involved in a labor dispute, as respects those of its members who are employed in ship-building in the north of Ireland and the west of Scotland, and that an attempted arbitration has failed.

tled eighty-one cases of "general wages," and for the last few years the number of cases dealt with by the standing committee has averaged sixteen to a year, besides many disputes which have been settled without coming before the Board, merely through the preliminary inquiries of a delegate, who is able either to settle the case himself or to get it settled by reference to the foreman, so that "nineteen cases out of twenty" are settled between foreman or manager and a representative working man without even coming before the employers. The Board does not indeed "claim to have altogether prevented stoppages of work," but "such as have occurred have taken place under circumstances of special irritation or excitement, and have been but of short duration." Its main object being to prevent any strike or suspension of work, if such take place it refuses to inquire into the matter in dispute till work is resumed. But there is, Mr. Whitwell declares, "on both sides the desire to do justice, and difficulties are wonderfully minimized." Later on, Mr. Trow, operative secretary to the Board presided over by Mr. Whitwell, as one who had sat at the same table with him for twenty-five years in effecting settlements of labor disputes, "challenged any one to give a single instance where a man had been interfered with for speaking fully and freely in the iron and steel trade. They did not know what victimization meant."

As a matter of fact, then, the amicable settlement of trade differences by an organization in which employers and employed meet together on equal terms has prevailed, in one particular trade and district, for over a quarter of a century. The report of the chief Labor correspondent of the Board of Trade, himself an old trade-union secretary, On the Strikes and Lockouts of 1893, shows

(page 219 and following) that fifty conciliation or wages boards (their nomenclature varies) were in existence and at work during the year in the British Isles, besides eighteen that did no work in the year, whilst in sixteen cases attempts were made to form such boards, of which six succeeded and are included in the list. Of the total of sixty-eight, twenty-three were "district or local boards;" not confined to particular industries, but connected with local chambers of commerce, and generally with trade councils. The remainder (making, it will be observed, over sixty-six per cent of the whole) were connected with particular trades or groups of trades, the boot and shoe trades taking the lead with thirteen boards, followed by the metal trades with nine and mining with five; these three groups thus comprising sixty per cent of the class. Moreover, out of the twenty-three district boards, thirteen did nothing, and only eighteen disputes were dealt with by the other ten, with doubtful or unsatisfactory results in six cases, or one third of the total number. Of the forty-five trade boards, only four did no work, and the number of strikes, disputes, cases, and questions dealt with exceeded 1440, of which, however, 246 were withdrawn, passed over, ruled out of jurisdiction, or referred back to local boards. But these figures are incomplete, as in at least nine instances "only the more important disputes are recorded," and in another one no return is made, on the ground of the confidential nature of the proceedings. Eight hundred and twenty-three of the tabulated cases were settled by conciliation or mediation, and 242 by arbitration.¹

The report for 1894 has not yet been published, but detailed information, the Labor Gazette for October, 1895, informs us, has been collected with regard to the settlement of disputes and other remaining ones were still pending at the date of the report.

¹ The figures of cases withdrawn, etc., and settled by conciliation or arbitration, do not together sum up the total given. I presume the

questions by arbitration and conciliation during the year. Forty-one trade boards had 1707 questions and cases submitted to them, "ranging from a general wage question affecting many thousands of persons to the classification of a sample." Of these, 365 were withdrawn, referred back, or ruled out of order, 1121 settled by conciliatory means, and 221 by arbitration. Twenty-two district boards reported the settlement of only five cases in all, three by arbitration. The London board had the lion's share of the work, settling three cases out of the five. At the same time, the *Labor Gazette* warns its readers that its figures must be considered as preliminary only, inquiries being still pursued in many cases by the department.

It will be obvious from the above figures that the work of the district boards is a mere trifle beside that of the trade boards. Experience thus shows that the true way to the amicable settlement of trade disputes is for the employers and employed in the particular trade to come together in the first instance; and that if any good is to be done by outsiders it must be as final arbitrators, when the matter has been thoroughly thrashed out between the parties without their being able to come to an agreement. Without wishing, therefore, to disparage the efforts of the many well-meaning men who have sought to establish boards of conciliation or arbitration outside of particular trades, it seems to me that they are putting the cart before the horse.

Very wisely, thus, in my view, does the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed declare that it is not "a primary object of the Union to mediate in or assist the settlement of specific labor disputes;" claiming, however, "the power to do so whenever such mediation or assistance shall be desirable," but so as not to "interfere in any dispute which

comes within the scope of any properly constituted local or trade conciliation or arbitration board, except with the consent of such board."

The objects, then, of the Union are excellent, and as a recognition on a large scale of the equality of rights between employers and employed, and of the value of organization to both classes, it represents an important stage in the history of labor in Great Britain. It must, therefore, do good even if it should fail. Whether it will be a practical success, I own, appears to me more doubtful. It can be so only if it be the joint work of both classes; if the worker as well as the employer feels it to be his own. I heard with regret, at the conference, the resolution for raising a fund of ten thousand pounds; for any such large sum must come mainly from the pockets of the employers; and if the Union once comes to be looked upon as an employers' concern, it will be viewed with suspicion by the workers. I cannot help doubting whether, among the fourteen objects of the association set forth by the rules, there are any which are likely to call for extensive pecuniary support from the workers, except at the hands of a few specially wealthy and thoughtful trade unions, and of a limited number of working men in others.

One point, not enumerated among its objects, which I think the Union should keep in view, would be the federating of existing trade boards (I should, indeed, have been better pleased if this had been its starting-point); for it must not be concealed that several such boards have been discontinued already, even after a flourishing existence of years. I find no mention, for instance, in the Board of Trade volume of any board in the hosiery trade, whereas, in 1868, there was one in Nottingham, founded in 1860, and prospering.¹ There was also another in the same

tute, Bradford, February 5, 1868. Bradford: James Hanson.

¹ Arbitration as a Means of Preventing Strikes, a lecture delivered by A. J. Mundella, Esq., of Nottingham, in the Mechanics' Insti-

trade in Derby, and a third had been resolved upon in Leicester. The disappearance of these is all the more painful because Mr. Mundella, the founder of the Nottingham board, has been the most zealous and eminent promoter of the movement in Great Britain. Now, the failure of a trade board to have its recommendations carried out, and its consequent collapse, — what does it amount to? To a fresh dispute between the board itself and either employers or employed. On such a dispute, so long as the board remains isolated, there is no authority to decide. But it appears to me that if the board were federated with others in a body like that of the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, it ought not to be difficult to determine the new dispute in the ordinary way, by conciliation or arbitration, the Union supplying practically a friendly court of appeal.

At the same time, valuable as are all institutions which tend to bring together the employer and employed on a footing of friendly equality, I cannot myself hope that conciliation boards, arbitration boards, wages boards, and the like will ever do more than minimize the number of labor contests and alleviate their rigors. The old-established *Conseils de Prud'hommes* in France, the archetype, one may say, of all conciliation and arbitration boards, have not availed to prevent serious contests, of which the Carmaux strike was but one out of many. I do not, therefore, look with very great hope to the working of compulsory arbitration in trade disputes, which it has been sought to establish by law in Australia, and more recently in the United States, nor do I even expect very much from bills to promote courts of conciliation and arbitration, such as the one now before the British Parliament. In all human differences there must be a final "I will" or "I won't," and "I won't" nothing but force can overcome. Now, I do not deny the lawfulness of

force, exerted on behalf of the community at large, to put down a labor dispute when its motives have been thoroughly thrashed out, and only the obstinacy of one or the other of the disputants hinders the dispute from being settled on the terms laid down by an honest and competent arbitrator, after all attempts at conciliation have failed. In principle, therefore, I am perfectly favorable to the attempts made, in one part of the world or another, towards providing for the enforcement of arbitration in trade contests, in default of a friendly settlement. But I am at a loss to see how such enforcement can be effectually carried out. If the responsibility be a pecuniary one only, the remedy will be nugatory as against unions of the poorer laborers, with small funds or none, and I am afraid it will act as a deterrent to the accumulation of funds by the better paid workers, and involve complications which trade unions would not submit to. For example, the compulsory separation of their funds, since the attempt to levy a fine upon their old age or other purely benevolent funds for the infringement of an award on a trade dispute, would, I suspect, arouse a far greater outcry than the application of those funds to the sustainment of an existing dispute does now. Again, the working population is to a large extent so little fixed that the workers in a particular trade would rapidly melt away from any locality affected by an obnoxious award, or, if it concerned the whole of a trade, from the particular union against which the award was made, in order to form a new one. The difficulty of maintaining a trade on the basis of an award obnoxious to the employer is scarcely less. If he is well-to-do, he may close his works and transfer his capital elsewhere; if he is the reverse, and chooses to go into bankruptcy, the award becomes equally abortive. And the enforcement of an award against the person of a disputant would, I fear, be still more difficult. Employed

or employer would be exalted into a martyr by his class, and *esprit de corps* would very likely lead to a fresh dispute on a larger scale.

The longer I live, the more I feel convinced that the only solution to the labor question, or to speak perhaps more truly, the only termination to that labor war which, openly or covertly, is being waged throughout the civilized world, lies in coöperation, in the fusing into one of the essentially conflicting interests of employer and employed. That we are still very far away from that solution on any large scale I fully admit; I admit that it may take the education of both classes for centuries before it is attained. Nevertheless, if I value the Industrial Union of Employers and Employed, it is mainly as a step, however unconscious on the part of most of its promoters, in that direction, — as educating both classes for industrial coöperation. The more intelligent and friendly the employer finds his workmen to become, the more will he be tempted to take the last step for the avoidance of quarrels by making them his copartners. The more the workmen learn, through the practice of a conciliation or wages board, of the conditions of a trade, the better fitted will they become for the carrying on of that trade, either in partnership with an employer or on their own account. It is observable, moreover, that the two subjects of the amicable settlement of trade disputes and of coöperation are by no means unconnected. Not only do the rules of a very large number of coöperative societies provide for the settlement of disputes with their members by arbitration, but one of the trade boards of conciliation and arbitration is that of the Northern Counties Coöperative Societies. Moreover, whilst the strikes against coöperative societies have been very few and of short duration, the fact should be recalled to notice that during the great strike in the Leicester boot and shoe trade not a single workman em-

ployed by a coöperative body, at either of the two large workshops of the Coöperative Wholesale Society and of the Anchor Boot and Shoe Coöperative Society, stopped working. One of the ends of the International Coöperative Congress, to which I shall now pass on, is practically the establishment of an Industrial Alliance among the coöperators of all countries.

The International Coöperative Congress, held at the hall of the Society of Arts, August 19–23, 1895, was in fact, as I have had occasion to show elsewhere,¹ only the carrying out in a definite form of the spirit of the first of the coöperative congresses which have succeeded each other annually in Great Britain since 1869. That was convened, not by coöperators in the British Isles only, but, in the proportion of nearly one sixth, by coöperators abroad; it had foreign societies represented, foreign delegates present. But the stride forward that has been taken in internationalism is shown by the fact that the latest Congress had twenty foreign honorary presidents, — from Austria, Belgium, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Roumania, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, the United States; the Italian honorary presidents including the present minister of posts and telegraphs for the kingdom of Italy and an ex-minister, the French an ex-minister, and the secretary-general to the Dutch minister for the colonies representing the Dutch; not less is there an indication of progress in the list of "adhering societies," comprising sixteen in Italy, ten in France, three in Holland, one each in Belgium, Denmark, and Servia. Among other eminent foreign coöperators present were M. Charles Robert (successor of L  clair), Count de Rocquigny, and M. Buisson for France, Baron d'Andrimont and M. Micha for Belgium, Signori Cavalieri and Luzzatti for Italy. Coöperative Production was indeed but one of the subjects discussed, the others

¹ Labour Copartnership for November, 1895.

being Coöperative or People's Banks, the Coöperative Store Movement, and Co-operative Farming, Dairies, Creameries, Cheese Factories, Agricultural Supply, and Combined Selling; Coöperative Production, however, attracting the largest and apparently most interested attendance, Coöperative Banks the thinnest. In the person of Dr. Lorimer, America sent to the Congress by far its most eloquent speaker, and in that of Mr. Nelson, of St. Louis, a most worthy adoptive son of the United States, one of its most popular members.

The work of this first International Congress could obviously amount to little more than the formal adoption of the idea of international coöperation. A committee, consisting of five delegates from France, one each from Italy, Switzerland, and Denmark, and seven Englishmen, was appointed to consult with the general provisional committee as to the best means of opening up trade relations between the coöperators of various countries for the exchange of coöperative productions, and reported very judiciously that, "before any practical work can be done, it will be necessary to obtain from existing coöperative productive and distributive societies in each country a list of the foreign goods they use or sell, so that it may be ascertained which of these goods can be obtained through or from coöperative societies," and that "as soon as the information referred to has been obtained it should be circulated amongst coöperators in the various countries in their various languages, and their assistance requested." The final resolutions declared the creation, "to promote coöperation and profit-sharing in all their forms," of an International Coöperative Alliance, of which the objects were defined to be: "(a) To make known the coöperators of each country and their work to the coöperators

of all other countries, by congresses, the publication of literature, and all other suitable means. (b) To elucidate by international discussion and correspondence the nature of true coöperative principles. (c) To establish commercial relations between the coöperators of different countries for their mutual advantage," — the Alliance being "careful to act as much as possible through the organizations existing in the different countries." A provisional central committee was appointed, with Earl Grey, the president of the Congress, at its head, with power to add to its number, which is to prepare for and present to the next Congress a complete constitution of the Alliance, on the footing of triennial congresses, to be held as far as possible in each of the allied countries, — a central committee renewed by halves at each Congress, and a section or sections in each country, with sectional councils. It is understood that the next Congress will be held in Paris.

Without in the least blinding myself to the difficulties, especially those arising out of the fiscal laws of the various countries, which must hamper the carrying out of object (c) of the Alliance, — practically the most important of the three, — it seems to me that the adoption of that object constitutes a most important new departure in the history of trade. Certain classes of traders, growers, manufacturers, from a number of different countries, have come together to say, Can we not trade together in furtherance of a common work? A moral principle is thus introduced into international trade,¹ and though its application may hang fire for years, or even fail in the first instance, a seed is sown that will not perish. Now, as all true coöperation necessarily leads to genuineness of goods and trustworthiness of dealing, a bond should thus be wrought of mutual helpfulness between

¹ I may observe that at the yearly exhibition of coöperative productions at the Crystal Palace held this year (whilst the Congress was sitting),

foreign coöperative bodies were represented for the first time.

the coöperators of all countries, which may become no inconsiderable factor in the maintenance of international peace.

Suppose the attempt comes to nothing?

Very likely it will. But there are some failures which are more fruitful than successes. I think this would be one of them.

John M. Ludlow.

A PUBLIC CONFESSION.

FORT FLETCHER, though magnificent-ly situated, is as unpicturesque architecturally as other prairie posts. But to Jack Lombard, on a certain September afternoon, the huddle of low white buildings was beautiful as a vision of the Heavenly City. Did not those ill-constructed walls enshrine the woman he loved, and was he not returning to her presence three days earlier than had seemed possible when he went away?

The cheeriness of his voice, the alertness of his bearing, were fully understood by the dozen troopers who rode beside the empty wagons they were escorting back to Fletcher from a smaller and more isolated post to which they had conveyed supplies.

"There won't no grass grow under the lieutenant's feet this day," an astute observer had remarked when he swung into his saddle that morning; "though he ain't likely to overwork man nor beast, even with his sweetheart waiting for him at the end of the march," — an opinion which was echoed by his comrades, who had proved their lieutenant by that "summering and wintering" in garrison and in field which gives good reason for the fact that one officer can win so much more effective service from a command than can another.

The welcomes at Fletcher were pervaded by surprise, when Jack, having dismissed his detail, clanked up the parade in complete accoutrement of sword and spurs to make his report at headquarters. The various verandas were deserted, for Fletcher is a worldly minded post, where

they dine late, and dress for dinner as conventionally as though civilization did not stride across three hundred miles of intervening wilderness to reach its gates. Mrs. Stuart, however, was standing in her doorway, thereby maintaining her reputation for omnipresence, which promoted among the garrison a Buddhistic belief in the celerity of movement acquired by bodies belonging to specially endowed souls.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Lombard!" she cried cordially. "Just in time, too, — Mrs. Colonel will be so pleased." The wife of the commanding officer was thus familiarly named for certain manifestations of domestic precedence.

"Any festivity to-night?"

"Merely a gathering of the clan to say good-by to her and to Miss Van Antwerp."

"I — I thought that they were not going until next week?"

"Miss Van Antwerp discovered that she must return home more speedily. So by hurrying she has got Mrs. Colonel ready for to-morrow's boat. See you there, of course, after dinner," she added, as her audience deserted her.

"You look rather done, Lombard," the adjutant declared, a few moments later, when Jack had concluded his report.

"We made an early start, and I'm disgracefully dusty," he answered lightly, suspecting sympathy, and spurning it. "A tub and a square meal will set me right."

But upon neither of these needs did he bestow the first half-hour after he

escaped to his quarters. Sunk in a big chair, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, he stated the case to his own loyal heart and asked verdict of it. During his absence Sybil Van Antwerp had become suddenly anxious to leave Fletcher, a week sooner than had been her intention. Was not her reason for this change of plans a desire to avoid giving him a chance to utter the avowal which had trembled on his lips the evening he went away, — a desire to spare him the pain of hearing in words that which she knew her departure would tell him silently? Sweet! sweet! She found tenderness for all suffering, from that of the broken-legged terrier of whom she had been so careful to this hurt of another egotistical puppy, who had fancied that love might glorify the future of a cavalry lieutenant's wife even to her, "queen rose in the rosebud garden of girls."

Ah, God! Was it only fancy?

Jack sprang to his feet. Nothing but her own words should convince him that he had been mistaken. A man must hear his sentence of death explicitly spoken before he can gather courage to meet his fate with steadfastness.

Sybil Van Antwerp was told two bits of news, while at dinner, which disturbed the serenity she was wont to declare that a woman should wear, in hours of conflict, with the same trained endurance which enabled knights of old to support their armor through the battle: Jack Lombard had returned, and the starting of to-morrow's boat had been postponed twenty-four hours to wait for delayed freight. She was unused to defeat, and it tried her nerves (or her heart?) that, in spite of the energy she had expended in hastening the movements of her hostess, she should be forced to see Jack again, and probably to bestow that *coup de grace* whose cruel mercy she shrank from inflicting.

After dinner the drawing-room began

immediately to fill with a characteristic garrison gathering, composed of everybody who was anybody at Fletcher, and during a long hour she dreaded the moment whose coming she knew was inevitable. Yet when it came it found her unprepared.

"Miss Van Antwerp, will you ride with me to-morrow?" Jack's voice asked over her shoulder, while she stood talking to the adjutant on the broad veranda.

She looked away across moonlit prairie and river, and Jack looked at her. She had only to say no, — prettily, as she knew how to say it, — and the thing was done, the story was told. Why should she endure worse than this brief silence to-morrow? She turned to Jack, caught her breath sharply, and, with an odd sense of involuntariness, answered him, "Of course I will ride with you to-morrow. At four, as usual."

"Thank you," he murmured, vanishing instantly.

She dropped into a wicker chair, and sent the adjutant for some "claret cup." She was tired of that wide, gray prairie. She was tired of the simple, cheery folk about her. Ah, most of all she was tired of herself, her foolish, fickle self, who had been led by a passing whim to try six weeks among frontier-army scenes, so different from her wonted surroundings. This was not her world. She was wise to make haste back to New York, to the opera, the Patriarchs', the pleasant, familiar round she loved. Loved? She had always fancied that, nowadays, the word was written small, and meant many things. Why should it confront her in such large type, and mean — a cavalry lieutenant, with a record of which his regiment was proud, and no income beyond his meagre pay?

An hour later, the adjutant overtook Jack Lombard as he walked down the parade to his quarters, and made an embarrassed announcement.

"Miss Van Antwerp wishes to see you and me shoot at that outline on the bluff near Zenith City!" he exclaimed apologetically. "She has asked me to join your party to-morrow. But I'll be too busy to go, if you don't want me."

"Come along, old fellow," Jack answered, with a rather husky laugh. "I remember we boasted to her that we could better Frost's shot there. You — you can manage that she and I shall ride back alone."

There was a delicious hint of autumn freshness in the September afternoon, when the three left the post on the next day. After following the bluff for a couple of miles, their road lay through the ragged outskirts of Zenith City, down a steep slope to the riverside. From thence, gazing across the narrow ravine by which a small stream flowed into the Yellowstone, somebody's imagination had discovered the likeness of a blanketed and beplumed chief in the lightning-blasted fragment of a large cottonwood-tree upon a projecting ledge of the opposite cliff. This was one of the few objects of interest possessed by a neighborhood as yet without a history that anybody cared to remember, and fair visitors to Fletcher were brought to see it; especially since a certain "crack shot" on the staff of the general commanding the department had deprived the chief's war-bonnet of its topmost plume.

"Behold!" Sybil cried gayly, waving her hand toward the somewhat elusive apparition. "I ask you to knock another feather out of that warrior's crest, for the honor of the line against the staff!"

In reply to this malicious appeal to an established rivalry, the two officers unslung the rifles which they carried for the purpose, and the adjutant won the toss for first trial. The shot was, however, exceedingly difficult at such distance, and the bullet imbedded itself in the chief's broad shoulder.

"Lombard will do it," he said, rein-

ing his horse back to Sybil's side as Jack took deliberate aim. "It is a fluke when I win a prize, but he is a dead shot every day in the year."

The next instant proved his words. The report of the rifle echoed about the bluffs mingled with a sharp splintering of wood, and the war-bonnet lost a second ornament. In spite of Sybil's profuse congratulations, Jack's elation vanished in one boyish "hurrah," and he followed his companions silently up to the level of the prairie. There the adjutant announced that an engagement in Zenith City forced him to leave them, with many regrets for the glorious gallop he could not share. Jack wordlessly turned his horse toward the wide stretch of sunburned plain, and Sybil, flushing haughtily, turned with him. She had wished to evade the scene to which these men compelled her, but she would not run away.

The gallop had been far and fleet when they forced their horses to a more sober pace.

"Nothing in civilization can touch this freedom, this" — she began, and paused. A light leaped into Jack's eyes as their glances met, and, bending forward, he laid a gauntleted hand on her saddle-bow.

"Forgive me," he said. "I must speak. If I had found you gone on my return to Fletcher, I should have applied for leave. I should have followed you East, to hear — what you meant to spare me. You don't know the amount of — of imagination of which a plain soldier is capable. I must hear from yourself, beyond doubt, beyond conjecture, beyond dreams, the certainty that you — that you" —

His voice sank. The dumb, imploring pain of his gaze hurt her fiercely, and there was no reproach in it. Her lips quivered; two tears trembled on her lashes.

"I'm a brute!" he murmured. "Yet until I hear you say that there is no hope for me, I — I shall never believe it!"

They had drawn rein, and the horses stood like statues during the moment of silence which ensued, — such silence as fills all the vital moments of our noisy world.

"I will make a confession to you, though it humiliates me" —

Her eyes faltered away from his, and wandered vaguely. She uttered a low cry.

"Indians! Do they mean danger?"

His glance, grown keen and cold, strained toward a distant group of unmistakably Indian horsemen.

"They are quiet everywhere this summer," he said slowly. "These are coming from Zenith City, and are probably a harmless party of bucks on their return to the reservation."

"Must we pass them?"

"They are between us and Fletcher. But we need not pass them near, unless you still have illusions concerning redskin picturesqueness," he answered, with rather perfunctory lightness.

Abruptly a chorus of yells arose from the advancing riders, and a wild waving of rifles at the full stretch of the holders' arms.

"Devils!" Jack muttered, as savagely as they yelled. Then his eyes sought her, and she smiled, a brave, white smile. "Dismount!" he exclaimed. "Kneel behind your horse; he stands fire!"

As she obeyed, he too slipped from his saddle and leaned across it, steadying his rifle.

"Thank God that this is not my revolver," he said. "I've six of them here at long range. They will run before they reach that tally!"

Partially sheltered by her horse, Sybil watched that whirling charge, wordless, prayerless, possessed by one intense longing for the dainty rifle with which she had scored some recent triumphs at target practice.

A puff of smoke, a report, a second — a bullet whistled close by Jack's head; yet he remained motionless. Confronting

nearly a dozen enemies with six rounds of ammunition, a man does not waste his chances. Another shot — Sybil's horse shrieked piteously, plunged, and fell, barely clearing her as she scrambled to her feet.

Jack's rifle barked at last, twice in succession, and two "bucks" swayed from their ponies. There was a dismayed halt in the attack, singularly simultaneous for a seemingly frantic "go as you please."

Jack glanced swiftly from that hesitating consultation to Sybil's dead animal, and back to his own which stood stone-still. He had ridden him three years; they had been through a campaign together. But these Montana Indians were rather robbers than warriors. His third bullet crashed straight to the heart of the horse, who died without a struggle.

"Why? why?" Sybil cried, stretching out her hands as though to stay a vanishing hope. He caught the trembling fingers and kissed them vehemently.

"They want our horses more than our lives," he said. "They may leave us, now that they have nothing to gain, and they see that I — Lie down!" he broke off, forcing her to her knees, for, with shouts of rage, the Indians swooped forward.

In the face of an almost unanimous volley he fired again, and while the third of their number rolled on the prairie, the others spread out their line, as though to surround that deadly rifle, yet ceased to advance.

Jack swayed, recovered himself as Sybil sprang to his side, and stared wildly at his foes.

"They have had about enough," he muttered. "Another pony riderless, and they will give us up."

"You are hurt — let me help you — I know how."

"Two shot left," he panted. "I'll risk one."

He lifted his rifle.

"I cannot see them!" he cried, in a voice whose anguish echoed through all her being.

Then he turned to her two blue eyes, terrible with that look which burned in eyes as true and tender when, during the Mutiny, English officers spent their last strength to slay their hearts' beloved — and she understood!

"Love — forgive — love" — he gasped, his fingers quivering along the weapon.

Force failed his will; his hold relaxed, and he sank, face down, upon his horse's flank.

Howling a now assured triumph, the Indians raced toward their prey. But Jack never shot straighter than did the dainty, desperate fingers which lifted his rifle as Sybil fired across his prostrate figure, and a fourth savage fell.

The white squaw could defend herself, those amazed warriors perceived. Within reach of her fatal aim each one felt his life too dear to risk further for her possession. How should they guess that only a single bullet remained to her, or that she meant it for Jack's unfulfilled purpose? Lust and greed and vengeance were routed by panic, as they counted their four dead comrades. They fled.

There was a faintest flutter of the heart whose stillness or whose stirring bounded her future, when Sybil opened Jack's blood-drenched coat. During the previous winter she had acquired slight skill in surgery at a fashionable hospital class, and tearing bandages from his shirt she stanching the hemorrhage. But he gave no sign of rallying.

Prayer, which had found no place in the Berserk ardor of resistance, thrilled her soul as she looked from his death-like face to the heavens gorgeous with sunset. Save him, dear God! Permit him not to drift out of life for lack of some restorative!

Water? Surely she remembered the

murmur of a stream which she had heard while Jack made his appeal to her, as one hears every tiniest note in life's great fugues. That stream must be near. Yet at any moment, from any quarter, their enemies might return.

The sun dropped suddenly behind the crimson horizon, and twilight drew grayly over the prairie. Jack sighed faintly. She touched the dark damp locks on his brow with her lips, and stumbled to her feet.

"God be merciful! Let me not die away from him!" this woman prayed, who an hour since had resolved to live apart from him.

She scarcely shuddered as she passed the bodies of the Indians, so absorbed was she in listening for sound of the survivors. She found the stream; she filled her straw hat to the brim with the cool freshness of the water, and was swiftly beside Jack again, bathing his face, forcing the drops between his lips, until, presently, his eyes opened, to stare up at her as at a stranger, and he spoke, to falter an order to his troop. His mind was afar, in that brief campaign which had linked his young name with honor. Stupor alternated with feeble restlessness, while the night wore on.

Above them the stars shone one by one in their accustomed places. The mysterious silence of earth's solitudes surrounded them. Vast and dim the prairie stretched away, — not toward the luxurious familiar life to which Sybil had meant to return, but toward that eternity through whose yet vaster dimness shone a single light of Love Divine, and such poor refractions of it as humanity can cherish.

Morning came at last. The horizon widened slowly, and Sybil, aware of dawn by its rosy reflection on Jack's white face, lifted her heavy eyes to behold a sight more blessed than that splendid dawn. For the first sunbeams touched gloriously the white canvas of a "prairie schooner."

Late in the succeeding afternoon, Sybil lay on a lounge in a sitting-room at Zenith City's big new International Hotel. Through the half-open door she could see the bed where Jack slept, while Mrs. Colonel watched yet nearer the slumber which the post surgeon pronounced to be so satisfactory after the operation for removing the bullet from his wound. Sleep seemed definitely to have departed from Sybil's shaken nerves, and she had won permission to rest here thankfully, rather than go to bed wretchedly in a distant room, where she could not realize by actual sight that Jack was safe.

The two ranchmen who rescued them had brought them to Zenith City, as shortening the dangerous journey for the lieutenant, and the town was exceeding proud of its guests. The tale the rescuers told of the group they found, the slain horses, the apparently dying man, and the pale calm of the watching woman, had lost nothing in the telling. Nor had the number of stiffly still witnesses to the fierceness of the fight suffered diminution by their account; though in the interest of justice it is regrettable that Lombard's deadly shooting figured slightly beside their report of the prowess of their heroine.

Popular enthusiasm seeks immediate utterance in the primitive frankness of frontier social relations. A tramp of many feet, a murmur of many voices, roused Sybil presently from her trance of happy exhaustion.

"They will wake him," she thought, rising nervously.

A knock at the door was followed by the entrance of the landlord, and of a tall individual whose majestic solemnity suggested an important mission.

"The mayor of Zenith City," announced the landlord.

"I have come, madam, to represent my fellow-citizens," began the mayor. He was the first incumbent of the office, and its glories were yet new to him. "We are proud to welcome such heroic

womanhood to our town, and we are desirous to give public expression to our sentiments. We therefore beg that you will accept a serenade from the Great Western Band — eh?" he broke off interrogatively, for Sybil had clasped her hands with a murmur that sounded more like dismay than delight.

"Please, *please* not a serenade!" she exclaimed, while the impulse to laugh, which had hitherto distraught her, quite vanished. "Lieutenant Lombard is asleep in the next room, and a sudden awakening might be very dangerous for him."

"The band is already under your window," hesitated the mayor, embarrassed between her alarm and his own conviction of powerlessness to prevent the serenade. For the Great Western Band was a yet more recent progress in civilization than the mayoralty, and correspondingly more popular. "I doubt if my fellow-citizens would listen to me" —

"They will listen to the lady," interrupted the landlord, who was quick of wit, as a man of his trade needs to be in a Montana town.

Sybil glanced from the mayor's visible impotence to Jack's open door. A preliminary shriek of brazen throats decided her purpose.

"I will explain to them from the window why I cannot accept their pretty compliment," she said hurriedly.

With an impressive gesture the mayor advanced to the window.

"Silence, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "The lady whom we all desire to honor is about to address you."

Silence indeed, blended of surprise, gratification, and curiosity, possessed the crowd upon whose upturned faces Sybil looked down. Weather-browned, frontier-roughened faces they were, but with a sincerity of respect written on them which, in spite of the burlesque aspect the ovation had worn to her, deeply stirred Sybil's heart. The absurdity of the situation disappeared. She was not

Miss Van Antwerp, incredibly forced by circumstances to speak to a Western mob; she was a woman rescued from the very presence of death, thanking these kind neighbors for rejoicing in her safety.

"Friends!" she said clearly, — a fair picture she made, framed by the window, with her tired dark eyes, her bright loosened hair, and her slight, swaying figure in the riding-habit she yet wore, — "I thank you heartily for your sympathy; but I must ask you not to utter it, either by your band or by your voices, because Lieutenant Lombard is so ill that any excitement might be dangerous for him."

"Ain't we even to raise one hurrah for the first heroine we've seen in Zenith City?" somebody demanded.

"Not even one!" Sybil answered, with a smile that revealed other aspects of womanhood as unknown to her interlocutor as her heroism. "And Zenith City is full of such heroines as I am," she added, her voice thrilling with tears.

"Go home and ask your wives and your sweethearts whether there is a woman among them who will not fight for the man she loves!"

"Sybil," Mrs. Colonel said presently, when the crowd and the band and the mayor had quietly dispersed, "Jack heard you! Of course he wants you at once. But don't let him talk."

"That was not the confession you meant to make to me yesterday," Jack whispered after a while, his haggard eyes adoring her. "Are you sure that you will mean this to-morrow — and next year — and all our lives?"

"My love — my love!" she murmured. "You are to say just one word. Will you have the selfish woman who needed such terrible teaching to learn that love means as much nowadays as ever it did?"

But Jack, overstepping with masculine promptitude the boundary between submission and authority, faltered his first command, "Kiss me."

And she obeyed him.

Ellen Mackubin.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.

II.

IN Rockferry, my first remembered home, the personality of my father was the most cheerful element, and the one which we all needed, as the sunshine is needed by an English scene to make its happiness apparent. If he was at all "morbid," my advice would be to adopt morbidness at once. Perhaps he would have been a sad man if he had been an ordinary one. Genius can make charming presences of characters that really are gloomy and savage, being so magical in its transmutation of dry fact. People were glad to be scolded by Carlyle, and shot down by Dr. Johnson. But I am

persuaded by reason that those who called Hawthorne sad would have complained of the tears of Coriolanus or Othello; and, with Coriolanus, he could say, "It is no little thing to make mine eyes so sweat compassion." It was the presence of the sorrow of the world which made him silent. Who dares to sneer at that? When I think of my mother, — naturally hopeful, gently merry, ever smiling, — who, while my father lived, was so glad a woman that her sparkling glance was never dimmed, and when I have to acknowledge that even she did not fill us children with the zest of con-

tent which he brought into the room for us, I must conclude that genius and cheer together made him life-giving; and so he was enchanting to those who were intimate with him, and to many who saw him for but a moment. Dora Golden, my brother's old nurse, has said that when she first came to the family she feared my father was going to be severe, because he had a way of looking at strangers from under bent brows. But the moment he lifted his head his eyes flashed forth beautiful and kindly. She has told me that my mother and she used to think at dusk, when he entered the room before the lamps were lit, that the place was illuminated by his face; his eyes shone, his whole countenance gleamed, and my mother simply called him "their sunlight."

My sister's girlish letters are evidence of the enthusiasm of the family for my father's companionship, and of our stanch hatred for the Consulate because it took him away from us so much. He read aloud, as he always had done, in the easiest, clearest, most genial way, as if he had been born only to let his voice enunciate an endless procession of words. He read *The Lady of the Lake* aloud about this time, and Una wrote expressing our delight in his personality over and above that in his usefulness: "Papa has gone to dine in Liverpool, so we shall not hear Don Quixote this evening, or have papa either." Little references to him show how he was always weaving golden threads into the woof of daily humdrum. Julian, seven years old, writes to his grandfather, "Papa has taught Una and me to make paper boats, and the bureau in my room is covered with paper steamers and boats." I can see him folding them now, as if it were yesterday, and how intricate the newspapers became which he made into hulls, decks, and sails. At one time Una bursts out, in recognition of the unbroken peace and good will in the home, "It will certainly be my own fault if I am not pretty good

when I grow up, for I have had both example and precept."

The nurse to whom I have just referred has said that when Julian was about four, sometimes he would annoy her while she was sewing; and if his father was in the room, she would tell Julian to go to him and ask him to read about Robbie, who was Robinson Crusoe. He would sit quietly all the time his father read to him, no matter for how long. But her master finally told Dora not to send Julian to him in this way to hear Robinson Crusoe, because he was "tired of reading it to him." The nurse was a bit of a genius herself, in her way, and not to be easily suppressed, and when her charge became fidgety, and she was in a hurry, she made one more experiment with Robbie. Her master turned round in his chair, and for the first time in four years she saw an angry look on his face, and he commanded her "never to do it again." At three years of age Julian played pranks upon his father without trepidation. There was a "boudoir" in the house which had a large, pleasant window, and was therefore thought to be agreeable enough to be used as a prison-house for Una and Julian when they were naughty. Julian conveyed his father into the boudoir, and shut the door on him adroitly. It had no handle on the inner side, purposely, and the astonished parent was caged. "You cannot come out," said Julian, "until you have promised to be a good boy." Through the persistent dignity with which Hawthorne behaved, and with which he was always treated by the household, Julian had felt the down of playful love.

Here are two letters written to me while I was in Portugal with my mother, in 1856:—

MY DEAR LITTLE ROSEBUD,—I have put a kiss for you in this nice, clean piece of paper. I shall fold it up carefully, and I hope it will not drop out before it gets to Lisbon. If you cannot

find it, you must ask Mamma to look for it. Perhaps you will find it on her lips. Give my best regards to your Uncle John and Aunt Sue, and to all your kind friends, not forgetting your Nurse.

Your affectionate father, N. H.

MY DEAR LITTLE ROSEBUD, — It is a great while since I wrote to you; and I am afraid this letter will be a great while in reaching you. I hope you are a very good little girl; and I am sure you never get into a passion, and never scream, and never scratch and strike your dear Nurse or your dear sister Una. Oh no! my little Rosebud would never do such naughty things as those. It would grieve me very much if I were to hear of her doing such things. When you come back to England, I shall ask Mamma whether you have been a good little girl; and Mamma (I hope) will say: "Yes; our little Rosebud has been the best and sweetest little girl I ever knew in my life. She has never screamed nor uttered any but the softest and sweetest sounds. She has never struck Nurse nor Una nor dear Mamma with her little fist, nor scratched them with her sharp little nails; and if ever there was a little angel on earth, it is our dear little Rosebud!" And when Papa hears this, he will be very glad, and will take Rosebud up in his arms and kiss her over and over again. But if he were to hear that she had been naughty, Papa would feel it his duty to eat little Rosebud up! Would not that be very terrible?

Julian is quite well, and sends you his love. I have put a kiss for you in this letter; and if you do not find it, you may be sure that some naughty person has got it. Tell Nurse I want to see her very much. Kiss Una for me.

Your loving PAPA.

The next letter is of later date: —

MY DEAR LITTLE PESSIMA, — I am very glad that Mamma is going to

take you to see "Tom Thump;" and I think it is much better to call him Thump than Thumb, and I always mean to call him so from this time forward. It is a very nice name, is Tom Thump. I hope you will call him Tom Thump to his face when you see him, and thump him well if he finds fault with it. Do you still thump dear Mamma, and Fanny, and Una, and Julian, as you did when I saw you last? If you do, I shall call you little Rose Thump; and then people will think that you are Tom Thump's wife. And now I shall stop thumping on this subject.

Your friend little Frank Hallet is at Mrs. Blodget's. Do you remember how you used to play with him at Southport, and how he sometimes beat you? He seems to be a better little boy than he was then, but still he is not so good as he might be. This morning he had some very nice breakfast in his plate, but he would not eat it because his mamma refused to give him something that was not good for him; and so, all breakfast-time, this foolish little boy refused to eat a mouthful, though I could see that he was very hungry, and would have eaten it all up if he could have got it into his mouth without anybody seeing. Was not he a silly child? Little Pessima never behaved so, — oh no!

There are two or three very nice little girls at Mrs. Blodget's, and also a nice large dog, who is very kind and gentle, and never bites anybody; and also a tabby cat, who very often comes to me and mews for something to eat. So you see we have a very pleasant family; but, for all that, I would rather be at home.

And now I have written you such a long letter that my head is quite tired out; and so I shall leave off, and amuse myself with looking at some pages of figures.

Be a good little girl, and do not tease Mamma, nor trouble Fanny, nor quarrel with Una and Julian; and when I come

home I shall call you little Pessima (because I am very sure you will deserve that name), and shall kiss you more than once.

N. H.

If he said a few kind words to me, my father gave me a sense of having a strong ally among the great ones of life; and if I were ill, I was roused by his standing beside me to defy the illness. When I was seriously indisposed, at the age of three, he brought me a black doll, which I heard my mother say she thought would alarm me, as it was very ugly, and I had never seen a negro. I remember the much-knowing smile with which my father's face was indefinitely lighted up, as he stood looking at me, while I, half unconscious to most of the things of this world, was nevertheless clutching his gift gladly to my heart. The hideous ducky was soon converted by my nurse Fanny (my mother called her Fancy, because of her rare skill with the needle and her rich decorations of all sorts of things) into a beautifully dressed footman, who was a very large item in my existence for years. I thought my father an intensely clever man to have hit upon Pompey, and to have understood so well that he would make an angel. All his presents to us Old People, as he called us, were either unusual or of exquisite workmanship. The fairy quality was indispensable before he chose them. We children have clung to them even to our real old age. The fairies were always just round the corner of the point of sight, with me, and in recognition of my keen delight of confidence in the small fry my father gave me little objects that were adapted to them: delicate bureaus with tiny mirrors that had reflected fairy faces a moment before, and little tops that opened by unscrewing them in an unthought-of way and held minute silver spoons. Once he brought home to Julian a china donkey's head in a tall gray hat such as negroes and politicians elect to wear, and its brains were com-

posed entirely of borrowed brilliancy in the shape of matches. We love the donkey still, and it always occupies a place of honor. He brought me a little Bacchus in Parian marble, wearing a wreath of grapes, and holding a mug on his knee, and greeting his jolly stomach with one outspread hand, as if he were inwardly smiling as he is outwardly. This is a vase for flowers, and the white smile of the god has gleamed through countless of my sweetest bouquets. My father's enjoyment of frolicking fun was as hilarious as that accorded by some of us to wildest comic opera. He had a delicate way of throwing himself into the scrimmage of laughter, and I do not for an instant attempt to explain how he managed it. I can say that he lowered his eyelids when he laughed hardest, and drew in his breath half a dozen times with dulcet sounds and a murmur of mirth between. Before and after this performance he would look at you straight from under his black brows, and his eyes seemed dazzling. I think the hilarity was revealed in them, although his cheeks rounded in ecstasy. I was a little roguish child, but he was the youngest and merriest person in the room when he was amused. Yet he was never far removed from his companion, — a sort of Virgil, — his knowledge of sin and tragedy at our very hearthstones. It was with such a memory in the centre of home joys that the Pilgrim Fathers turned towards the door, ever and anon, to guard it from creeping Indian forms.

On Sundays, at sundown, when the winter rain had very likely dulled everybody's sense of more moderate humor, the blue law of quietness was lifted from the atmosphere; and between five and six o'clock we spread butterfly wings again, and had blind man's buff. We ran around the large centre-table, and made this gambol most tempestuously merry. If anything had been left upon the table before we began, it was removed with rapidity before we finished. There

was a distinct understanding that our blindfolded father must not be permitted to touch any of us, or else we should be reduced forthwith to our original dust. The pulsing grasp of his great hands and heavy fingers, soft and springing in their manipulation of one's shoulders as the touch of a wild thing, was amusingly harmless, considering the howls with which his onslaught was evaded as long as our flying legs were loyal to us. My father's gentle laughter and happy-looking lips were a revelation during these bouts. But there were times when I used to stand at a distance and gaze at his peaceful aspect, and wonder if he would ever open the floodgates of fun in a game of romp on any rainy Sunday of the future. If a traveler caught the Sphinx humming to herself, would he not be inclined to sit down and watch her till she did it again?

I have referred to his large hand. I shall never see a more reassuring one than his. It was broad, generous, supple. It had the little depressions and the smoothness to be noticed in the hands of truest charity; yet it had the ample outlines of the vigorously imaginative temperament, so different from the hard plumpness of coarseness or brutality. At the point where the fingers joined the back of the hand were the roundings-in that are reminiscent of childhood's simplicity, and are to be found in many philanthropic persons. His way of using his fingers was slow, well thought out, and gentle, though never lagging, that most unpleasant fault indicative of self-absorbed natures. When he did anything with his hands he seemed very active, because thoroughly in earnest. He delighted me by the way in which he took hold of any material thing, for it proved his self-mastery. Strength of will joined to self-restraint is a combination always enjoyable to the onlooker; but it is also evidence of discomfort and effort enough in the heroic character that has won the state which we contemplate with so much

approval. I remember his standing once by the fire, leaning upon the mantelpiece, when a vase on the shelf toppled over in some way. It was a cheap lodging-house article, and yet my father tried to save it from falling to the floor as earnestly as he did anything which he set out to do. His hand almost seized the vase, but it rebounded; and three times he half caught it. The fourth time he rescued it as it was near the floor, having become flushed and sparkling with the effort of will and deftness. For years that moment came back to me, because his determination had been so valiantly intense, and I was led to carry out determinations of all sorts from witnessing his self-respect and his success in so small a matter. People of power *care* all the time. It is their life-blood to succeed; they must encourage their precision of eye and thought by repeated triumphs, which so soothe and rejoice the nerves.

He was very kind in amusing me by aid of my slate. That sort of pastime suited my hours of silence, which became less and less broken by the talkative vein. His forefinger rubbed away defects in the aspect of faces or animals with a lion-like suppleness of sweep that seemed to me to wipe out the world. We also had a delicious game of a labyrinth of lines, which it was necessary to traverse with the pencil without touching the hedges, as I called the winding marks. We wandered in and around without a murmur, and I reveled in delight because he was near.

Walking was always a great resource in the family, and it was a half-hearted matter for us unless we were at his side. His gait was one of long, easy steps which were leisurely and not rapid, and he cast an occasional look around, stopping if anything more lovely than usual was to be seen in sky or landscape. It is the people who love their race even better than themselves who can take into their thought an outdoor scene. In England

the outdoor life had many enchantments of velvet sward upon broad hills and flowers innumerable and fragrant. A little letter of Una's not long after we arrived in Rockferry alludes to this element in our happiness:—

“We went to take a walk to-day, and I do not think I ever had such a beautiful walk before in all my life. Julian and I got some very pretty flowers, such as do not grow wild in America. I found some exquisite harebells by the roadside, and some very delicate little pink flowers. And I got some wild holly, which is very pretty indeed; it has very glossy and prickery leaves. I have seen a great many hedges made of it since I have been here; for nothing can get over it or get through it, for it is almost as prickery as the Hawthorne [the bush and the family name were always the same thing to us children], of which almost all the hedges in Liverpool, and everywhere I have been, are made; and there it grows up into high trees, so that nothing in the world can look through it, or climb over it, or crawl through it; and I am afraid our poor hedge in Concord will never look so well, because the earth round it is so sandy and dry, and here it is so very moist and rich. It ought to be moist, at any rate, for it rains enough.” But later she writes on “the eighteenth day of perfect weather,” and where can the weather seem so perfect as in England?

After breakfast on Christmas we always went to the places, in that parlor where Christmas found us (nomads that we were), where our mother had set out our gifts. Sometimes they were on the large centre-table, sometimes on little separate tables, but invariably covered with draperies; so that we studied the structure of each mound in fascinated delay, in order to guess what the humps and hubbles might indicate as to the nature of the objects of our treasure-trove. The happy-faced mother, who could be radiant and calm at once, — small, but

with a sphere that was not small, and blessed us grandly, — received gifts that had been arranged by Una and the nurse after all the other El Dorados were thoroughly veiled, and our hearts stood still to hear her musical cry of delight, when, having directed the rest of us to our presents, she at last uncovered her own. Our treasures always exceeded in number and charm our wildest hopes, although simplicity was the rule. “How easy it is,” my mother writes of a Christmas-tree for poor children, “with a small thing to cause a great joy, if there is only the will to do it!” But most deeply did we delight in the presents given to our beloved parents, whom we considered to be absolutely perfect beings; and there was nothing which we ever perceived to make the supposition unreasonable. In one of Una's girlish letters she declares: “I will tell you what has given me almost — nay, quite as great pleasure as any I have had in England: that is, that Mamma has bought a gold watch-chain. She bought it yesterday at Douglas.” We had such thorough lessons in generosity that they sometimes took effect in a genuine self-effacement, like this. A letter from my mother joyfully records of my brother:—

“Julian was asking Papa for a very expensive toy, and his father told him he was very poor this year, because the Consulate had not much business, and that it was impossible to buy him everything that struck his fancy. Julian said no more; and when he went to bed he expressed great condolence, and said he would not ask his father for anything if he were so poor, but that he would give him all his own money (amounting to fivepence halfpenny). When he lay down, his face shone with a splendor of joy that he was able thus to make his father's affairs assume a brighter aspect. This enormous sum of money which Julian had he intended, at Christmas-time, to devote to buying a toy for baby or for Una. He intended to give his all, and

he could no more. In the morning, he took an opportunity when I was not looking to go behind his father, and silently handed him the fivepence halfpenny over his shoulder. My attention was first attracted by hearing Mr. Hawthorne say, 'No, I thank you, my boy; when I am starving, I will apply to you!' I turned round, and Julian's face was deep red and his lips were quivering as he took back the money. I was sorry his father did not keep it, however. I have never allowed the children to *hoard* money. I think the flower of sentiment is bruised and crushed by a strong-box; and they never yet have had any idea of money except to use it for another's benefit or pleasure. Julian saw an advertisement in the street of the loss of a watch, and some guineas reward. 'Oh,' said he, 'how gladly would I find that watch, and present it to the gentleman, and say, No reward, thank you, sir!'

One Christmas my mother writes: "The children amused themselves with their presents all day. But first I took my new Milton and read aloud to them the Hymn of the Nativity, which I do every Christmas." My sister, who was made quite delicate, at first, by the English climate, and acquired from this temporary check and the position of eldest child a pathetic nobility which struck the keynote of her character, writes from Rockferry: "This morning of the New Year was very pleasant. It was almost as good as any day in winter in America. I went out with Mamma and Sweet Fern [Julian]. The snow is about half a foot deep. Julian is out, now, playing. I packed him up very warmly indeed. I wish I could go out in the new snow very much. Julian is making a hollow house of snow by the rhododendron-tree." What not to do we learned occasionally from the birds. "The little robins and a thrush and some little sparrows have been here this morning; and the thrush was so large that she ate up the crumbs very fast, and the other poor little birds

did not dare to come near her till she had done eating." My father used to treat the Old and the New Year with the deepest respect. I never knew the moments to be so immense as when, with pitying gentleness, we silently attended the Old Year across the ghostly threshold of midnight, and my father at last rose reverently from his chair to open the window, through which, at that breath, the first peals would float with new promise and remembering toll.

We children were expected to come into the presence of the grown people and enjoy the interesting guests whom we all loved. My father was skillful in choosing friends: they were rare, good men, and he and they really met; their loves and interests and his were stirred by the intercourse, as if unused muscles had been stretched. I could perceive that my father and his best cronies glowed with refreshment. Mr. Bennoch was a great favorite with us. He was short and fat, witty and jovial. He was so different in style and finish from the tall, pale, spiritual Henry Bright (whom my mother speaks of as "shining like a star" during an inspiring sermon) that I almost went to sleep in the unending effort to understand why God made so sharp a variety in types. Mr. Bennoch wrote more poetry than Mr. Bright did, even, and he took delight in breathing the same air with writers. But he himself had no capacity more perfected than that of chuckling like a whole brood of chickens at his own jokes as well as those of others. The point of his joke might be obscure to us, but the chuckle never failed to satisfy. He was a source of entire rest to the dark-browed, deep-eyed thinker who smiled before him. The only anecdote of Mr. Bennoch which I remember is of a Scotchman who, at an inn, was wandering disconsolately about the parlor while his dinner was being prepared. A distinguished traveler — Dickens, I think — was dashing off a letter at the centre-table, describing the

weather and some of the odd fellows he had observed in his travels. "And," he wrote, "there is in the room at the present moment a long, lank, red-headed, empty-brained nincompoop, who looks as if he had not eaten a square meal for a month, and is stamping about for his dinner. Now he approaches me as I sit writing, and I hear his step pause behind my chair. The fool is actually looking over my shoulder, and reading these words" — A torrent of Scotch burst forth right here: "It's a *lee*, sir, — it's a *lee*! I never read a *word* that yer *worrt*!" Screams from us; while Mr. Bennoch's sudden aspect of dramatic rage was as suddenly dropped, and he blazed once more with broad smiles, chuckling. I will insert here a letter written by this dear friend in 1861: —

80 WOOD ST., LONDON.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE, — A few lines just received from Mr. Fields remind me of my too long silence. Rest assured that you and yours are never long out of our thoughts, and we only wish you were here in our peaceful country, far removed from the terrible anxieties caused by wicked and willful men on one side, and on the other permitted by the incompetents set over you. How little you thought, when you suggested to me the propriety of old soldiers only going into battle, that you should have been absolutely predicting the unhappy course of events! Do you remember adding that "a premium should be offered for men of fourscore, as, with one foot in the grave, they would be less likely to run away"? I observe that the Herald advises that "the guillotine should be used in cropping the heads of a lot of the officers, beginning at the city of Washington, and so make room for the young genius with which the whole republic palpitates." . . . Truly, my dear Hawthorne, it is a melancholy condition of things. Let us turn to a far more agreeable subject! It is pleasant to learn that, amid all the other

troubles, your domestic anxieties have passed away so far as the health of your family is concerned. The sturdy youth will be almost a man, and Una quite a woman, while Rosebud will be opening day by day in knowledge and deep interest. I hear that your pen is busy, and that from your tower you are looking upon old England and estimating her influences and the character of her people. Recent experiences must modify your judgment in many ways. A romance laid in England, painted as you only can paint, must be a great success. I struggle on, and only wish I were worthy the respect my friends so foolishly exhibit.

With affectionate regards to all, ever
yours truly, F. BENNOCH.

On November 17, 1854, my mother writes to her father: —

"Last evening a great package came from Mr. Milnes [Lord Houghton], and it proved to be all his own works, and a splendid edition of Keats with a memoir by Mr. Milnes. This elegant gift was only a return of favors, as Mr. Hawthorne had just sent him some American books. He expended three notes upon my husband's going to meet him at Crewe Hall, two of entreaty and one of regret; but he declares he will have him at Yorkshire. Mrs. Milnes is Lord Crewe's sister. The last note says: 'The books arrived safely, and alas! alone. When I get to Yorkshire, to my own home, I shall try again for you, as I may find you in a more ductile mood. For, seriously, it would be a great injustice — not to yourself, but to us — if you went home without seeing something of our domestic country life: it is really the most special thing about our social system, and something which no other country has or ever will have.'"

Another note from Lord Houghton is extant, saying: —

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — Why did not you come to see us when you were in

London? You promised to do so, but we sought you in vain. I wanted to see you, mainly for your own sake, and also to ask you about an American book which has fallen into my hands. It is called *Leaves of Grass*, and the author calls himself Walt Whitman. Do you know anything about him? I will not call it *poetry*, because I am unwilling to apply that word to a work totally destitute of art; but, whatever we call it, it is a most notable and true book. It is not written *virginibus puerisque*; but as I am neither the one nor the other, I may express my admiration of its vigorous virility and bold natural truth. There are things in it that read like the old Greek plays. It is of the same family as those delightful books of Thoreau's which you introduced me to, and which are so little known and valued here. Patmore has just published a continuation of *The Angel in the House*, which I recommend to your attention. I am quite annoyed at having been so long within the same four seas with you, and having seen you so little. Mrs. Milnes begs her best remembrances.

I am yours very truly,

RICHD. MONCKTON MILNES.

16 UPPER BROOK ST., June 30.

It is a perpetual marvel with some people why some others do not wish to be looked at and to be questioned. Dinner invitations were constantly coming in, and were very apt to be couched in tones of anxious surprise at the difficulty of securing my father. An illustration may be found in this little note from Mr. Procter (father of Adelaide Procter):—

Tuesday morning, 32 WEYMOUTH ST.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE. — It seems almost like an idle ceremony to ask you and Mrs. Hawthorne to dine here on Friday; but I cannot help it. I have only *just* returned from a circuit in the country, and heard this morning that

you were likely to leave London in a few days.

Yours always sincerely,

B. W. PROCTER.

It was desirable to meet such people as Mr. Procter, and I have heard enthusiastic descriptions, with which later my mother amused our quiet days in Concord, of the intellectual pleasures that such friendships brought, and of the sounding titles and their magnificent accessories, with human beings involved, against whom my parents were now sometimes thrust by the rapid tide of celebrity. But my father was never to be found in the track of admiring social gatherings except by the deepest scheming. In her first English letters my mother had written: "It is said that there is nothing in Liverpool but *diners*. Alas for it!" The buzz of greeting was constant. It must have been delightful in certain respects. She sent home one odd letter as a specimen of hundreds of similar ones which came to my father from admirers. Yet very soon individuals make a crowd, and the person who attracts their attention is more nearly suffocated than the rest quite realize. His attempts at self-preservation are not more than half understood, and, if successful, are remembered with a dash of bitterness by the onlookers. But my parents were now and then glad to be onlookers themselves, as is shown by the following account:—

OLD TRAFFORD, MANCHESTER.

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — We are now in Old Trafford, close by the Palace of Art treasures, which we have come here expressly to see. There is no confusion, no noise, no rudeness of any kind, though there are thousands of the second-class people there every day. If you shut your eyes, you only hear the low thunder of *movement*. . . . Yesterday we were all there, and met — now whom do you think? Even *Tennyson*. He

is the most picturesque of men, very handsome and careless-looking, with a wide-awake hat, a black beard, round shoulders, and slouching gait; most romantic, poetic, and interesting. He was in the saloons of the ancient masters. Was not that rare luck for us? Is it not a wonder that we should meet? His voice is also deep and musical, his hair wild and stormy. He is clearly the "love of love and hate of hate," and "in a golden clime was born." He is the Morte d'Arthur, In Memoriam, and Maud. He is Mariana in the moated grange. He is the Lady Clara Vere de Vere and "rare, pale Margaret." There is a fine bust of him in the exhibition, and a beautiful one of Wordsworth. . . . Ary Scheffer's Magdalen, when Christ says, "Mary!" is the greatest picture of his I have ever seen. Ary Scheffer himself was at the exhibition the other day. . . .

Again Mr. Hawthorne, Una, and I were at the Palace all day. We went up into the gallery of engraving to listen to the music; and suddenly Una exclaimed, "Mamma! there is Tennyson!" He was sitting by the organ, listening to the orchestra. He had a child with him, a little boy, in whose emotions and impressions he evidently had great interest; and I presumed it was his son. I was soon convinced that I saw also his wife and another little son, — and all this proved true. It was charming to watch the group. Mrs. Tennyson had a sweet face, and the very sweetest smile I ever saw; and when she spoke to her husband or listened to him, her face showered a tender, happy rain of light. She was graceful, too, and gentle, but at the same time had a slightly peasant air. . . . The children were very pretty and picturesque, and Tennyson seemed to love them immensely. He devoted himself to them, and was absorbed in their interest. In him is a careless ease and a noble air which show him of the gentle blood he is. He is the most romantic-looking person. His complexion is *brun*,

and he looks in ill health and has a hollow line in his cheeks. . . . Allingham, another English poet, told Mr. Hawthorne that his wife was an admirable one for him, — wise, tender, and of perfect temper; and she looks all this; and there is a kind of adoration in her expression when she addresses him. If he is moody and ill, I am sure she must be a blessed solace to him. When he moved to go, we also moved, and followed him and his family faithfully. By this means we saw him stop at his own photograph, to show it to his wife and children; and then I heard them exclaim in sweet voices, "That is papa!" Passing a table where catalogues were sold, . . . his youngest son stopped with the maid to buy one, while Tennyson and his wife went on and downstairs. So then I seized the youngest darling with gold hair, and kissed him to my heart's content; and he smiled and seemed well pleased. And I was well pleased to have had in my arms Tennyson's child. After my raid I went on. . . .

Of this glimpse of the great poet fortunately accorded to our family my father writes in the Note-Books: "Gazing at him with all my eyes, I liked him very well, and rejoiced more in him than in all the other wonders of the exhibition." Again my mother refers to the interesting experience: —

MY DEAR ELIZABETH, — My last letter I had not time to even double up myself, as Mr. Hawthorne was booted and spurred for Liverpool before I was aware, and everything was huddled up in a hasty manner. It was something about Tennyson's family that I was saying. I wanted you to know how happy and loving they all seemed together. As Tennyson is in very ill health, very shy and moody, I had sometimes thought his wife might look worn and sad. I was delighted, therefore, to see her serene and sweet face. I cannot say, however, that

there was no solicitude in it; but it was a solicitude entirely penetrated with satisfied tenderness. . . .

I did not reply to your last long letter to me about slavery. . . . There is not a single person whom I know or ever talked with who advocates slavery. Your letters to me would be far more appropriate to a slaveholder. . . . I do not see how they apply to me at all. . . .

I retain this closing paragraph because there has been the customary misinterpretation of calm justice in the case of my father's moderation during the wild ardor of abolition. My mother often writes in eloquent exposition of her husband's and her own loyalty to the highest views in regard to the relations of all members of the human family; but she never convinced the hot fidelity of the correspondents of her own household.

Here are some glimpses of the happy life that surrounded my father in 1854 :

July 18, DOUGLAS, MONA.

MY DEAR FATHER, — I little dreamed that I should next address you from the Isle of Man! Yet here we all are, with one grievous exception, to be sure; for Mr. Hawthorne, after fetching us one day, and staying the two next, went away to the tiresome old Consulate, so conscientious and devoted is he; for his clerk assured him he might stay a little. Yet I know that there are reasons of state why he should not; and therefore, though I am nothing less than infinitely desolate without him, and hate to look at anything new unless he is looking too, I cannot complain. But is it not wonderful that I am here in this remote and interesting and storied spot? — the last retreat of the little people called fairies, the lurking-place of giants and enchanters. . . . At Stonehenge we found a few rude stones for a temple. I could not gather into a small enough focus the wide glances of Julian's great brown, searching eyes to make him see even what

there was; and when finally he comprehended that the circle of stones once marked out a temple, and that the Druids really once stood there, he curled his lip, scornfully exclaiming, "Is that all?" and bounded off to pluck flowers. I think that, having heard of Stonehenge and a Druid temple which was built of stones so large that it was considered almost miraculous that they were moved to their places, he expected to see a temple touching the sky, perhaps. . . . Mr. Hawthorne came back the next Friday, much to our joy, and on Saturday afternoon we walked to the Nunnery with him, which was founded by St. Bridget. A few ruins remain, overgrown with old ivy vines of such enormous size that I think they probably hold the walls together. . . . Julian and Una were enchanted with the clear stream, and Julian was wild for turtles; but there are no reptiles in the Isle of Man. . . . I kept thinking, "And *this* is the rugged, bare, rocky isle which I dreaded to come to, — this soft, rich, verdant paradise!" It really seems as if the giants had thrown aloft the bold, precipitous rocks and headlands round the edge of the island, to guard the sylvan solitudes for the fairies, whose stronghold was the Isle of Man. I should not have been surprised at any time to have seen those small people peeping out of the wild foxgloves, which are their favorite hiding-places. So poetical is the air of these regions that mermaids, fairies, and giants seem quite natural to it. In the morning of the day we went to the Nunnery, Mr. Hawthorne took Julian and went to the Douglas market, which is held in the open air. . . . My husband said that living manners were so interesting and valuable that he would not miss the scene for even Peel Castle. One day, when Una and I went to shop in Douglas, we saw in the market square a second-hand bookstall. I had been trying in vain to get Peveril of the Peak at the library and bookstores, and hoped this person

might have it. So I looked over his books, and what do you think I saw? A well-read and soiled copy of the handsome English edition of Mr. Hawthorne's *Blithedale Romance*! Yes, even in *Mona*. We have heard of some families in England who keep in use two copies of *The Scarlet Letter*; but I never dreamed of finding either of these books *here*.

Sunday was the perfectest day in our remembrance. In the morning Mr. Hawthorne walked to Kirk Braddon, and the afternoon we spent on Douglas Head. It is quite impossible to put into words that afternoon. Such softness and splendor and freshness combined in the air; such a clearest sunshine; such a deep blue sea and cloudless blue heaven; such fragrance and such repose. We looked from our great height upon all the beauty and grandeur, and in Mr. Hawthorne's face was a reflection of the incredible loveliness and majesty of the scene. Una was a lily, and Julian a magnolia. I think that for once, at least, Mr. Hawthorne was satisfied with weather and circumstances. Towards sunset the mountains of Cumberland were visible, for the first time during our visit, on the horizon, which proved that even in England the air was clear that day. A pale purple outline of waving hills lay on the silvery sea, which, as it grew later, became opaline in hue. . . .

My mother gives, in a letter, a glimpse of the vicissitudes of the Consulate, — that precinct which I pictured as an ogre's lair, though the ogre was temporarily absent, while my father, like a prince bewitched, had been compelled by a rash vow to languish in the man-eater's place for a term of years: —

"In the evening Mr. Hawthorne told me that there were suddenly thrown upon his care two hundred soldiers who had been shipwrecked in the San Francisco, and that he must clothe and board them and send them home to the United States. They were picked up somewhere on the

sea and brought to Liverpool. Mr. Hawthorne has no official authority to take care of any but *sailors* in distress. He invited the lieutenant to come and stay here, and he must take care of them [the soldiers], even if the expense comes out of his own purse. I have seen since, in an American paper, a passage in which the writer undertakes to defend my husband from some dirty aspersions. It seems that some one had told the absolute falsehood that he had shirked all responsibility about the soldiers, and his defender stated the case just as it was, and that *Mr. Buchanan* declined having anything to do with the matter. The government *will* make the chartering of the steamer good to Mr. Hawthorne. . . . He has been very busily occupied at the Consulate this winter and spring, — so many shipwrecks and disasters, and vagabonds asking for money. He has already lost more than a hundred pounds by these impostors. But he is very careful indeed, and those persons who have proved dishonest were gentlemen in their own esteem, and it was difficult to suspect them. But he is well on his guard now; and he says the moment he sees a coat-tail he knows whether the man it belongs to is going to beg! His life in the Consulate is not charming. He has to pay a great penalty for the result of his toil. Not that he has any drudgery, but he is imprisoned and in harness. He will not let me take a pen in my hand when he is at home, because at any rate I see him so little."

Such paragraphs as the one I add, from a little letter of my sister's, often appear; but in this instance it was the glad exclamation of release, just before we removed to Italy: —

"Papa will be with us on Monday, free from the terrors of the old Consulate. Perhaps you can imagine what infinitely joyful news that is to us; and to him, too, as much, if not more so; for he has had all the work, and we have only suffered from his absence."

An interval of complete delight is thus described : —

RHYL, NORTH WALES.

MY DEAR FATHER, — Dr. Drysdale thought we needed another change of air, and so we came south this time. . . . The sun sinks just beside Great Orme's Head, after turning the sea into living gold, and the heights into heaps of amethyst. On the right is only sea, sea, sea. . . . I intended to go to the Queen's Hotel, and knew nothing about the manner of living in the lodging fashion. So we have to submit to German silver and the most ordinary table service. . . . Ever since our marriage we have always eaten off the finest French china, and had all things pretty and tasteful ; because, you know, I would never have *second-best* services, considering my husband to be my most illustrious guest. But now ! It is really laughable to think of the appointments of the table at which the Ambassador to Lisbon and the American Consul sat down last Saturday, when they honored me with their presence. And we did laugh, for it was of no consequence, — and the great bow-window of our parlor looked out upon the sea. We did not come here to see French china and pure silver forks and spoons, but to walk on the beach, bathe in the ocean, and drive to magnificent old castles, — and get rid of whooping-cough. I had the enterprise to take all the children and Mary, and come without Mr. Hawthorne ; for he was in a great hurry to get me off, fearing the good weather would not last. He followed on Saturday with Mr. O'Sullivan, who arrived from Lisbon just an hour before they both started for Rhyl. . . . Julian's worship of nature and natural objects meets with satisfaction here. . . .

The following was also written from Rhyl : —

"While the carriage stopped I heard the rapturous warble of the skylark, and

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finally discovered him, mounting higher still and higher, pressing upwards, and pouring out such rich, delicious music that I wanted to close my eyes and shut out the world, and listen to nothing but that. Not even Shelley's or Wordsworth's words can convey an adequate idea of this song. It seems as if its little throat were the outlet of all the joy that had been experienced on the earth since creation ; and that with all its power it were besieging heaven with gratitude and love for the infinite bliss of life. *Life, joy, love.* The blessed, darling little bird, quivering, warbling, urging its way farther and farther ; and finally swooning with excess of delight, and sinking back to earth ! You see I am vainly trying to help you to an idea of it, but I cannot do it. I do not understand why the skylark should not rise from our meadows as well, and the nightingale sing to our roses."

Society and the sternness of life were, however, but a hair's-breadth away : —

"Monday evening Mr. Hawthorne went to Richmond Hill to meet Mr. Buchanan. The service was entirely silver, plates and all, and in a high state of sheen. The Queen's autograph letter was spoken of (which you will see in the Northern Times that goes with this) ; and as it happens to be very clumsily expressed, Mr. Hawthorne was much perplexed by Mr. Buchanan's asking him, before the whole company at dinner, 'what he thought of the Queen's letter.' Mr. Hawthorne replied that it showed very kind feeling. 'No,' persisted the wicked Ambassador ; 'but what do you think of the *style*?' Mr. Hawthorne was equal to him, or rather, conquered him, however, for he said, 'The Queen has a perfect right to do what she pleases with her *own English*.' Mr. Hawthorne thought Miss Lane, Mr. Buchanan's niece, a very elegant person, and far superior to any English lady present. The next evening Mr. Hawthorne went to another dinner at Everton ; so that on

Wednesday, when we again sat down together, I felt as if he had been gone a month. This second dinner was not remarkable in any way, except that when the ladies took leave they *all* went to him and requested to shake hands with him!

"No act of the British people in behalf of the soldiers has struck me as so noble and touching as that of the reformed criminals at an institution in London. They wished to contribute something to the Patriotic Fund. The only way they could do it was by *fasting*. So from Sunday night till Tuesday morning they ate nothing, and the money saved (three pounds and over) was sent to the Fund! Precious money is this."

There is an English region, stately, with a grand outline of sea and sand-hills, of hard-bosomed endless beach and vast sky, where my father stands forth very distinctly in my memory. This is Redcar, to which we fared on our return from Italy. When he went out, at fixed hours of the day, between the hours for writing, he walked over the long, long beach, very often, with my brother and myself; stopping now and then in his firm, regal tread to look at what nature could do in far-stretching color and beckoning horizon-line. Along the sand-hills, frolicking in the breeze or faithfully clinging in the strong wind to their native thimbleful of earth, hung the cerulean harebells, to which I ardently clambered, listening for their chimes. In the preface to *Monte Beni*, the compliment paid to Redcar is well hidden. My father speaks of reproducing the book (sketched out among the dreamy interests of Florence) "on the broad and dreary sands of Redcar, with the gray German Ocean tumbling in upon me, and the northern blast always howling in my ears." Nothing could have pleased him better as an atmosphere for his work; all that the atmosphere included he did not mean to admit, just then. And London was not so very far away.

On September 9, 1859, my mother says in her diary, "My husband gave me his manuscript to read." There are no other entries on that day or the next, except, "Reading manuscript." On the 11th she says, "Reading manuscript for the second time." The diary refers to reading the story on the next day, but on the two following days, in which she was to finish as much of the manuscript as was ready, there are wholly blank spaces. These mean more than words to me, who know so well how she never set aside daily rules, and how unbrokenly her little diaries flow on. In October, at Leamington, she mentions again "reading *Monte Beni*," and a few days later says, "I read the manuscript of *Monte Beni* again;" continuing for two days more. About a month later, on November 8, is recorded, in very large script, "My husband to-day *finished his book*, *The Romance of Monte Beni*."

I thought that the petty lodging in which we were established was an odd nook for my father to be in. I liked to get out with him upon the martial plain of sand and tremendous waves, where folly was not, by law of wind and light of Titan power, and where the most insignificant ornament was far from insignificant: the whorl of an exquisite shell, beautiful and still, as if just dead; or the seaweeds, that are so like pictures of other growths. I felt that this scene was a worthy one for the kind but never familiar man who walked and reflected there. We enjoyed a constant outdoor life. But in those uninspired hours when there was no father in sight, and my mother was resting in seclusion, I played at grocer's shop on the sands with a little girl called Hannah, whom I then despised for her name, her homely neat clothes, her sweetness and silence, and in retrospect learned to love. As we pounded brick, secured sugary-looking sands of different tints, and heaped up minute pebbles, a darkly clad, tastefully picturesque form would approach, — a

form to which I bowed down in spirit as, fortunately for me, my father. He would look askance at my utterly useless, time-frittering amusement, which I already knew was withering my brain and soul. In his tacit reproach my small

intellect delighted, and loftier thoughts than those of the counter would refresh me for the rest of the day; and I thankfully returned to the heights and lengths of wide nature, full of color and roaring waves.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

WORN is the winter rug of white,
And in the snow-bare spots once more
Glimpses of faint green grass in sight, —
Spring's footprints on the floor.

Upon the sombre forest gates
A crimson flush the mornings catch,
The token of the Spring who waits
With finger on the latch.

Blow, bugles of the south, and win
The warders from their dreams too long,
And bid them let the new guest in
With her glad hosts of song.

She shall make bright the dismal ways
With broideries of bud and bloom,
With music fill the nights and days
And end the garden's gloom.

Her face is lovely with the sun;
Her voice — ah, listen to it now!
The silence of the year is done:
The bird is on the bough!

Spring here, — by what magician's touch?
'T was winter scarce an hour ago.
And yet I should have guessed as much, —
Those footprints in the snow!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE PRESIDENCY AND SECRETARY MORTON.

THE field of the greatest political activity in America the last twenty years has been the administration of cities, and the cardinal point in political thought has been the divorce of city government from politics. Here is an apparent contradiction which indicates the elasticity of the term "politics." Like "religion," which is made to do service for visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction and for increasing the number of orphans, "politics" in the mouth of one man may mean the conduct of the state in honesty and sobriety, in that of another a job at the city hall. The fact remains that attention is centred on the problems which confront us in the administration of cities, and the drift of political thought has been steadily in the direction of concentrating power and responsibility in the hands of the mayor. Mr. Shepard's article upon *The Mayor and the City*¹ clearly shows that the several great cities of the country, in attempting to solve the problem of administration, have diminished the legislative and strengthened the executive function. And behind all the contrivances of organization stands always the need of a man in whom the city may have confidence. It may be said with almost equal certainty that the elevation of the mayoralty in power and responsibility is attracting toward the office a high type of citizenship.

It does not follow that this application of political principle extends to the offices of governor and President. One of the most important discriminations is that which holds the city to be a corporation, the State an organism; and though the functions of the mayor and of the governor are sometimes nearly identical, it is very clear that the qualifications for the one office are not necessarily the same

¹ *The Atlantic* for July, 1894.

as those for the other. To put it broadly, a man with a first-rate business training may make a most efficient mayor; he might make an incompetent governor. Nevertheless, those qualities which make a man a good administrator in the government of a great city do constitute an admirable reason for supposing he would make a good governor; and we have had in recent political history more than one capital illustration of the natural progress of a political career along these lines. Governors Greenhalge and Russell of Massachusetts are instances of men who have been tested in municipal office, and have owed their governorship largely to their success in city government. President Cleveland is an instance of a public man who has passed by successive steps of administrative office from the lowest to the highest, without entering the legislative service at all. It is not unreasonable to suppose that in the specialization which is all the while going on a sharper distinction will take place in public life, and those men who have aptitude and training in legislative or judicial practice will less frequently pass over into the domain of executive work, while the men clearly gifted with powers of administration will find their training in offices which bring those powers into exercise. The probability of such a general law is increased when it is considered how the operations of a political organism like our own, where the several functions of legislative, judicial, and executive authority are defined not only in the written law, but by an increasing body of precedents, tend toward a discrimination and a jealousy of encroachment one on the other.

Meanwhile, the scope of the executive function is steadily enlarging, not by the assumption of powers belonging to the other departments of government, but

by the natural enlargement of the field of normal activity. A familiar illustration of this may be found in the extension of the Cabinet of the President. Theoretically, the Cabinet is the division of the presidential function; and whereas at first it consisted of four officers, it now consists of eight. The Postmaster-General was not, at the beginning of the government, a member of the Cabinet. The Department of the Navy was a bureau of the War Department. The Department of the Interior was not created till 1849, and the Department of Agriculture, the latest of all, was erected in 1889. This process of subdivision is still going on. The Department of the Interior, especially, has several very active bureaus, and when we take into account the several commissions, as well as the Department of Labor, and consider how frequently, of late, there has been a demand for a Department of Transportation into which the Interstate Commerce Commission shall pass, it is evident that the central administration at Washington is assuming a greater significance with each decade.

Now, all these departments, with their increase of organization, are amplifications of the presidential office, and with the extension of the merit system in the civil service there is a tendency toward stability and the routine order of business. Moreover, with the release of the Cabinet officers from the vexatious task of paying political debts incurred by the party, there will be a more constant application of energy in administrative work, a larger field for the public man of ability, and, it may be added, a greater freedom for the exercise of the higher political functions. In a word, the expansion of the President's office gives greater opportunity for statesmanship, and there are many signs that in the future the President's Cabinet will have larger importance and dignity. A significant step was taken after the death of Vice-President Hendricks in 1885, when the

presidential succession bill was passed, providing for the advancement to the presidency, in case of the death of the incumbent of that office and of the vice-presidency, of members of the Cabinet in a designated order.

The influence of the several members in public policy is undoubtedly dependent in some degree upon the temperament and disposition of the President himself. His specific action is not legally controlled by the council which he calls about him, and there have been instances in our recent history where the Cabinet has not been influential with the President. Nevertheless, besides that each member has very large control in his own department, the tendency is toward the greater weight of the Cabinet. The increase of power and responsibility in the separate offices calls for abler men, and nine men cannot confer on public questions month in and month out without attaining a certain community of judgment. Discord, under these conditions, is more likely to be followed by rupture than by subjection.

We have dwelt at some length on these considerations, because, aside from the intrigues of political managers, there is a natural association of ideas between the office of a Cabinet secretary and the presidency. Supposing the President himself not a candidate for reelection, there is no unreasonableness in looking to his closest political and administrative associates for the man to be his successor, if his party is in the ascendancy. Such a man will have had the experience which comes from having had an active part in the exercise of presidential functions and from having been in the administrative council. Whatever other training he may have had or may have missed, this will have been significant. Moreover, his position will have tested somewhat his capacity for filling the more comprehensive rôle of the President, and his conduct in office will have disclosed, with more or less publicity, the

stuff of which he is made. To be sure, there are degrees of conspicuousness in the Cabinet. Mr. Olney, for instance, who has been successively Attorney-General and Secretary of State, and had no prominence as a public man before entering the Cabinet, would seem to demand an inquiry, if we are looking for a successor to the President in his own political family; or Mr. Carlisle, who has been long in public life, and whose office is most closely connected with concerns of national welfare. But we pass these by, and select for our consideration the member of the Cabinet whose department was the latest to be created, and who, though well known in his own State of Nebraska, may be said to have entered upon the arena of national politics when Mr. Cleveland sent his name to the Senate as Secretary of Agriculture. A good many Congressmen asked then, Who is Julius Sterling Morton? and his personal history is not now so generally known as to make a brief recital of it here superfluous.

He was born in Jefferson County, New York, in 1832, of parents English on one side, Scotch on the other. He was educated at Union College and the University of Michigan, was married soon after graduation, and started in the fall of 1854 for the newly organized Territory of Nebraska. Omaha was then the outpost of civilization, and the young couple went about fifty miles to the south, and chose for their homestead a site on the second lift or the interval of the Missouri, two or three miles from what is now Nebraska City. They built their log cabin in pioneer fashion, and the spot has ever since been Mr. Morton's home. His wife died twenty years after their first coming. Four sons have grown to manhood, and are now heads of families. Ostensibly a farmer and stock-raiser, the young college graduate had a leaning toward journalism and public life. He at once took a lively interest in territorial affairs, and became a member of the

territorial legislature. Before going to Nebraska he had lived a short time in Detroit, and there became a protégé of General Cass. It was through Cass's influence that President Buchanan appointed Mr. Morton secretary of the Territory in 1858, an office which he held until 1861; and during a portion of that period, from September, 1858, till May, 1859, he was acting governor. In 1860 he was a candidate for Congress, and received a certificate of election from the governor; but in the fast-and-loose game of that period his opponent contrived to secure another certificate, and, reaching Washington before him, presented his certificate and took his seat. Mr. Morton, as contestant for a seat in a House which was overwhelmingly Republican, had small chance of success, and returned from Washington to Nebraska, made up his case, and awaited the result. He was unsuccessful, and this was the beginning of a series of defeats. He was the candidate of the Democratic party for governor in 1866 under the first state constitution, and was defeated. He ran for Congress the same fall, and was defeated again. In the long contest over the question of statehood, he was persistently opposed to the erection of the Territory into a State under the conditions then existing. Since 1866 he has been three times the candidate of his party for the governorship, and has been the standing candidate for a seat in the Senate; but during his entire political career the State has been steadfastly Republican, and it was not until 1893 that he came into power as a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet.

Meanwhile, his political activity found constant expression in writing and speaking. He started the *Nebraska City News* in 1855, and edited it for many years. Having formed a connection with Mr. Wilbur F. Storey, editor of the *Detroit Free Press*, when Mr. Morton lived in Detroit, he became a contributor to the *Chicago Times* when Mr. Storey as-

sumed control of that paper, and held a semi-editorial position on it. His writings, at first somewhat turgid, though charged with a rude wit and humor, became more direct as he developed in intellectual force, but have always suffered from a tendency to diffuseness. The subject to which he has given his most earnest thought has undoubtedly been political economy. He is a straight and unconditional free-trader of the school of Cobden, but he can scarcely be regarded as a mere doctrinaire; the temper of his mind and a strong practical sense forbid this.

Indeed, his entire course of public life, with a single exception, has been characterized by an uncommon independence of merely popular and superficial movements in their crude efforts after results at the expense of sound economic laws. In a paper on some unpublished letters of Thomas Jefferson, in the *Transactions of the Nebraska Historical Society*, of which Mr. Morton has been president for many years, he gives his ideal of the public servant in these words: "We need men of mental and moral courage, who shall study what they can do for rather than what they shall get from the commonwealth. Public affairs call persistently for public men who shall have fixed economic views, for which they are willing to forego offices, in behalf of which they are ever ready, with reason and fortitude, to face popular clamor, and if need be meet popular defeat. Men who esteem it more honorable to adhere to principle and meet disaster than it is to trim, to pander to popular vagaries and compass victory by deceit, will at last be honored in history." Mr. Morton applied this characterization to Jefferson, but he was thinking under his breath of himself, and he had justification for such thought.

It was not long after his settlement in Nebraska that the Territory was attacked by one of those fevers of speculation which leave the unhappy sufferer

an easy prey to financial quack medicine. Mr. Morton was a member of the Assembly, and at once took a position hostile to wild-cat banks and fiat money. He was made chairman of a special committee to which was referred a bill incorporating these banks, and brought in a minority report, which was evidently very heartily condemned by the majority, as it was denied a place in the house journal, though it appeared in the newspapers at the time. A period of artificial prosperity followed the establishment of the banks and the neglect of industry, and this prosperity was inevitably succeeded by disastrous hard times. The young apostle of sound finance to a reluctant community made a speech at the first Nebraska Territorial Agricultural Fair, September 21, 1859, in which, among other capital things, he delivered himself of this plain truth: "The scheme for obtaining wealth without labor, prosperity without industry, and growing into a community of opulence and ease without effort has been a complete failure. . . . If there are fortunes to be made in Nebraska, they are to be acquired by frugality and persevering exertion alone. The soil is to be tilled and taxed for the support of the dwellers thereon; and out of it, and it alone, is all true and substantial independence to be derived."

That was in 1859, and from that time to this, save once when, like other men, he fell under the fascinating influence of Pendleton and gave his adhesion for a brief period to the greenback heresy, he has never flinched from the maintenance of sound financial belief, and that in the midst of a perverse and untoward generation. In Nebraska, in 1892, he almost alone in the Democratic party resisted the efforts of the free coinage element to stampede the party into the fold of Populism. How courageous he could be in the support of an unpopular position appears from this incident. Early in January, 1893, just as the new legislature of Nebraska was assembling, and

upon the eve of the election of a United States Senator, there were suggestions made that a coalition should be formed between the Democrats and the Populists with a view to electing Morton. A considerable crowd had gathered in the rotunda of the principal hotel at Lincoln, where this talk was going on. Suddenly Mr. Morton stepped out of the crowd, and, ascending two or three steps of the main stairway, spoke substantially as follows:—

“It has come to my knowledge that there is some discussion as to the possibility of my election as Senator by the vote of a combination of Democrats and Populists; and as to this it seems to me proper that I should now say openly, as I do positively, that under no conditions will I accept an election to the office of Senator by the vote of the Populist party so long as it adheres to its vicious financial vagaries.” And yet the dream of this man all his days had been to be Senator.

Upon other public questions in which his own State was more definitely involved Mr. Morton has not gone with the crowd. That he should have been in the employ of the Burlington railway as a pamphleteer, during the popular attack on railways which found expression in the Potter laws, does not intimate that he sold his principles, but that he was a paid advocate on the side which he believed to be in the right. From the time of his speech at the Agricultural Fair, already cited, he has been a consistent supporter of the policy of state development through the improvement of its natural resources. Upon his own farm he has made costly experiments, for the purpose of introducing improved breeds of horses, cattle, and swine into the country. One of the sayings quoted from him and current among the farmers is, “A well-bred sow is to the farmer an inconvertible bond, her porkers the annual coupons,” and by pen and voice he has untiringly aimed

to promote the agricultural interests of his State. The most notable single exploit, and the one of which he never wearies in the telling, is the suggestion of Arbor Day in the schools, and the pursuit of this idea, with the result that the movement has extended to every State in the Union with the possible exception of three. At least a billion forest trees and many thousand fruit trees and vines in Nebraska may be said to have started from the seed which he planted and nourished in the public mind, and what was a treeless waste is dotted with vigorous forest growth.

It was unquestionably this devotion to agriculture and forestry, coupled with his unflinching support of Democratic doctrines and his reputation as a man of character and ability, which led Mr. Cleveland to call Mr. Morton to the head of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, in spite of the fact that Mr. Morton had from the beginning of Mr. Cleveland's presidential career been a bitter and unrelenting enemy of the President; for Mr. Morton, with all his heartiness, can be a vehement hater, and the attitude which Mr. Cleveland at the outset took toward the West could readily excite the animosity of a man whose temperament is not unlike Mr. Cleveland's in respect to positiveness. His career at Washington has been marked by two notable stands which he has taken. They are notable as illustrating the courage and the open-mindedness of the man. The first relates to the economical management of his department. Out of \$5,102,500 appropriated for his branch of the government since July 1, 1893, he had saved and turned back into the treasury, down to July 1, 1895, \$1,126,000, or over 20 per cent; and this had been done while the department had developed greatly, and the work of all its bureaus had been expanded and improved. There was expended in 1895 for purely scientific work 52 per cent of the total amount paid out as against 45

per cent paid out for the same class of work by his predecessor in 1893. The saving has been due to the reduction of the cost of carrying on the department, and especially to the stoppage of waste. Believing that the promiscuous free distribution of seeds by Congressmen was only a stupid abuse of a law originally passed to provide a new country with "rare, uncommon, and valuable" plants for cultivation, — the words of the statute, — Mr. Morton early set about its abolition. It was very characteristic of the man that, after appealing in vain to Congress to drop a wasteful appropriation, he went to work to execute the statute, providing for the distribution with a thoroughness and vigor that had never been equaled. For two years he scoured the known world, through special and consular agents, for rare and uncommon seeds, plants, etc., and purchased everything that seemed to be of the slightest use to this country. He supplied to Congressmen, it is said, ten million more packages of seed than they had ever received before. Of course the great bulk of them were of no use to our people, but the secretary accomplished his purpose. After advertising in all known markets, and buying and distributing in two years all the rare and uncommon seed left in the world, he stopped the business, and notified Congress there would be no more seed. No seed under the terms of the statute being found, no seed could be bought. So rural Congressmen must go seedless back to their constituents, or buy their electioneering grains and tubers themselves.

The other illustration of character drawn from the secretary's official life is in his attitude toward civil service reform. He began with a disbelief in it; he has come to be one of its most sturdy supporters. During his administration of the Department of Agriculture, only six out of its twenty-four chiefs of bureaus and divisions have been changed by

death, resignation, or removal. Secretary Morton filled five of these places by promoting skilled and experienced men in this department. The only question with him has been, Where can the best qualified men be found? and other things being nearly equal, he has given the preference to the men already in the service. At the head of the three new divisions established by him, he has appointed in similar manner three experts who were connected with the department under previous administrations. The same wise and benignant rule has been followed in filling all minor positions. The statistical and animal industry bureaus, which have been heretofore almost entirely given over to the spoilsmen, have been completely reorganized and brought under the civil service. As a result of his steady work for this cause, the whole department is now subject to civil service rules, except two positions filled by presidential appointment, and the four clerks of the secretary and assistant secretary.

Such, in brief, is the public record of Secretary Morton, nearly forty years in the opposition in Nebraska, with slight experience in political administration, for three years a member of the President's official household in Washington, and an administrator of public business. It is not surprising that he has acquired the habit of mind of one always in the opposition, which for a man of courage readily takes the form of recklessness of speech. He has worked out the greater problems in a somewhat theoretical fashion, so that his convictions are not always based upon large information and experience; and once possessed of a conviction, he is undeterred by possible consequences from delivering it with an uncompromising earnestness. Uncalled upon during a long career to put his political principles into practice, he has had small need to adjust them to existing conditions; but when he has been required to act, his practical sense has been forti-

fied by his speculative studies. With an active and alert mind, he has been open to new influences, and would not unlikely, if placed in a position of great responsibility, reason and act too quickly; but his frankness and open-mindedness would not make him an easy follower where principles which he had reached in his studies were assailable. No amount of pressure would move him. His strong, well-set physique impresses one who meets him with an agreeable sense of the man's vitality and vigor. His hospitable nature is evident at once, and he makes friends quickly. Indeed, there is an outflow of sentiment and cordiality which may produce a little uneasiness in

the mind of a cautious observer, and such an one would not be surprised to learn that this genial host could nurse with a vindictive energy a hatred which he had conceived of this or that man. The astute politician who wishes to shape Mr. Morton to his own ends will encounter a difficulty in the honesty and shrewdness of the man. Mr. Morton himself is not an astute politician, and he never will manage conventions or intrigue for power. He is not built on those lines, and he will not be wanted by the Democratic party. Nevertheless, he has in him the sort of stuff out of which better Presidents than presidential candidates are made.

NEW FIGURES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

IV. E. A. MACDOWELL.

"Honor the old, but bring a warm heart to the new." — ROBERT SCHUMANN.

SAVE in one blessed age of the world, never to come again, the great artist, in whatever line, has nearly always had a hard time in getting recognized at his true worth, and the composer of music has had a harder time than any of his brothers. This may be partially attributable to the nature of his art materials, which can never be counted upon as fixed. How few, in listening to music, realize that the tonal system underlying the harmony of to-day had barely been established two hundred years ago! The gamut, which is so familiar to us that we feel it must be coeval with musical man, and which we hold to be the true and only scale, is one among many scales existent and in actual use, and is, moreover, theoretically, by no means the most perfect of them all. The present diatonic series, major and minor, is retained because it suits the present ideal of musical

design in the so-called civilized countries, and is adapted to the instruments now in use in those countries. Should entirely new instruments be invented, so constructed as to make available certain tones of which our ears are now unconscious; should radically different notions of design arise and prevail, it is quite conceivable that a new scale might be required, resulting in altered harmonic relations, and consequently in a totally changed style of composition, to which the ears of coming generations would have to grow accustomed as those of the past have grown accustomed to each fresh development in the musical art.

A second and even more important reason why the composer makes slower way than other art workers towards a just and general recognition is that his conceptions need follow no models of anything in the visible, audible, palpable creation, but may be evolved *ad libitum* out of his own consciousness, and may

represent, for all that anybody knows, non-entities. Far more than the poet — his nearest of kin through the common bond of neglect or abuse — has the composer opportunities for uttering hidden things unintelligibly; for he prophesies in an esoteric tongue, and he may employ it in a way that shall puzzle the elect.

In all other arts the classics are the old; in music the true classics are the newest. The last word on sculpture was spoken two millenniums ago; the best poetry of those early times has caused perennial despair to poets ever since; as for painting, though late in attaining an equal degree of excellence with its sister arts,¹ it is doubtful whether pigments and canvas will in any future age speak a loftier message to man than they have already spoken.

But in music the last word can never be spoken. The latest of the fine arts to reach a highly artistic state of development, it promises to go on developing forever. Its forms are protean; its rules are temporary bridges over temporary floods, the rushing torrents of taste and custom. These bridges the real genius — who is neither radical nor conservative — makes use of when he can; but he reserves the privilege of ignoring them, and often boldly fords the flood or leaps over it. The changes that may be rung upon musical sounds, as regards their relative pitch, duration, accent, or combination, are not to be reckoned; their name is Infinitude, while the subject matter of which they are the symbols embraces all entities in the universe, uttering the unutterable, voicing the soul of man's soul.

Thus it will be readily seen why the great composer *par excellence* must always be far in advance of his age, since he not only undertakes to express more than has ever before been expressed in music, but at the same time has to edu-

cate his listeners to comprehend and accept his very methods, — methods wholly strange and of his own devising, wherein, it may be, he breaks without compunction every law of his art which they have been taught to regard as inviolable.

In view, then, of the strong tendency and wide opportunity of the composer toward discarding usage and convention, it is almost too much to hope for, that contemporary appraisal should ever do him entire justice. In such a case sympathy can perhaps reach down deeper and draw out more than scientific knowledge could do. For, after all, music is a means, not an end; its whole history is a reproof to those who would treat it chiefly as a thing of forms and technicalities; it breathes its living spirit into the souls of multitudes who know not theories. The composer has a message to deliver, and they to whom the message speaks clearly enough need have little concern with the terms in which it is delivered.

Let no one who may be unacquainted with the works of Edward MacDowell judge from these preliminaries that this young master in music is a scorner of all forms and standards that have come down out of the great past. He reverences these for what they are worth, whether intrinsically or as helps in building up his own art structures. But he is too potently individual to be made the slave of any system, too full of strong, original invention to revere rules for their own sake. Whatever will best express his thought, of that will he avail himself. It is the "thing-in-itself" he is pursuing; modes and methods are to him but modes and methods. He has been accused of "posing as original," — a senseless criticism, and not worthy of notice save that it points to the undoubted unconventionality of his ideas, which could seem hardly more novel to an unaccustomed ear if the scores had fallen out of Jupiter. To take them in, it is necessary that one should cultivate a quite new tonal sense and divest him-

¹ I omit mention of architecture, because as a primarily useful art its standard of perfection is relative.

self of many preconceived notions. We must be ourselves modern to the extremest extent of that term, if we would apprehend the message of this essentially modern composer.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to define anything concisely, especially

"To clothe a complex thing with a single word ;"

but if I were asked to express in a line what is the main essential that makes for modernity in music, I should answer, the effective management of discords, whose æsthetic and expressive value began to be appreciated at a comparatively recent date.

Mr. MacDowell is well aware of the vast scope they offer both for pure sound-effects and for the utterance of all feelings and thought-suggestions, while his strong melodial instinct and what Richter would call his *Stimmführung* — referring to the invention and harmonious balancing of contrapuntal parts — give to his passages of greatest daring a positive delightfulness. The most emotional of musical artists, he is likewise the most intellectual, and makes himself felt as such in his slighter productions. Of his best compositions it might be said that the concentrated richness of these works makes them confusing to the popular ear, and in some cases, too, to the educated ear, until the latter has grown used to the composer's peculiarly subtle ways of stating his poetic views. His modulations have a meaning in themselves. His sequences accomplish more than leading us to something: they convey thought; they are logical sequences of musical sentiment. He gives us common scales run in unison, yet so set as to be of tragic import; listening to them, we believe we have never heard these scales before. With him tremolo and trill are not sheer noise or useless ornament, "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," but thrill and quiver with the heart of the composition which they embellish. As a readily comprehended instance of Mr. Mac-

Dowell's aversion to "blank spaces," compare the revised with the early edition of the *Intermezzo*, *First Suite*. It may be likewise noted in any of his oft-repeated subordinate figures. They are more than simple accompaniment; they possess a distinct dramatic value, supplying the required atmosphere of serenity, sportiveness, pathos, or passion.

Let me illustrate this by the *Prélude* of the *First Suite*. Here a theme of great power and stateliness is carried by the left hand, and accompanied by arpeggios in figures, or groups, of six and five notes. The theme is in one voice, and has no coloring save that added by the ever-flowing, kaleidoscopic design of the treble. Nothing could be farther from the inane or the ordinary than this right-hand part. It is as essentially characteristic as the strong, weird melody to which it serves not only for a background, but for a varied harmonic support, directly enhancing the latter's significance by being nearly equivalent to a counter-theme.

The mention of this *Prélude* brings me to a consideration of that which distinguishes the most important piano works of MacDowell, namely, their marked orchestral character. This is more or less true of the two Suites; it is especially so of their opening movements. But though we find throughout both of them a comprehensive treatment of singularly noble themes, they are thin in comparison with the two sonatas. The designs of these are cast in symphonic moulds; their subjects are treated in large epic fashion, and the impression they give of volume and of wide tone-spaces, usually associated only with great masses of instruments, is at first startling. They are, in fact, nothing less than symphonies brought within the scope of a pianoforte keyboard.

Some may wonder why a man who has so complete an understanding and mastery of orchestral resources as MacDowell, and who, moreover, is overflowing with great ideas, should deliberately

choose to give many of those ideas no wider field to display themselves in than the limitations afforded by a single soulless instrument. But the bringing out of an orchestral work is not a simple matter. Manifold are the conditions that must converge and unite before an ideal presentation is possible; ideal from the composer's standpoint, — something quite important, and not always taken into account. Mr. MacDowell, being a piano virtuoso as well as a composer, naturally writes much for an instrument on which he can interpret his own music directly to the public without the intervention of another personality. Hence, that which enters his mind as a symphony suffers a change, and comes forth from the workshop a sonata.

There is an opinion frequently met with in certain quarters, a reference to which may not be out of place here. According to this opinion, the sonata form is consigned to a hopeless antiquity. In a recent article upon Hadow's *Studies in Modern Music*,¹ the critic accuses Mr. Hadow of "weakness" in that "he accepts the sonata as the perfection of musical form." Yet Dr. Ernst Pauer, who should be an authority, says, "The sonata is by far the most important form, and may be considered the mainstay of modern music;" going on to show how the principles of its construction are the same as those that underlie the symphony, trio, quartette, overture, and even some of the lesser instrumental forms.

The writer in *The Nation* quotes Dr. Hubert Parry as saying, in *Art of Music*, that "the aspect of pianoforte music in general seems to indicate that composers are agreed that the day for writing sonatas is past;" though Dr. Parry himself elsewhere freely admits that the form "is most elastic and satisfying in practice," — an expression which would hardly seem applicable to a totally outworn model. This model served Schubert's purposes right well, also Chopin's,

¹ In *The Nation*, April 18, 1895.

notwithstanding that Mr. Hadow's critic states it as a "fact" that "all the great composers since Beethoven have turned their backs upon it." No one, I think, would assert that either Schubert or Chopin succeeded in making as much of the sonata as did Beethoven,

"in whose hands

The Thing became a trumpet;"

yet Schubert, at least, embodied some of his greatest thoughts very effectively in this "obsolete" form. Our writer furthermore remarks that "if all the critics in the world stood up for the sonata, it could not be saved." Perhaps not. But very possibly a great composer can save it. It is idle to insist that any form is obsolete so long as genius can express itself therein.

Not only does Mr. MacDowell, by his practice, refuse to consider the sonata as archaic, but, speaking with the unaffected note of authority, he says,² "Sonata form is a necessary thing;" adding, however, "But if the composer's ideas do not imperatively demand treatment in that form (that is, if his first theme is not actually dependent upon his second and side themes for its poetic fulfillment), he has not composed a sonata movement, but a potpourri, which the form only aggravates." And further on he writes, "Any collection of themes which has musical coherence embodies a form worthy of respect."

Had Mr. MacDowell invented the particular form in question, it could not fit his ideas more spontaneously and perfectly than it does in the *Sonata Tragica*. His selection of it forcibly illustrates his catholic attitude towards the past, as well as his independence of criticism and his immunity from fear of that bugaboo consistency. Great romanticist that he is, he finds room within the sternest of classic moulds for the free play of his freest imaginations. For there is nothing archaic nor even old-fashioned in his use of this ancient type. It is un-

² In *The Musical Herald*, January, 1892.

doubtedly better suited to the dignified treatment of a great subject than any purely modern form could be. Giving little scope for sensationalism, it is the natural exponent of "the grand style" applied to the pianoforte. In choosing it as the setting of his Tragedy in Tones, Mr. MacDowell has shown himself to be a genuine artist; he has also revealed, to an extent undreamed of before, the capacity of the piano for conveying the richest and broadest symphonic effects.

This extraordinary composition, while sufficiently formal to satisfy the worshippers of "schools," is so spontaneous as to make one forget all about schools and the fetters they have forged for submissive geniuses. In its themes and their treatment there is a breadth of tragic passion which gives to the whole that universal character demanded by true dramatic art; it is as old as — nay, older than — Æschylus; it is as new as Ibsen, and, let me add, much more healthful. The Sonata Tragica strikes at the start the highest key of sorrow; it carries us by the insistent force of its first subject straight into the thick of the eternal conflict between man and his environment. After a *scherzo* suggesting the wild, overstrained efforts of breaking hearts to simulate gleefulness, its slow third movement opens black with the blackness of an immemorial woe. Pathos, femininely tender, rises almost to the height of her brother Tragedy; but the closing *allegro* — the most elaborate movement of the sonata — clashes forth an energetic protest against despair; and the *coda* (*maestoso*), containing a quiet, chastened, comforting recollection of the tragic introduction, is the apotheosis of a noble grief which finds its rightful end in "Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory."

We listen in vain for the distinctly personal note; it may be sounding, but it is inaudible to our ears. These plaints are general; they voice the world's woe, not the individual's. No single human soul — not even King Lear — ever bore

such a burden. Only some mighty, typical character, standing for all mankind, ought artistically to be made to bear it. If Mr. MacDowell had named his sonata Prometheus, no one could charge him with failing to bring his work up to the level of his subject, nor would the demon of "programme music" itself experience much difficulty in searching therein after the exposition of a god's vengeance, a Titan's "dread endurance," the final triumph of the Earth-born, and of Love, who at last

"folds over the earth its healing wings."

There is in MacDowell an enchanting, extra-mundane quality which reminds of Shelley. The poet in tones, like the poet in words, breathes as his native air the atmosphere of a strange, high, thrice-clarified, rainbow-illuminated realm, where images, not of terror, but of stupendous beauty dwell, images that the programme fiend cannot fasten upon, because they are less images than suggestions, — suggestions of moods intellectual rather than sensuous, spiritual rather than intellectual. And the diction of our poet in tones (if I may speak of diction in reference to music) has at times, in common with that of his brother in verse, a splendor entirely foreign to our sphere, reflected as it were from the calm empyreal domain whence themes and inspiration are alike drawn. It is this splendid style which, notwithstanding the abstruseness of his themes, enables him to carry his listeners upwards with him; and if they cannot at first, without gasping, inhale the hypertenuous air, yet they come down to earth invigorated, and longing for another temporary translation.

That Mr. MacDowell can also deal cleverly and gracefully with the commoner themes his many lesser pieces plainly show. Yet, while never quite touching the level of the commonplace, it cannot be denied that he sometimes inclines to be dry, with a dryness arising certainly not from paucity of ideas,

but very possibly from too much self-restraint, as if he had sworn to strangle at their birth the chiefest faults of youth, — bombast, turgidity, over-elaboration; a good resolve, especially since, thanks to his inherent emotionalism, he is not in the least danger of injuring those virtues which are their nearest of kin. He has also occasionally fallen short of the best results by requiring of the piano what it is unable to do. In his sonatas, as I have already indicated, he has with amazing skill contrived to simulate the ear-filling, cumulative effect of grand orchestra, using the entire keyboard in a way that makes the performer appear to be at least four-handed, and so selecting his harmonic materials as to bring forward most vividly those points in which a pianoforte can best compete with the unspeakable fusion of tones produced when all varieties of wood, wind, and stringed instruments are played together. In several of his smaller pieces, however, he has wrought designs which nothing except the gliding, sustaining, swelling capacities of horns or bowed strings can ever adequately render. He has, it is true, often written these little *morceaux* in the duet form, thus gaining in solidity of movement and weight of tone. Yet take, for example, the opening of *Der Schwan* (No. 4 in *Mondbilder*), where for sixteen bars the right-hand performer is given a slow, sustained solo upon the highest keys of the piano; no one save a virtuoso would be able to do more than faintly suggest its potential beauty of color and shading. One cannot play this little piece, which is as daintily conceived as its prototype, the work of that absolute artist Hans Christian Andersen, and not long to hear it clearly and softly blown through hautboys, clarinets, bassoons, with their reedy, out-of-doors voices, or carried along on the smooth flowingness of violins. It is the same, but to a lesser degree, with *Nachts am Meere*, and also — though it be flat heresy to say it — with that mi-

raculous bit of tone-poetry, *The Eagle* (solo), which belongs to a much later opus.

The loss in hearing these upon the piano, for which they were written, is akin to the loss experienced in reading a poem translated from one language to another. But orchestras, even small ones, are not at the command of ordinary human mortals, while the piano we have always with us. The utterances of the great, even in translation, are worth much, and the passing fancies of one whose deep, conscious thoughts carry weight are exceedingly precious. All said, the matter is hardly a serious one. These compositions are so lovely, in spite of the inadequacy of hammers and strings to bring out all their loveliness, that one feels hypercritical in making any strictures upon them. Furthermore, they are interesting as marking a period when Mr. MacDowell was very decidedly under the influence of what is commonly known as a "school," though it is more properly denominated a "spirit," — that spirit which in its extremest manifestation leads its followers to search after musical designs that shall definitely suggest material images or the course of actual occurrences. The *Symphonic Poems* for full orchestra, *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, and *Lancelot* and *Elaine*, show the composer at the height of his ardor for inventing such designs. *Hamlet* offers as bold a specimen of the dramatic concrete in music as can well be imagined. Here, truly, is meat for strong men, and, it would appear, meat too strong for some musical stomachs.

Yet, young as he was when the *Symphonic Poems* were produced, they are by no means his earliest serious work. Long before *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* came out, when he was between eighteen and twenty and studying in Germany under Ehlert and Raff, he composed and published his two piano Suites and his first Concerto, while *Lancelot* and *Elaine* was preceded by his second Concerto. Thus we find him almost in his boyhood han-

dling both piano and orchestral materials with something more than confidence, — with an audacity that is positively charming, and that wins attention, “willy-nilly.” He would always have his say, this boy, who, thank Heaven, has not yet lived out half the allotted years of man, and from the first word to the latest he has invariably spoken as one having a claim to be heard, “not as the scribes.”

His latest words are the Sonata Eroica and the Indian Suite, — the latter being constructed upon true North American Indian airs, — both of which, though already included in the printed list of his works, have but just now made their appearance before the public. Mr. MacDowell, who, while willing to leave his hearers’ imaginations ample room to range in, loves to let them know something of what he was thinking when composing, has not been content simply with designating his new sonata Eroica, but has placed under this title a motto at once vague and *bedeutend*. The title, like that of Tragic, creates a general sympathy with his mood, but “Flos Regum Arthurus,” as by means of a key, opens his deepest mind, and shows us that pure, heroic being, the flower of kings, whose origin, existence, and end form one of the most mysteriously romantic chapters in all the great book of romance, yet are as real as any reality of history. One cannot cast the eye hastily over this sonata and not observe the curious upward trend of nearly all its subjects, — a characteristic trait of MacDowell’s compositions, one which might readily be allowed by the psycho-physicists to denote the cheery, hopeful, American tendency of the man himself. But granting the notion to be fanciful, may not the trait stand metaphorically as symbolizing the thorough wholesomeness of his art? That art has a tonic principle, a spiritual ozone; it stimulates the energies instead of sapping them. Though it is modern, — yes, more than modern, anticipatory and belonging to the far hereafter, — it bears

no trace of that abominable thing with the abominable name, *fin de siècle*. Mr. MacDowell wishes his work to be beautiful, but before all he will have it strong; and from that strength, often excessive to those who demand that, seeking pleasure, they shall be straightway pleased, issues a beauty which, entering our souls like

“the awful shadow of some unseen Power,”

at first startling if not distressing us, gradually grows upon our affections, becoming at last “for its grace” most dear,

“and yet dearer for its mystery.”

The Sonata Eroica is laid out upon a wider plan than the Tragic. Although wanting in the immense, concentrated strength that makes the latter seem the product of some musical demiurge, its design, viewed as a whole, is far more varied; it is richer in subjects, and these are placed in more salient mutual contrast. It opens with a fine directness of manner which Mr. MacDowell has taught us to look for in his music; for, however abstruse or subtle his thought, he never mumbles in saying it. Over this, as over all his other works, is spread — borrowing a phrase of Fitzgerald’s — “a broad, Shakespearean daylight,” wherein the objects he pictures stand forth with absolute distinctness, even while we may fail of interpreting their profoundest intention. The assertiveness of his themes cannot be too much dwelt upon; “trenchant” is a fitting word for them; once heard they can never be mistaken nor forgotten. One of the most pronounced examples of this assertive quality is furnished in the first subject of the A-Minor Concerto; another is in the little fugue, Opus 13, — both products of boyhood; but it is no less manifest in Opus 50, the maturest creation of the grown man.

The Guinevere *motif* — if we are right in so calling the graceful third subject, the very sweep of whose lines upon the printed page seems to betoken the sumptuous charm of that much-loved and much-for-

given queen — fastens itself upon the ear no less persistently than does the simple, solemn, pathetically premonitory strain that, in the opening bars of the sonata, brings before us as in a sudden vision Arthur, noble, brave, severely chaste, divinely just, but deep-hearted withal, and divinely loving. These two chief *motiven*, with the first *motiv* of the third movement, together form the gentler and more intellectual texture of the work; and against them are set with admirable effectiveness all the lighter or sterner elements that go to make up a complete tonal drama.

The *finale* falls upon us unexpectedly, like a veritable onslaught of heathenish hordes, in a short, sharp, quick, but strangely irregular, and what I should like to describe as an obstinate rhythm. This is broken in upon and swallowed up by an almost ear-splitting, thunderous burst of martial melody, already familiar to us under various guises, that soon dies away and melts into faint, gasping echoes of the first fierce subject; though, on another page, the two subjects renew their raging contest.

Right out of the midst of these suggestions of carnage and doubtful triumph rises the figure of the king in his terrible calm beauty and mightiness, but the Guinevere *motiv* has significantly vanished. The close of this stormy, highly colored movement has the same effect upon our spirits as the majestic passage with which Matthew Arnold concludes his *Sohrab and Rustum*.

It is impossible to study this last great composition of MacDowell's and not see whither all the strings of his manifold genius are leading him, especially if in connection with it we consider his orchestral work and his songs. There is little space left for me to dwell upon the latter, and there is much to say about them. As might be expected, they impress at once by their unconventionality. In first attempting to sing them, the vocal organs are confronted by what appear to

be "impossible" intervals and phrases, which, however, are so supported and justified by the harmony as to prove, in practice, entirely *singable*, while the melodies in themselves — true melodies are they — have often a reminder of the wild note, of the artless, inarticulate tones and intervals of nature's voices.

But if I say that, above all else, these songs are dramatic to a preëminent degree, I shall have pointed with sufficient clearness towards the all-mastering ambition of their composer. As surely as fruit follows flower, so surely will grand opera eventually flow from the pen that has given so many evidences of masterly handling, both in instrumental and in vocal music. Not that all successful composers for voice and orchestra are inevitably led to write opera, nor that it would be safe in all cases to predicate success in this complicated form of art from notable accomplishments in the others. It is the unquestionable dramatic instinct displayed in nearly everything MacDowell has written — an instinct which he in no wise strives to repress, but gives free rein to, his ripest work making the strongest and richest showing in this respect — that assures us of what he is manifestly destined to do. The well-known difficulty of finding an acceptable librettist may not improbably be obviated by him as Wagner obviated it, namely, by writing his own librettos; for he is a man of broad literary culture, and that he can wield a poetic pen is shown in the words set to a number of his own songs.

Sometimes a dream comes true. Here is one I would fain believe no bad, misleading vision: that of an American opera, sung by American singers, played by American performers, managed and conducted by native-born citizens. The thing is conceivable, and no one has a firmer faith in its possible fulfillment than Mr. MacDowell himself. It is sure to come. But how soon? Not so long as we refuse our own artists open and ready acclaim until they shall have gone away from us

and returned with credentials from other lands; not so long as everything European is accounted infinitely superior to anything American; not so long as the thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars, which should be kept at home and devoted to the establishing and maintenance of a national organization, — “large enough to be independent of cliques,” whose object would be “the fostering of art in America, not ignoring that of other countries,” — is yearly poured into the pockets of foreign artists. The old countries have much to teach us, — they have taught us much; there is one thing left for us to learn: that not by such means as we are now employing is a national art built up. Once upon a time these means were justifiable; they are so no longer. We are as rich as any people on earth in all the raw material needed for a great native opera; we are second to none in a genuine musical spirit. We lack only in our tastes that which has in other matters made the name “Yankee” a proud synonym for freedom and self-dependence. When we shall have gained æsthetically that which now characterizes us politically, the courage of our convictions, then will a man like Edward A. MacDowell find a chance to distinguish himself in what is theoretically, at least, the highest form of musical composition.

It is frequently asked, To what school does Mr. MacDowell belong? The reply, To none, is usually followed by the question, Will he then perhaps found one that shall be truly American?

A school may indeed arise that shall be called by his name, but such winged souls as he, who themselves refuse to be bound, will not bind in turn. All that an American or any other school can mean is, that certain great ones have done their greatest, and have been followed, sometimes slavishly, sometimes freely and intelligently, oftentimes unconsciously and just because an exceptional personality *must* impress itself to practical issues upon its generation.

If by living and acting his part — which, as he conceives it, is being himself, and no one else — Mr. MacDowell succeeds in teaching his fellow-countrymen that all art worthy the name has flourished only in proportion to its rejection of formality and established ways, only as it was the spontaneous outcome of an untrammelled individualism; if he can show them, musicians, painters, and the rest, that it is not necessary, even while taking the good that Europe still has for us, to believe in no good in and about ourselves, — if he can do these things, he will have founded as much of a school as our budding American geniuses need.

Edith Brower.

THE CASE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

I. THE WITNESS OF THE TEACHER.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY recently circulated widely among superintendents and teachers of the public schools in every part of the country inquiries (1) as to the average number of pupils per teacher in the several grades of the public schools; (2) in what proportion the teachers have

changed their profession during the last ten years; (3) in what proportion they are more than thirty-five years of age; (4) as to the freedom of teachers from political or other improper influences on their appointment or removal; (5) as to the salaries of teachers of the sev-

eral grades, whether they have been increased within five or six years, whether they are regarded as sufficient, and whether higher salaries would attract to the profession men and women of greater ability and of more stable purpose; (6) as to the requirements for appointments, whether they are rigid and uniform, and whether a certificate is required from some normal or training school of higher grade; (7) as to the chances that teachers have for promotion from the lower grades, and whether it is the custom to fill the higher grades by promotion: whereto was added a request to give any further information in regard to the status of teachers which would naturally supplement these inquiries.

Accompanying this circular was the following letter:—

“The Atlantic Monthly, following its plan of paying especial attention to educational subjects, will take up for discussion the Status of the Teacher, and consider how the profession may be made a calling of greater dignity and of more suitable reward; for, clearly, teaching is not held in as high honor as it ought to be. It is doubtful, indeed, if the public school system will reach its proper efficiency until in every community the teacher’s status is as high as the status of any other profession. To lift the teacher into the highest esteem, two things are necessary:—

“(1.) To give efficient teachers security in their positions and freedom to do their best work.

“(2.) To pay them salaries large enough to make the profession attractive to the very ablest men and women, not as a makeshift, but as a life career.

“In discussing a subject of such importance, it is desirable to have as large a volume of facts at first-hand as possible. We therefore take the liberty to ask you to answer these questions concerning the

teachers in the public schools in your community.”

The replies, which have been both full and numerous, have been placed in my hands, together with a summary of their results, and are the basis of the following study. Their value was not expected to consist in accuracy, but rather in showing tendencies correctly. The statistical information that can be extracted from them is of less account than the fact that we have here fresh confessions and first-hand observations and experiences from men and women actually engaged in school work; those most competent to speak on these matters, but in the existing state of things least often heard from. There is every internal indication that the reports are absolutely frank and honest. They thus constitute a valuable protocol of data for points of view no less reliable than they are new, and which are, I think, certain to command the attention of friends of education throughout the country. The investigation should prove as useful as it is opportune.

In all 1189 teachers and superintendents have answered these questions, and every State and Territory in the Union is represented except New Mexico and Oklahoma, and the replies are, on the whole, well distributed over the different parts of the Union, although they are less numerous from the Southern and the far Western States than from the middle Western and New England States.¹ In all sections, the replies appear to be, with few exceptions, from the best teachers, and most of them are from men.

To begin with the first question, which asks the number of pupils per teacher: few returns specify grades, but, averaging these where they are given, and for each return and the returns for each State, we find that Maine reports fewest (35) and Montana most (58). Aver-

not seriously affect the result of his analysis.
—EDITOR.

¹ Since these letters were placed in Dr. Hall’s hands between three and four hundred more replies have been received, but they do

aging States by sections, we find that the Middle and New England States have fewest pupils per teacher (41 each) and the far Western and Pacific States most (45). Rhode Island has most among the New England States (52). In the Middle States the extremes are Virginia and Delaware (39 each) and Pennsylvania (44). In the Southern States the extremes are Arkansas (51) and Florida (34). In the Western States the extremes are Kansas (50) and South Dakota (40); and in the far Western States, Montana (58) and Washington (34). Everywhere, of course, the number of pupils per teacher in city schools is greater than in country schools.

These numbers, despite occasional laws that permit even more, are far too large, it need not be said, for any teacher to do good work with. A crude young teacher is constrained, and embarrassed even, in the presence of so many pairs of eyes, and a large share of her energy goes to keep order. To watch the mischievous pupils during every recitation is a constant distraction from the subject in hand. The flitting of the attention from one pupil to another, even for a woman, the periphery of whose retina is more sensitive for the indirect field of vision than a man's, is a steady strain. Moreover, what knowledge can the average teacher of such a large number have of individual pupils? And how little can she do to bring out that individuality wherein lies the power of teaching, and the unfolding of which makes or mars the later career of the pupil! No wonder the complaint of machine methods in our schools is so often heard. Both attention and love were made to have an individual focus, while mass-education has limitations in exact proportion to the size of classes. Every step, therefore, toward reduction in numbers is a great gain.

Passing to the second question, as to the proportion of teachers who have changed their profession during the last ten years, it would appear that 30 per

cent of those in New England have left the profession within a decade. In the Middle States this average is 40 per cent, in the Southern States it is 50 per cent, in all the Western States it is 65 per cent, and in the far Western and Pacific States it is 60 per cent. While many women leave school to marry, the fact that Massachusetts, where the female teachers outnumber the male a little more than ten to one, shows the lowest average of change, and that Alabama, where 62 per cent are males, reports 42 per cent as having changed, indicates that where male teachers predominate they are responsible for most of the changes.

It is well known that many young men teach as a makeshift for a few years, with no thought of making teaching a life-work. They do so to pay college debts or get money to study further, or to acquire the means for entering one of the other professions. Other statistics have shown that nearly one third of the teachers in many sections of the country change their vocation every year. The fact that so small a fraction of the teachers in the public schools have had any normal or professional training shows, also, how few regard it as a life-work. Of the \$95,000,000 paid for salaries of teachers for 15,000,000 children of this country, a large proportion is thus spent upon untrained and unskilled teachers who have little interest in making their work professional. No business could ever succeed or was ever conducted on such principles, and when we reflect that the "prentice hand" is here tried upon human flesh, blood, and souls the waste in all these respects is appalling. Those who claim that teaching can be learned only by experience are in part right, but even the school of experience is wretchedly inadequate in this country. Moreover, on the whole, it is the best teachers who leave. Here we are far behind other countries. It is only when a teacher has mastered the details of government and method that good work can be done.

When we come to the answers to the question, What proportion of teachers are over thirty-five years of age? the average estimate of the Middle States, 27 per cent, is the highest, and the average of the Western States, 17 per cent, is the lowest; while the far Western States average 18 per cent, and New England and the South 21 per cent. It would be an interesting question to ask how many of this large per cent of teachers more than thirty-five years of age have remained in the vocation because they succeeded as teachers, and how many are there because they could do no better in other callings. The fact that financial depression increases the average age of teachers as well as the number of male teachers, while good times decrease both, is significant. The social position of teachers is higher in the Western than in the Middle States, so their social position cannot account for these extremes. We have been told that the young make the best teachers for children; but if so, why not reinstate the monitorial system of pupil teachers? Again, we are sometimes told that older teachers are unprogressive; but this is not true of the best, who are also often needed as a conservative element against rash innovations. Nothing is more demanded in our teaching force at present (which, as has recently been pointed out, is nine times as large as our standing army) than leadership of maturity and ability. Those who have shaped the thinking and the reading of our young teachers have been, on the whole, incompetent for this highest and most responsible function in our national life. Until very recent years we had few teachers who had personally inspected foreign systems, could read other languages than English, and were acquainted with all grades of education from kindergarten to university work. In these respects, happily, the prospects are now brightening.

Very striking are the answers to the questions touching teachers' tenure of

their positions and security from improper influences. In New England, percentages reporting improper influence are as follows by States: Maine 33 per cent, New Hampshire 9 per cent, Vermont 8 per cent, Massachusetts 17 per cent, Rhode Island none, and Connecticut 40 per cent. This evil is potent, however, for appointments rather than for removals. These bad influences are prominent in the following order: church, politics, personal favor, and whims of citizens and committees. The master of a grammar school writes strongly against the policy of placing schools in the hands of division committees. Their chairman, he says, is virtually the committee, and almost always lives in the district. The rules forbid the employment of non-resident teachers at anything but the minimum salary. He favors a wider range of choice, and thinks appointments should be made by a general committee advised by supervisor and principal. The system of annual elections is often commented on adversely.

In the Middle States, 9 per cent in New Jersey, 33 per cent in New York, 40 per cent in Delaware, and 50 per cent in Pennsylvania report improper influences. Some sad revelations appear in these returns. One teacher tells of an applicant who was "asked, not as to his qualifications, but of the number of voters in his family." Another writes that the friends of a schoolbook publishing house would "drive out any teacher who would not favor their books." The civil service regulations in New York have bettered the conditions; and a teacher who has had experience in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York says that, on the whole, New York teachers are far above the average in intelligence and professional spirit.

In some of the Southern States very evil influences are reported. In small towns in Alabama teachers are said to be both removed and appointed by favor; positions in some places are rarely held

more than two terms, and some teachers take three different schools during the year. Lessons are short. "In some counties the teachers are said to pay each member of the school board from \$2.50 to \$5 to keep their positions," and 6 per cent report improper influence, as do 30 per cent in Georgia, 70 per cent in Kentucky, 25 per cent in Maryland, 40 per cent in Mississippi, 50 per cent in South Carolina and Tennessee, 45 per cent in Texas, 20 per cent in Virginia, and 60 per cent in West Virginia. In Kentucky, where teachers are commonly elected annually, "when boards change politically, sweeping changes of teachers often follow." In Mississippi teachers are said rarely to remain in positions more than one year. In Texas one teacher reports: "If your school board are Democratic, the teachers are Democratic; if Baptists, they must be Baptists." In West Virginia it is said that requirements are neither rigid nor uniform. "Politics is the bane of the school system; then comes personal favoritism. Colored teachers are special sufferers from politics."

For the far Western States the report of improper influence is as follows: California 60 per cent, Colorado 60 per cent, North Dakota 100 per cent (only four reports), Oregon 40 per cent, Utah 60 per cent, Washington 60 per cent. In California the state law gives the teacher life tenure of office, but this law is said to be "always evaded by politicians." Good state laws are overcome by corrupt school boards. Teachers are said to be "pliant, timid, and servile," and political "pulls" are potent. One report says that teachers' boarding-places affect their security; another calls them "cranks" and "cowards." Requirements are said to be "wholly unpedagogical, absurd, and criminally careless." In Colorado it is the same old story of the political "pull." Large cities seem freer from political influence than small towns. Local teachers are preferred to outsiders, which is a bad sign. In Idaho the condition looks

bad, and personal favoritism is said to keep teachers in office. In Oregon, where tenure is uncertain and teachers are often elected annually, the main difficulty seems to be in security of tenure. In Utah one report says that positions in some places are solely dependent on political influence. In Washington a city superintendent says: "We have practically no protection from political demagogues; this unfortunate condition is appalling in our Western country." He says further that tenure of position is affected by "personal friends and their influence, and by the lack of them." "We must trade with the merchants, bank with the bankers, take treatment of the doctors, consult the lawyers, connive with the politicians, and even go to school elections and work for the successful candidate."

For the Western States, the report of improper influences by percentages is as follows: Illinois 44 per cent, Indiana 33 per cent, Iowa 40 per cent, Kansas 80 per cent, Michigan 50 per cent, Minnesota 33 per cent, Mississippi 40 per cent, Missouri 50 per cent, Nebraska 65 per cent, Nevada 100 per cent, Ohio 40 per cent, Wisconsin 40 per cent. In Illinois many complain of church influence as a growing evil, and of local preference, always a sign of politics. Tenure is said to be affected by the evil doings of book publishers and agents. Chicago, however, is "a striking instance of a large city that has succeeded in putting its public schools on a fairly sound basis. The main difficulty is getting rid of poor teachers, although the rank and file seem more cultivated than the supervisors." In Iowa standards are low, home teachers are preferred, and few teachers remain more than a year in a place. In Michigan tenure of office is becoming more secure and legislation better, and smaller towns seem more free from political influence than large cities. It is reported from one of the large central Western cities that a member of the school board could not read or write.

In Nebraska church relations are said to affect tenure more than politics. In Minnesota the religious "pull" is reported more potent than the political, and preference for local teachers appears. In Ohio it is said that, owing to constant change in the teaching force, the teacher is "not recognized as a factor in social or political life. He is deprived of the privilege of free speech on all subjects, but especially on the one subject that concerns him most, namely, reforms in teaching. The people who should be the leaders in educational thought do not call their souls their own. They catch their breath in quick starts when they see a power over them wielding the club of dismissal." From Wisconsin it is reported, as one reason why teachers are not highly esteemed, that they "are often too much interested in commercial transactions of publishing houses." Another report says that the greatest drawback to teaching in the West is the impossibility of becoming an integral part of the community in which one lives. "Unless the teacher is a flatterer and keeps quiet on all political questions, he loses his position." "In some communities teachers are hired by the day or week."

From such answers it is impossible to resist the conclusion that civil service reform is greatly needed for teachers. As long as merit does not win there is little encouragement for teachers to make any kind of special preparation, or for communities to support normal and training schools. A teacher, however well fitted for the work, is hampered if there is any anxiety concerning his tenure of position, and any system in which merit does not lead to both permanence and promotion is bad, and certain to grow worse. Tenure by personal favor is even more corrupting than tenure by political or religious influences. Teachers ought to be, both by ability and by position, moral forces in the community, and their opinion ought to be best and final concern-

ing textbooks and school supplies; and yet, touching the latter, not only teachers, but superintendents evade their responsibilities. For myself, I wish to say that, after many years of acquaintance with school work in this country, I consider the present modes of introducing textbooks and other supplies as among the most degrading influences in the work of American public schools. Under existing conditions, vast as is the difference between good and poor books, the former would have exceeding small chance of success if not pushed by unworthy and now very expensive methods which are paid for by enhanced prices for books.

The answers relating to salaries show a great preponderance of opinion that these are insufficient. Sometimes exception is made in the case of poor teachers or of certain grades, but in most cases the opinion and even the language is emphatic that an increase in salaries would help the service. A Maine report says: "The great trouble is that our best teachers leave for better salaries almost as soon as they have learned their work." A Vermont teacher fears that any increase would bring a reaction against the schools on the ground of over-taxation, and so cripple them. Another adds that "higher salaries must go hand in hand with higher professional requirements; otherwise an increase of salaries would attract a large number of persons of inferior qualifications."

In Massachusetts only 9 per cent consider higher salaries inadvisable. One woman touchingly thinks a real lover of the work will be uninfluenced by such considerations. A Boston principal says: "Most masters take a pride in their profession, and I know a few instances of their refusing higher salaries in different businesses." An academy teacher says: "Higher salaries will make it possible to get men where women now hold, and to secure better men as superintendents and principals of the high school. Women are better than men, except in these

two places." One man says: "Salaries ought not to be uniform. Every teacher ought to be paid what he is worth. This is possible only when the pay-roll is not made public. This is done in a few cities; Hartford, Connecticut, for example."

In all parts of the country the vote is overwhelmingly in favor of more pay. This opinion is most nearly unanimous in the Southern States, where salaries are lowest, but it is also strong where salaries are highest. A Pennsylvania teacher says: "There is small pay and there is little gratitude for public school teachers. In an adjoining town one of the occupants of the poorhouse is a man who had devoted a long life to teaching in the public schools of that county. Now old and infirm, he finds himself, through no fault of his, an object of charity." Poor pay is both a cause and a result of lack of appreciation. In many localities salaries have been reduced. In most places and in most grades they are reported as stationary, while Wisconsin and New Jersey are the only States in which a general increase is reported. On the whole, I am impressed with the opinion of a Massachusetts teacher, who says: "Better schoolhouses, better equipments, better superintendents, and more general freedom and responsibility have done more than an increase of salary to improve the schools."

Mr. Hewes¹ has shown that the average salary of the American teacher, counting fifty-two weeks to the year, is \$5.67 per week for such male teachers as remain in the ranks, and \$4.67 for female teachers. "As a partial index of the disposition of our population to our public school system" this is not reassuring. The highest average salary, according to the Report of the Commissioner of Education, is \$1181 per year in Massachusetts, and the lowest \$213 per year in North Carolina. "The average pay of teachers in our public schools

furnishes them with the sum of \$5 a week for all their expenses." In 1885 salaries were higher than they are now, but in 1889 the average salaries of American teachers were lower, so that, on the whole, we are just now improving. The \$95,000,000 spent in this country for teachers in the public schools every year must be divided among 368,000 teachers, — more than twice as many as in any other country of the world.

Although these figures take no account of the fact that many rural teachers are engaged in other vocations a large part of the year, they are appalling enough. And the reason for the displacement of male by female teachers, until in many parts of the country the former seem doomed to extinction, is apparent. At present, the American school system as a whole owes its high quality in no small measure to the noble character, enthusiasm, and devotion of women who make teaching not only a means of livelihood, but in addition thereto a mission service of love for their work and for children. To increase this love is to increase the best part of their services, and to diminish it is to degrade it to mere drudgery and routine. As the culture of women gradually rises, it becomes more and more evident how unjust have been the discriminations against them in this field, where in higher and higher grades of school work their services are becoming no less valuable than men's.

The question concerning rigid and uniform requirements and normal certificates evokes very diverse answers. In Maine they are reported as rigid in only a few cases. In New Hampshire one report says: "We need a state system of examining and licensing teachers. A large proportion in all district schools are young girls, sixteen to twenty years of age, utterly untrained. Some of them have natural tact sufficient to carry them through, but the majority fail, and accept the first offer of marriage." A superin-

¹ In a series of papers on the Public Schools which appeared recently in Harper's Weekly.

tendent says that Boston and the towns about it take his best teachers, as the salaries he can pay will not hold them. In Vermont a report says: "We have practically no supervision. The town superintendents are not paid enough to enable them to devote their time and thought to the work." In Massachusetts 45 per cent report requirements as rigid and uniform, and normal school or college training as required. Normal school or college graduates are often preferred in other cases, but rarely insisted upon. A few years of successful experience are sometimes regarded as equivalent to a certificate. One principal favors giving teachers special subjects, and disregarding grades. One superintendent says: "Nearly all our new teachers are directly from the normal schools. If they are efficient at the end of one or two years, they leave for positions paying higher salaries; if not efficient, they are not retained." One teacher says: "Efficiency of schools is destroyed by the fear or inability of authorities to remove weak, popular teachers." A city superintendent says: "We get our teachers from any place in the country. This gives us a wide choice." And he adds: "It is senseless to let committeemen elect teachers. The superintendent should appoint them." He deplores that so much power is in the hands of local boards "whose members know nothing of educational theory, history, or practice." In Rhode Island about half the correspondents report normal school or college training as required. In one city a yearly examination is held. "Candidates are required to obtain 70 per cent, to have their names placed on the substitute list. After assisting three or four times, these substitutes are given regular positions." A Connecticut principal says: "The situation is peculiar in Connecticut. The district committee engages teachers, and the town committee examines them. This examination does not amount to much. The district commit-

tees, however, generally expect teachers with normal school training." Another says: "Too many young people without proper scholarship enter our normal schools. None but graduates of high schools should be admitted. Teachers ought to be retired and pensioned after a certain number of years of service." Another says: "We have annual election of teachers: this is wrong, after a teacher has succeeded one or two years." In New England, as a whole, about 42 per cent report normal school or college training as required. Vermont is said to have a state law requiring teachers to have such training. But it is as effective as the rules and regulations of the Boston public schools, which are said to require fifty-six pupils to a teacher.

Leaving New England and passing to the Middle States, we find New Jersey reporting requirements as generally uniform, and certificates as invariable. But its one normal school supplies only a small part of the teachers. In New York complaint is made that the normal school turns out too many theoretical teachers, and that it takes some years to make them effective. The system of annual elections is to be abandoned in the State, and the primary departments are weakest. In Delaware there is a rigid state law, and the indications from uniform state examinations are hopeful. In Pennsylvania requirements seem generally uniform, but not rigid, while lack of popular sentiment soon robs teachers of ambition or courage. Alabama and Georgia report no rigid requirements or examinations, and no good state law. Louisiana is no better. In South Carolina the teachers' standard of scholarship is low, and few hold first-rate certificates. Tennessee has annual examinations, but lacks uniformity, and a county certificate is all that is required. Both the Virginias lack rigidity and uniformity.

In the far West a state law (in California) gives a life tenure, and requires equal pay for men and women, but the condi-

tion of life tenure is said to be very commonly evaded. In Colorado only larger towns are improving under state statutes. In Oregon requirements are loose, teachers are often elected annually, and normal certificates are not required. Utah lacks uniformity; so does Washington, where the principal of a city high school says: "The greatest curse of the public school of any State is the laws pertaining to the normal schools. Most of these are conducted by little politicians, and they in one or two short years train boys and girls fresh from farm and high school into teachers licensed to teach forever. The raw, untrained, normal school graduate has more recognition before the law than would a W. D. Whitney. The country school and teacher are here, as they are everywhere, indescribable. The teacher is not paid sufficient to dress well. He is not required to know much, nor does he often pass beyond his requirements. The average district board member is sure to have some niece, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, 'who would make a right smart teacher,' or who would be able to 'learn 'em all that their paps and mams know'd.'" However, here and there, in town, city, and country, are found individuals who could not fail in their work. They are pouring their life freely and fully into their profession.

In the mid-Western States it appears that normal school graduates are not generally successful. In Illinois good men for principals are very scarce, and it is often said that superintendencies and school boards should not be political offices. In Indiana it seems that while the superintendents are often narrow, ignorant, and corrupt men, even the good ones labor under great difficulties in trying to raise the standard of an uninterested and unenthusiastic body of teachers. The rank and file seem to care little for their professional status. They complain bitterly of personal injustice, but they hardly breathe the proper spirit. Requirements are not rigid or uniform,

and county certificates are enough. In Iowa, where county superintendents are the most important school officers, they depend on politics for their position. Standards are neither uniform nor rigid. In Kansas requirements are rarely uniform outside of cities, and ignorant boards stand in the way of good work. The Kansas system, on the whole, seems poor. In Michigan want of rigid and uniform requirements is the main difficulty, although state legislation is improving. Missouri lacks state requirements, and there is more criticism of normal school graduates. In Nebraska requirements are flexible, and the superintendency is a political office. In Minnesota, as in other States where the normal school abounds, there is much theoretical work, but requirements are uniform and rigid.

The topics of this question present peculiar difficulties. Uniformity of requirements in widely different localities, and especially between city and country schools, is almost unattainable, and certainly is not found in the best countries in Europe. The ability of classes in different localities varies, and the supply of teachers is still more inconstant. The same is true of rigidity. Even German universities raise and lower professional standards according to the supply and demand. It must be admitted, too, that normal schools have often but crude material to deal with, and have lapsed into formal and theoretical ways in many places. These ways are now one of the worst features of education in this country. No system of certification can equal professional training. But, despite this, these are the ideals toward which legislation should strive; and in this country, at least, nearly all the steps toward centralization have been marks of progress; although in France this had been so extreme that the reverse is now true. The happy mean will unite the benefits of a large comparative view and the stimulus of local

pride. Here again, as at so many points, the incompetency of local boards is the chief hindrance. Even comparison of the schools of a city like Springfield, Massachusetts, which elects its school board on a ticket at large, with those of other cities of the same class in New England tells the story. The former method secures the services of men known throughout the city; the latter, of men known in their own wards.

The inquiry about promotions brings to view perhaps the greatest diversity of opinion and practice. Adjacent schools in the same city often announce opposite principles. The most frequent promotion is from sub-mastership to mastership; less often do promotions occur from grammar to high school grades. The general opinion is that all grades of grammar teachers should have the same pay. Most teachers prefer to work in the grade to which they are accustomed, and many say that nature fits each teacher to some particular grade where she succeeds, but she would fail if advanced. Many a good primary teacher is spoiled if transferred to upper grades. The same democratic spirit that lets a superior teacher go to a large town for a small advance, rather than break the dead level of the pay scale, favors absolute equality as between grades. Often where the method of certification puts teachers whose examinations rank lowest in the low grades, they are content to remain there unless a higher certificate improves materially their tenure or pay. How different this principle from that of the German Professor Rein, who would have teachers begin with the lower primary, and go up through all grades with the same class, for the sake of the better knowledge of individuality thus secured! But very few favor the plan of encouraging special teachers to teach the same subjects in all grades. As this is a matter to which I have given some thought, I will express the opinion that the best plan is for class teachers for lower grades

to go up two or even four years with the same class; and for higher grades, that the class teacher's functions should gradually yield to those of the special teacher.

The last question of all, asking for general remarks, has evoked a vast and miscellaneous but very interesting body of suggestions, facts, and criticisms. A Maine man wants a rule forbidding teachers to do outside work for pay. A Boston man says that not one in a hundred of the male teachers in that city is a Boston boy. In Brookline (Massachusetts), Detroit, and elsewhere, education societies, mothers' clubs, and the like are organized with the distinct aim of bringing parents and teachers together, and excellent results are reported. In Brookline there is but one session a day in all schools. This gives the afternoon for rest, recreation, and successful teachers' meetings. A Connecticut principal, who had held his place for thirty years, and failed of reelection by the school committee last June, was chosen at a special election by a large majority of the citizens. A Minnesota superintendent urges that child study is a bad influence, as it has become a fad. Many complain of the low social status of the teacher, and in some places it is said to be impossible for teachers to find board in pleasant families. Another insists that eighth-grade pupils might just as well be two years younger. A West Virginia teacher reports that getting in debt to school officers is a good way of insuring a position on the teachers' staff, so that the debtor may be in a position to pay. And two teachers hint at dreadful evils they might detail, growing out of personal favor and patronage.

As a whole, these returns certainly give a new point of view. Some of the questions are directly intended to bring out defects rather than merits, but the names of these 1189 teachers and superintendents, many of whom are of the very highest standing, offer conclusive evidence, even if the spirit of the reports

did not sufficiently evince the fact, that there is almost no attempt at sensationalism, gossip, or expressions of personal disaffection. The evils are very real, grave, and widespread; whether a trifle more or less so than these rough estimates make out is of small account. They stand out in gloomy contrast with the glorification of the perfections of our system commonly heard in teachers' meetings, and by many thought necessary to insure a continuation of school appropriations. The two general impressions left on my own mind from a careful reading of the reports, here so inadequately condensed, may be summarized as follows:—

(1.) Nowhere has there ever been, to my knowledge, so clear and forceful a presentation of the evils of subjecting schools to political officers who are nearly lowest in the scale of political preference. It is worst of all when not only city and state superintendents, but even normal school principals must look to politics for a continuance in office. As long as this lasts appointment cannot be wisely made, tenure is not by merit, and the value to the community of every dollar of school money is greatly depreciated. The moral influence of such a system is wholly bad not only upon the community, but on every part of school work and on every person connected with it. It hurts the pupils most of all. The difference between a good and a fairly good teacher, to say nothing of a bad one, is incalculable, but, like all things of the soul, inappreciable to the general public. There are schools in my city, and other cities in my State, where I should prefer two years of schooling for a child of mine to four years in another school where the public makes little or no discrimination. The reforms needed, in my judgment, are, that the power of appointment and also of removal be given into competent and responsible hands; that school boards be elected on tickets at large; that with advancement up the

grades should go increase of pay, permanence, and dignity, but that good teachers in all grades should be paid more than poor teachers in any grade; that there be a great but gradual increase of special teaching as pupils pass up the grades; that the selection of textbooks be placed in expert and uncorruptible hands; and finally, that the functions of formal examinations be greatly reduced.

(2.) The question is very often suggested by these returns, whether the many graduates of normal schools are of such value to the public school system as teachers as the advocates of these schools claim. It is time this question were discussed, and nowhere is it more urgent than in Massachusetts, where four new normal schools are liable to give to existing traditions and practices a momentum they little deserve. Most of our American normal schools, not however without a good number of exceptions, have become institutions where form is exalted above substance, and often to the lasting detriment of the latter. If a teacher has and loves knowledge, and has a strong and quick feeling for childhood, a few simple and easily taught rules, devices, and a few dozen lessons each on the history of education and the human soul, are enough for the rank and file. It is so fatally easy to let method glide into the place of matter, to make intricate what God made plain, to make hard and formal what nature reveals at once to tact and to the native insight of childhood by judicious hints, that it is perhaps not strange that normal school work tends, as by an iron and universal law, to degenerate. Here is the source of most of the internal evils; low politics is responsible for most of those that are external. No part of our entire educational system so needs regeneration as the normal schools. The first step in the reform of these evils would be a commission of the right kind of experts, familiar with systems in other lands, to investigate and report. This should certainly

be done in Massachusetts before the state board appoints principals and allows courses to be shaped for the four new normal schools. It would be wasting a great opportunity not to inaugurate a new dispensation with these new institutions. I suggest that the governor appoint such a commission without delay, before it is too late. This step would be strongly opposed by most of the existing normal schools, but I believe it would be heartily approved by most other friends of education in the State. If such a commission were rightly selected and its report were adopted, it would mark an epoch in the history of public education in the State.

On the whole, many and crying as are these evils, and glaringly as they refute the Dr. Pangloss optimism and spread-eagleism so common in this country where teachers forgather, for one I am not discouraged, but would rather bid teachers hope. If a corresponding inquiry into the *best* points of our schools and teachers were made, and the results were massed

as these have been, the picture would be very bright. Somewhere in this great country, one feature here, another there, almost every reform in education has been successfully begun. Slowly from these vital points the leaven will pervade the lump. If I were to sum up all our needs into one great need, it would be that of sane and well-trained leaders. As a whole, American teachers are sheep without a shepherd, sadly lacking, but readily — often too readily — accepting intellectual guidance. They are often sorely confused between conflicting authorities; a little too eager for novelties, a little too prone to say, *Lo here, lo there*; responding heartily to every genuine enthusiasm and interest in their work, but as yet without any settled method, philosophy, or consensus of any kind; awaiting half unconsciously some clear dispensation of pedagogic art and science. That its star is already above the horizon, and is visible to all who love and know childhood aright, I believe with all my soul.

G. Stanley Hall.

A CHAPTER IN HUGUENOT HISTORY.

THE great religious movements of the past have a peculiar fascination for all readers of history. Like Hamlet and Faust, they have something in them to meet the demands of every mood. Nowhere else in history do we find such a curious interplay of human interests and passions. Religion and its multitudinous perversions have, like love, the power of drawing out the worst as well as the best in mankind. In the history of religious dissension, from the crusade against the strangely confused enlightenment of southern France in the thirteenth century to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, many of the actors stand out as exponents of cardinal virtues and

vices, not unlike Don Quixote, Macbeth, or L'Avare. Religion has proved a most elastic term, and its heroes form a motley collection: St. Louis, Jerome of Prague, Waldstein, Joan of Arc, Alexander VI., Savonarola, Louvois, Servetus, Richelieu, Æneas Sylvius, Ulrich von Hutten, Madame de Maintenon, Torquemada, Henry VIII., — a list where the contrasts are of too obvious a nature to require comment. History has shown that men may revolt from the established church because they come to differ from the majority upon more or less subtle matters of faith, or because they are losing money, or — more rarely, indeed — because they are tired of their wives.

The financial motive has been much neglected by historians. But Luther does not hesitate to invoke it, and to arouse the German nobility by the taunt that the Romans commonly held the drunken Germans to be too "dead-stupid" to know when they were being swindled. In short, in so-called religious history we find all gradations from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the solemn tragedies of Huss and Savonarola to the effort of the French government under Louis XIV. to save Huguenot souls at a specified number of livres each. The story of Protestantism in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is in no way wanting in the peculiar interest attaching to great religious struggles, and Professor Baird can therefore rely upon the indulgence of the public in presenting the theme he has chosen.¹

It is unfortunate, however, that our author should have deemed it best to devote over half of his first volume to the dreary period of Huguenot history intervening between the death of Henry IV. and the fall of La Rochelle. Nowhere could the work have been condensed better than here. The important events and issues were susceptible of being treated in half the space, with great advantage to the reader's patience.

Among the lesser trials of the Huguenots during the period of toleration was their official designation as adherents of *la religion prétendu réformée*, a term employed in the Edict of Nantes itself. Professor Baird, strangely enough, seems to be under a misapprehension respecting this title, since he consistently employs the English word "pretended" as an equivalent for *prétendu*, and lays stress upon the "insulting" character of the epithet. But *prétendre* cannot commonly, if ever, be rendered by "pretend." It means to assert, claim, or allege, and carries with it no suggestion of deception

or bad faith. It is not likely that Henry intended to insult his late co-religionists. The expression was a natural, almost an inevitable one to apply to a really small fraction of the French nation, who by assuming the title of "reformed" asserted a preëminence over the great mass of Christian believers.

While the Huguenots had much to suffer during the earlier years of the reign of Louis XIII., a time of comparative quiet followed after the jealousy of Richelieu had been allayed by the fall of La Rochelle. The fortifications of the strong places assigned to the Protestants as "a retreat in case of oppression contrary to his Majesty's will" had been demolished after the last unsuccessful revolt, and the Calvinists no longer retained the powers of resistance granted them by the Edict of Nantes. This state of inoffensiveness and the absorbing foreign policy of the Thirty Years' War resulted in the Protestants being left to their own devices. The period of about thirty years following the destruction of the military power of the Huguenots was probably the season of their greatest material prosperity. Deprived of their former political and military importance, they turned to manufacture and trade, forming the most intelligent and energetic class of the French nation. Their numbers have been generally much exaggerated. It would appear that in the early part of the seventeenth century, of the fifteen million Frenchmen, a million, or somewhat more, were Huguenots. They thus constituted but a little over one fifteenth of the people, and were of course very unequally distributed throughout the provinces.

"In the membership of the Huguenot churches all ranks of society were represented. Persecution, however, had sifted out many of those who, in the initial stages of the history of the Reformation,

¹ *The Huguenots and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.* By HENRY M. BAIRD, Professor in the University of the City of New

York. In two volumes, with maps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

attached themselves to it from interested motives, — both the ambitious nobles who sought support in political contentions, and that restless and unruly class whom contemporaries styled ‘atheists and Epicureans,’ leaders in insubordination and iconoclastic exploits. Yet if the lower populace was not now strongly Protestant, the Protestant nobles and gentry were still considerable in numbers and in influence. Many a church was composed almost exclusively of the best families of the region. . . . But in the large towns and cities the strength of the ‘pretended Reformed religion’ lay in the great middle classes. Trade, foreign and domestic, banking, manufactures, came more and more to fall into the hands of the Huguenots. Excluded, as time passed on, from hope of preferment in the various departments of the royal service, they pressed into those callings in which men of all creeds meet substantially as equals. Later in the century, a Venetian ambassador, Girolamo Venier, in a report to his government, asserted that at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes the Huguenot merchants transacted two thirds of the business of the country. This was, doubtless, a gross exaggeration even then. However this may be, there were many places where, as at Di ppe, the Roman Catholic merchants were few in number and of little wealth as compared with their Protestant townsmen.” When the proverb “Rich as a Huguenot” became current Professor Baird professes himself unable to say. It is curious to note, in view of this estimate of the Venetian ambassador, that a marked jealousy of Protestant political leaders has shown itself in France under the Third Republic.

The truce could not endure for long. The periodic assemblies of the Church of France offered opportunities for abusing the Protestants, and for the formulation of appeals to the king urging the suppression of heresy. Both the government and the courts regarded the

Huguenots with dislike and suspicion. The presumption was, naturally, always against the Protestant. The Edict of Nantes was not, as a prominent jurist explained, to be construed *gracieusement*, but strictly according to the letter, since Protestantism was only tolerated out of the goodness of the king’s heart. Louis XIV. had scarcely assumed control of the government before matters changed much for the worse. The perpetual nagging and injustice which the Protestants suffered at all times began to take a more serious form. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not an abrupt or isolated act, but the culmination of a process of repression which, it was asserted, had been so successful as to render the edict no longer necessary.

The Huguenots had always been carefully limited as to their places of worship. Upon one pretense or another, the interdiction or demolition of nearly six hundred of their “temples” was sanctioned between 1660 and 1684. The worshipers were forced to resort to the churches which still remained, even if these were at great distance from their homes, and in spite of the insecurity of the roads. We are told that it was not rare to see ten or twelve thousand at a single service. Besides the constant unfair interpretation of the edict (and there are secret orders preserved, addressed to the judges, requiring them to withhold justice in the case of the Protestants), two decrees preceding the final revocation may be taken as sufficiently characteristic of the tendencies. The first, a subtly conceived bit of legislation, related to Protestants who, in the hope of having a share in the sums distributed to the newly converted or for other reasons, had embraced Catholicism only to relapse soon after into heresy. Such unstable sons of the Church seem not to have been negligible factors in the situation. It was therefore decreed in 1679 that after the names of such apostates had been once announced to the

ministers and consistories of the Protestant churches, should any such persons be admitted to divine worship, the consistory of the church in question was to be suppressed, and the minister deprived of the right to officiate. It was obviously open to any ill-disposed individual, by entering a large assembly where he could easily escape notice, to deprive a whole community of its services by simply asserting, under oath, that he had, since his conversion to Catholicism, been present at a Protestant service. This appears to have been exactly the way in which the law worked, and it excellently illustrates what the Huguenots suffered from the application of laws which seem at first thought neither harsh nor unjust.

A better known and much more shocking antecedent of the revocation was the decree of 1681, authorizing children to renounce Protestantism and embrace Roman Catholicism upon reaching the age of seven. This meant that if a child could be induced, by the offer of a toy or a bonbon, to say, for example, the words "Ave Maria," it was sufficient to indicate in the sight of the law a hopeful subject for conversion, if not an actual convert. The child was not permitted to retract its words, and could be abducted from its parents and placed in one of the institutions designed for this class of youthful converts. This miserable business is best understood from a document of pathetic simplicity, a list of the Huguenots of Alençon, drawn up by order of the government, upon which a later, doubtless clerical hand has jotted down the sentence for each family, indicating the children who were to be taken from their parents and placed in Catholic institutions. This Professor Baird reproduces as follows: "Thus Martha Boullay, a widow living in the Grande Rue, has three children: Jean aged six years, Anne Marie aged five, and Joseph aged six months. '*Take Jean and Anne Marie.*' A man of more importance, Jean le Conte, and his wife have but one little

girl, Anne, 'four years old and weakly.' '*Take Anne if she is in condition.*' Pierre Thifaine and his wife have three children: Ivan, a boy of three; Louise, a girl of eight; and Marie, a girl of five. '*Take Louise and Marie.*' . . . With regard to the little family of the widow Anne Ardesoif, consisting of four children, whose ages unfortunately run from four to twelve years, '*all are to be taken.*'" The dragonnades themselves can hardly be ranked with this measure as a source of domestic misery.

The fact that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was but part and parcel of the public policy pursued in France during the preceding quarter of a century serves in a measure to explain the favorable attitude of liberal-minded Catholics towards the measure. Madame de Sévigné wrote to her cousin: "You have doubtless seen the edict by which the king revoked the Edict of Nantes. Nothing is so beautiful as all that it contains, and never has any king done, none will ever do, anything more memorable." Mademoiselle de Scudéry declares the king's act to be "a Christian and royal work." The king was applauded by the French Academy, which found a spokesman in the mild-mannered La Fontaine. This attitude towards what seems to us so notoriously gross and ill advised a breach of good faith is nevertheless perfectly explicable. It was due to a fatal misapprehension as to the success of the king's persevering efforts to convert his Protestant subjects. The statement was so often made as finally to be generally believed, that only an insignificant and seditious remnant survived of the once influential body of Protestants. It seemed justifiable now to proclaim that the longed-for unity in belief was once more established in France, after a century and a half of discord. The better heretics had seen the error of their ways, and the opprobrious Edict of Nantes, which in the eyes of the nation at large was a recognition of

the most hateful of national weaknesses, religious schism, was joyfully done away with, as no longer necessary. This view was carefully inculcated by the Church. The Protestant religion, it was claimed, no longer had the support of an intellectual and powerful element of French society, but was "now despised, abased, and henceforth reduced to seeing itself abandoned by all rational persons." These results, the clergy asserted, had been accomplished "without violence, without arms," nor so much by the force of the king's edicts as by his "exemplary piety." The Archbishop of Rouen congratulated Louis upon first gaining the hearts of the heretics, and suggested that perhaps they might never have returned to the bosom of the Church in any other way than "by the path strewn with flowers," opened to them by the king. This was doubtless very generally believed; and in spite of the anxiety which the emigration of the Huguenots caused the more thoughtful men connected with the administration, the revocation must have appealed to most Frenchmen as it did to Madame de Sévigné, — as nothing less than *la plus grande et la plus belle chose qui ait été imaginée et exécutée*. This view was supported by the absence of any attempt upon the part of the Huguenots to resort to arms before the circumscribed if persistent revolt of the Camisards in 1702. Yet Saint-Simon, in one of his bits of penetrating comment, views the matter in much the light in which the modern historian leads us to see it.

Professor Baird devotes over two hundred pages to the episode of the Camisards. He can scarcely hope to hold the interest of the average reader in so detailed a treatment of this local revolt. The reader cannot be severely reprehended if he finds more to the point the account Mr. Stevenson has given us of this matter in recounting his travels with patient Modestine. In no way un-

self-restraint, of religious vagary and heroic martyrdom, this insurrection furnishes an instance of the difficulty governments have always had in coping with such intensive revolts. It shows clearly, moreover, what a change Protestant influence had undergone in France since the wars of religion when a Protestant gentleman bid fair to gain such an ascendancy over the mind of the king himself as to arouse the blind jealousy of the queen mother.

Professor Baird's chapters upon the Desert and the final recognition of the rights of Protestantism by the edict of toleration issued in 1787 form a valuable account of a neglected phase in the history of the eighteenth century. The laws relating to the Protestants were codified in the royal declaration of 1824. It was not new legislation, but a repetition of the old with a view to more complete execution. It thus furnishes a means of reviewing the legal status of the French Protestant. "On only one point," Professor Baird observes, "did a feeling of shame compel a slight alleviation. While reenacting the pains against the person and memory of those who died as relapsed persons, the infliction upon the corpses of Huguenots of that inhuman treatment which had raised the indignation of civilized Europe was purposely omitted. . . . But no more mercy was shown than heretofore to the living. Death remained the penalty for the Huguenot preacher. Indeed, the clause was added that this penalty should not hereafter be regarded as *comminatory*; that is, a penalty that might be inflicted or not at the discretion of the judges. The minister or preacher that fell into their hands must be sent to the gallows." The baptisms and marriages performed by Protestant ministers "in the desert," as the secret conventicles were picturesquely called, had of course no validity in the eyes of the law, and evidence based upon such ceremonies served only to convict the one urging it of unlawful attendance

at forbidden assemblies. The legal registration of births and marriages was inextricably confused with the most sacred rites of the Catholic Church, and the Protestant who refused to conform knew that his marriage was but concubinage in the eye of the law, and his children bastards with no rights of inheritance. The last execution of a Protestant preacher took place in 1762. In November, 1787, the civil status of non-Catholics was at last recognized.

Professor Baird's work indicates upon every page scholarly erudition and untiring industry. He has utilized much new, or at least comparatively unknown material, although he has very properly availed himself of the guidance of the careful Huguenot historian, Benoist, who completed a voluminous history of the revocation of the edict shortly after that event. While in no way bigoted, Professor Baird writes from a distinctly Protestant standpoint. He takes no pains to explain why the French government pursued so perverted a policy. He exhibits none of the scientific sympathy with the oppressor which is after all essential to the best historical work.

With all their stalwart virtues, the reader will surely agree that the volumes are sadly long. Our author fails conspicuously to stimulate his readers. And yet, with the mass of seductive reading bidding for its attention, the public becomes more impatient every day, and less inclined to supply by an honest effort to be interested what the historian has failed to furnish by a vivacious and philosophical handling of his subject. It is generally supposed that with the Florentine historians, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and the rest, the old form of chronicles was replaced by more intelligent treatments of the past. Doubtless this is, in a way, very true, but as in the matter of superstition and intolerance, in forecasting the weather by the tilt of the moon, if not our fortunes by the stars, we can trace plenty of survivals of mediæval in-

tellectual frailty, so in historical writing even nowadays we often find little more grasp of the facts and little more historical insight than in the *Annals* of Laurence of Monstrelet.

There are indications that those who write history feel the necessity of a change. Whether the new history be institutional, economic, or genetic, it is at least pretty well assured that the public will no longer patiently pass the winter evenings in its chimney corner, taking up volume after volume of the once classical narrative histories of the past. Bancroft and Thiers are still sold, but it may be doubted if they are often read. Every writer must needs be an impressionist in a measure. He must have an aim and calculate his effects. Much in Prescott's works is as out of date as Hans Memling's *Seven Joys of Mary*. Too much attention to the petals of the daisies and the embroidered facings of the tunics has frustrated the artist's aim. Perhaps the details of ceremonial connected with the abdication of Charles V. or the individual deeds of the valorous Camisards do but blur rather than clarify our historical conceptions. And then there are the grievous omissions, — essentials crowded out by non-essentials. A legend still passes current that the Renaissance began with the fall of Constantinople; for who can learn anything of Petrarch and his rôle in our histories? Endless illustrations could be given of common misapprehensions of no less magnitude. There are, as every student knows, undreamed-of possibilities in writing European history. From this standpoint Professor Baird's book is lamentably deficient. His style is, moreover, unfortunately wanting in those qualities which make the mere story a joy. It is therefore to be regretted that he did not content himself with an account in a single volume, which would have sufficed amply to give both the student and the general reader all that was of real importance.

MATTHEW ARNOLD IN HIS LETTERS.

WE are not to have an authoritative Life of Matthew Arnold, and it cannot be said that we need one, after we have been let into the history of his mind through his published writings, and of his heart through his letters.¹ The facts of his outward life are quickly summarized. Born Christmas Eve, 1822, the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, shortly after to become famous as a school-master, and noteworthy as one of the religious prophets of modern England; a boy at Rugby, an Oxford student, and a fellow of Oriel; private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, then lord president of the Council; appointed to an inspectorship of schools in 1851, and married the same year, continuing for thirty-five years to hold this government office, — this is Matthew Arnold's short story. He made occasional visits to the Continent, usually in connection with his official work, and twice visited America, where he lectured, though his second visit was more especially on account of a daughter who had married an American. He died April 15, 1888, in his sixty-sixth year, leaving behind as a legacy to English literature eight volumes of essays and three of poems, besides a number of studies in educational problems, representative of his official work.

Arnold was so much in the public eye as a poet and an essayist, and the amount of his collected literary writings was so considerable, that he easily acquired from this source the reputation of an industrious man of letters, although any one who should take the trouble to divide his forty working years by his dozen volumes would not reckon the amount of writing unduly disproportionate. But when one comes to read these Letters, the vague impression that Matthew Ar-

nold held some official position in connection with English schools gives place to a recognition of the fact that school work was his vocation, essays and poems his avocation, so far as expenditure of time and the acquisition of livelihood might be taken for a basis of discrimination. Without looking too closely into the exact nature of his daily work, we may with little hesitation add Arnold to the list of those men of letters who do their literary work more effectively because of the substantial drudgery from which it is a partial escape; and it would not be an overnice inference from this double intellectual occupation that the constant dealing with educational problems inspired in Matthew Arnold much of the gospel of culture of which he was an evangelist. The close contact into which he came with the ordinary Englishmen and Englishwomen of his day through his regular tasks afforded him a very broad basis for his knowledge of the mass which he wished to leaven.

Matthew Arnold's writings taken with his daily work offer a pretty full explanation of his intellectual attitude; but the judgment which men might pass upon him from such evidence would be incomplete without the corrective or corroboration of personal acquaintance, and this the two volumes of Letters partially give to such as had not the advantage of knowing the man in his lifetime. They do not contain many adequate expressions of his opinions regarding politics, literature, education, or the men of his time, though there are offhand references to current events and persons, which have some piquancy, as when, for example, he says in a letter to M. Fontanés: "Have you seen a book by a certain Professor Henry Drummond, called

SELL. In two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

¹ *Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888.* Collected and arranged by GEORGE W. E. RUS-

Natural Law in the Spiritual World, which has had an astonishing success over here? The best public, perhaps, does not much care for it; but the second best, all the religious world, and even the more serious portion of the aristocratical world have accepted the book as a godsend, and are saying to themselves that here at last is safety and scientific shelter for the orthodox supernaturalism which seemed menaced with total defeat. I should like much to know what you think of the book, though I can hardly imagine its suiting any public but that very peculiar and indirect-thinking public which we have in England. What is certain is, that the author of the book has a genuine love of religion and a genuine religious experience; and this gives his book a certain value, though his readers, in general, imagine its value to be quite of another kind." And again, here is a bit about Tennyson: "Is it possible for one who has himself published verses to print a criticism on Tennyson in which perfect freedom shall be used? And without perfect freedom, what is a criticism worth? I do not think Tennyson a great and powerful spirit in any line,—as Goethe was in the line of modern thought, Wordsworth in that of contemplation, Byron even in that of passion; and unless a poet, especially a poet at this time of day, is that, my interest in him is only slight, and my conviction that he will not finally stand high is firm. But is it possible or proper for me to say this about Tennyson, when my saying it would inevitably be attributed to odious motives?" Now and then he puts his working convictions into felicitous, almost epigrammatic form, as when, in a letter to a workingman, he writes: "As to useful knowledge, a single line of poetry, working in the mind, may produce more thoughts and lead to more light, which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance (to take your own instance) with the processes of digestion."

Once more, in referring to an elaborate attack made on him by Fitzjames Stephen, he remarks: "My sinuous, easy, unpolemical mode of proceeding has been adopted by me, first, because I really think it the best way of proceeding if one wants to get at and keep with truth; secondly, because I am convinced only by a literary form of this kind being given to them can ideas such as mine ever gain any access in a country such as ours."

If one were to take these Letters and compare them with the formal literary work on which Arnold was engaged during the same period, one might naturally come to look upon their writer as having a somewhat frugal mind, and as not disposed to waste much thought on his correspondents; in this respect the Letters suffer in comparison with the spontaneous flow of Lowell's. But a slight analysis will show that Arnold was governed much by the relation in which he stood to his correspondent. Many of his more careful judgments are contained in his letters to M. Fontanés, and now and then other friends outside of his family received letters which had more or less of a general, public character. The greater part of the two volumes, however, is occupied with letters written to his mother, his sisters, his wife, and his daughters, and the disclosure they make is most interesting; for to these he writes with an affectionate frankness which gives one a most agreeable impression of the sweetness of his nature. His letters to his mother have an undercurrent of feeling which conveys some notion of Mrs. Arnold's fine nature as well as of the deep loyalty of the son,—a loyalty not concerned with the possibility of any misunderstanding between them. Dr. Arnold died in 1842, shortly after Matthew had left Rugby for Oxford, and Mrs. Arnold survived him about thirty years, during which time she saw her son rise to distinction chiefly through a course which seemed to lead

him away from his father's position, although in a more significant sense Matthew Arnold's attitude was not illogically connected with his father's contentions. Yet there was not silence between mother and son upon religious themes. On the contrary, the son repeatedly wrote to his mother in a vein which was neither apologetic nor protesting, but frank and genuine. There is a fine respect shown by the son, and notably an unbounded admiration for his father, and eagerness to establish a community of judgment with him.

Something of Dr. Arnold's nature reappears in Matthew's lively interest during his travels, especially in Italy. Dr. Arnold, like his son, was keenly observant, but his observation was directed rather toward historical features and indications of political society; Matthew Arnold was on the lookout for those characteristics of people which offered points of comparison with the English whom he knew so well. Both were most animated in their description of scenery, and the reader receives a very pleasant impression of Matthew Arnold's delight in flowers, for which he was all the while searching, whether in America or on the Continent. But a closer spiritual likeness may be noted in the serious view which each took of himself. The keynote of Dr. Arnold's character was his earnestness, — an earnestness which appeared to make him quite responsible for the church and the state of England. Matthew Arnold never lost sight of his mission as the apostle of culture, and though by no means deficient in humor, and not at all arrogant in private expression, he shows a calm, serious regard of the work which he is accomplishing that tempts one sometimes to smile behind his hand.

Yet the reader comes easily to form some notion of the world which Arnold wished to create; and though he may

be amused at some of the outbursts of a nature which was constantly readjusting human life on a little more delicate scale, he recognizes, if he is open-minded, the simplicity and the largeness of the ideals which Arnold sets before himself. Truth, genuineness, good taste, — the cultivation of these is not ignoble, and the fact that one may go through life in the pursuit of them with a near-sighted sort of gaze may give opportunity for good-natured raillery, but does not lessen one's respect. Nor can the student of contemporary literature and society and religious faith fail to esteem the service of a man with such ideals, who employs some of the most refined weapons of rhetoric for slaying the dull dragons that block the way. Indeed, though Arnold's modes are somewhat ill adapted to the demands of a better America, Arnold's spirit is one greatly to be desired in the discussion of the same problems of life that confront us; and after one has entertained himself with some of the amusingly characteristic expressions in these Letters, — and the American portion offers some entertaining trifles, — there remains as a deposit in one's mind the impression of a generous nature, fastidious in a high degree, yet overflowing with true affection and wearing no mask. It is a genuine service which his family and the editor of these volumes have done to literature in permitting those who knew Matthew Arnold as a critic to know him also in his simple affectionateness.

Mr. Russell has shown almost unfailing tact in his editorial supervision; his notes are pertinent and reserved. He might have been a little more accurate in some trivial matters concerning Arnold's American experience, but the only serious charge to be brought against him is the unpardonable sin of neglecting to provide an index.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane (Appletons), is a narrative of the experience of a raw youth in battle, and of the steady screwing of his courage to the point of heroism. So vivid is the picture of actual conflict that the reader comes face to face with war. He does not see its pomp, which requires a different perspective, but he feels the sickening horror of slaughter and becomes a part of the moving line of battle. The process of becoming a hero is so naturally unfolded that the reader no more than the hero himself is aware of the transformation from indecision and cowardice to bravery. This picture, so vivid as to produce almost the effect of a personal experience, is not made by any finished excellence of literary workmanship, but by the sheer power of an imaginative description. The style is as rough as it is direct. The sentences never flow; they are shot forth in sharp volleys. But the original power of the book is great enough to set a new fashion in literature. — The Red Cockade, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Harpers.) Whatever its popular success, The Red Cockade will disappoint Mr. Weyman's discriminating readers. The novel is ingeniously constructed, full of life and movement, and, we need not say, unfailingly readable, but there is no such ease and sureness of touch in indicating the spirit, the atmosphere of the time as is to be found in the author's tales of the France of the religious wars and of Henri Quatre. The highly conventional types of character which appear in the book show, so to speak, a merely conventional study of the epoch. — The Years that the Locust Hath Eaten, by Annie E. Holdsworth. (Macmillan.) It evinces an unmistakable power in the author that, notwithstanding the almost unrelieved and peculiarly irritating painfulness of her tale, it holds the reader steadily to the end. It is the story of the slow doing to death of a bright, hopeful young creature, sacrificed to the monstrous selfishness of her husband, an indolent dreamer, who talks eloquently of the great book which he has not even begun, and in the mean time allows his gently nurtured wife to be both household drudge and bread-winner. The moral

of the tale, so far as we can see, — and so strenuous a writer would probably insist that one must be found, — is that such a foolish and unequal marriage as the heroine's would inevitably lead to poverty and misery unspeakable. Society, as at present constituted, can hardly be held responsible for her sufferings. — Master Wilberforce, the Study of a Boy, by Rita. (Putnams.) The boy is an abnormally precocious infant with a passion for study, who amuses though he hardly convinces the reader; but he develops into a lad of a more usual type, and the story of his dawning love for the tempestuous girl who is his playmate and foil is prettily told. — At Tuxter's, by G. B. Burgin. (Putnams.) A cheerful and quite unrealistic tale of some dwellers in a squalid London street. So far as in him lies, the writer is a faithful follower of Dickens, but Mr. Burgin's humor is a very faint reflex of that of his master. — The Three Impostors, or The Transmutations, by Arthur Machen. Keynotes Series. (Lane, London; Roberts, Boston.) Studies in the horrible, pure and simple. Three human fiends, two pleasant-spoken men and an attractive young woman, are engaged in hounding a young man to a terrible death, and, to beguile the time thus spent, tell gruesome tales, with the properly vague psychological and occult touch and hints at the unnamable. The not inconsiderable literary and constructive skill which has gone to the making of the stories only partially veils their moral offensiveness. — Beatrice of Bayou Têche, by Alice Ilgenfritz Jones. (McClurg.) After a somewhat prolonged absence from American fiction, the white slave reappears in this tale. The book opens charmingly with the description of the child Beatrice and her home in the French quarter of New Orleans, and afterward of her introduction to the plantation on the Têche; but as the girl becomes the woman, the story, which is overcrowded with incident, grows commonplace and tediously diffuse. Though the infinitesimal drop of negro blood in the heroine's veins is not perceptible, even to a Southerner, yet it is sadly true that it might perhaps have spoiled her life in her own land. But then America is not the world, and there are various

highly civilized countries where success of every kind would await a woman possessed of dazzling beauty, a marvelous voice, extraordinary artistic ability, exceptional scholarship, phenomenal intelligence, and perfect health. Under the circumstances, a lifelong retirement to an isle in a far Eastern sea and a disuse of most of these good gifts hardly seem called for. — *Two Women and a Fool*, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. With pictures by C. D. Gibson. (Stone & Kimball.) That Guy Wharton, a successful Chicagoan artist, is a particularly weak fool probably no reader will deny. The two women, whom he first meets as "co-eds" in college, are Dorothy, a good girl, and Moira, a worthless minx, with eyes that are lustrous, tantalizing, tormenting, dreamy, and fathomless by turns, who develops into a popular burlesque actress. From the lures of this vulgar enchantress the hero quite undeservedly escapes in the last page, doubtless to bestow the remains of his battered affections on Dorothy. The sketch is smartly written, with an occasional touch of cleverness worthy of a better use. — *A Hilltop Summer*, by Alyn Yates Keith. (Lee & Shepard.) Unpretentious but well-told stories of country life. The connection between them is that which exists between the people's lives, interwoven more or less closely as they are pretty sure to be in a small New England village. The details are generally so true to life that we can forgive a tendency towards the sentimental which occasionally shows itself. The final tragedy is unexpected and unnecessary, and the blending of humor and pathos in the conversation of the grief-stricken old couple is not particularly well done.

Books of and for Children. The *Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling. Decorated by John Lockwood Kipling. (The Century Co.) "And this is the last of the Mowgli stories," one reads at the close of the book. We commend Mr. Kipling for the wise reserve he thus shows in his art, but we are glad he did not write these words in the previous volume after the death of Mowgli, and we are not sure whether or not he applies the term to all the so-called Jungle tales. Certainly literature is richer for the masterly story in this volume, *The Miracle of Purun Bhagat*, a story which will long live in the memory of those who read it. — Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of*

trations which have been added by Charles Robinson, illustrations which show a kindred fancy, and often a fine imagination. One would have hesitated about putting this most winning book into the hands of a draughtsman, but his doubts would have disappeared upon seeing the picture which serves for *The End or The Land of Nod*. One is tempted sometimes to think that Robert Louis Stevenson's eternity of praise is to come through this little book. — *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, edited by S. Baring-Gould. With illustrations by members of the Birmingham Art School, under the direction of A. J. Gaskin. (Methuen, London; Lippincott, Philadelphia.) A pretty book, with an archaic setting of border and occasional design. The effective wood-cutting is the most praiseworthy feature. (Scribners.) — *The Arabella and Araminta Stories*, by Gertrude Smith. With an Introduction by Mary E. Wilkins. Embellished with fifteen illustrative designs by Ethel Reed. (Copeland & Day.) We have had books in one syllable which were very hard reading. It was like walking on squares without stepping on the lines, to read them. This book for very young children is of a different order. It is based on the primary principle of repetition. As like unto *Arabella* as *Araminta* is, so are the doings and the reports of the doings of the two children. "Tell it over again" may be said of almost every sentence. If one can make his mind small enough in reading this book, he can get into an amusing toy world. We are curious to know how actual children of three or four will take to these stories, which are printed in very large type, for the benefit, probably, of the grandmothers who will read them aloud, for no child of the age interested could be expected to read the book to herself. "Embellishment" is a large word to apply to the puzzles in black-and-white, which are darkening, not illustrative designs. — *Children's Stories in American Literature, 1660-1860*, by Henrietta Christian Wright. (Scribners.) The lives and works of sixteen writers, from Audubon and Irving to Parkman and Holmes, are successively considered; a brief chapter devoted to our early literature serving as introduction to the book. These sketches are nearly as mechanical and as wanting in literary quality as those which used to be found in textbooks known as *Compendiums*

of English Literature, and they can hardly convey to young readers any very vivid ideas as to the personality of our greater writers. — Harper's Round Table, 1895. Harper's Young People, of which this is the sixteenth annual volume, changed its name in the spring of 1895. Its general character remains the same, but several "departments" are added, — The Camera Club, Interscholastic Sport, Stamps, Bicycling. A distinctive feature, and one which is significant of the times in which we live, is the space devoted to Interscholastic Sport. Under this heading "The Graduate" gives reports of contests in all branches of field and track athletics from all over the country, besides much sensible advice to the schoolboy athlete. The girls also come in for their share of attention in The Pudding Stick, which is conducted (or should we say wielded?) by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. — Joseph the Dreamer, by Robert Bird. (Scribners.)

Literature. Vailima Letters, being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, November, 1890 — October, 1894. In two volumes. (Stone & Kimball.) When one considers that this period covers the Samoan residence; that Mr. Colvin, five years Stevenson's senior, was his intimate friend and critic and go-between in the literary projects of these years; and that Stevenson wrote with all the freedom of his gay nature of his work, his Samoans, his thoughts on life and letters, himself even, one can guess how much there is to enjoy in these two trig volumes. The lover of Stevenson wants the trivial, for he is eager to be intimate with this most friendly of writers; and thus he will read of proofs and corrections and dealings with publishers and oily-skinned Samoans with an insatiable ardor. — Little Leaders, by William Morton Payne. (Way & Williams, Chicago.) Mr. Payne has collected from The Dial several of the thoughtful, sagacious papers on literary and educational topics which have made that journal so representative of sound criticism. There are some interesting appreciations at the close of the volume under the general heading In Memoriam, of which that on Huxley may be singled out as felicitous in its seizing upon salient points within brief compass. — In an agreeable pair of volumes M. J. Knight has brought together a Selection of Passages from Plato for English Readers,

from Jowett's translation. The aim has been to save the more distinctly dramatic and poetic elements of Plato, and thus offer an introduction to an acquaintance with his writings which might be forbidden by the formidable task of becoming familiar with his metaphysical speculations. Brief introductions and notes supply what is required for elucidation, and the reader gets a taste of the literature in a not altogether fragmentary way. (Macmillan.) — A Companion to Dante, from the German of G. A. Scartazzini, by Arthur John Butler. (Macmillan.) Access to this work of an eminent Dante scholar is a real convenience to an English student. The book belongs, indeed, not to the criticism which is literature, but to the criticism which gives apparatus. The Teutonic side is the more prominent in Scartazzini, and his book lacks entirely the fire and charm with which Carducci, for example, clothes his Dante scholarship. But it is valuable, despite a laboriousness of method which sometimes defeats its own end, for a departure from the Dante legend popularly repeated from the days of Boccaccio, and an independent and thorough investigation of real authorities. The present volume is decidedly more useful than the Handbook by Scartazzini translated by Professor Davidson in 1886; for it is more comprehensive in facts, and often less far-fetched in argument. Scartazzini retains, to be sure, his old claim that Beatrice was not Beatrice, but somebody else of a different name, because forsooth it would be immoral to suppose that Dante celebrated a married lady. But he has dropped the yet more fantastic assumption, triumphantly deduced from nothing, that "Gemma Donati was worthy not only of the love, but of the respect of Dante," and candidly confesses, after prolonged discussion, the obvious truth that concerning Dante's domestic life we know nothing at all. — Five Lectures on Shakespeare, by Bernhard Ten Brink. Translated by Julia Franklin. (Holt.) No student of Shakespeare can read this little volume without a keen regret that the writer's history of English literature should only have reached the Elizabethan age, and that these brief lectures, written for a popular audience, should be all that remains to us of a lifetime's study of the poet. We say "the poet" advisedly, for it was to Shakespeare, and not to Shakespearean literature,

that Ten Brink was primarily devoted, though of those books without end few foreign scholars could more justly estimate the relative worth or worthlessness. Though the lecturer can treat the various aspects of his subject but in outline, he writes with such rare knowledge, insight, and, we may add, sanity, that his book is eminently suggestive, and so has a value quite out of proportion to its size, in happy contrast to the effect produced by many ponderous Shakespearean tomes. The translation is usually excellent, but it is difficult to understand why the editor's introduction should have been omitted in the English version, as, under the circumstances, it might almost be called an essential part of the volume. — Two volumes — *Due Preparations for the Plague*, and *The King of Pirates, with Lives of Other Pirates and Robbers* — complete the new sixteen-volume edition of Defoe's *Romances and Narratives*, edited by George A. Aitken, and illustrated by J. B. Yeats. (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) The former of the two volumes contains also *The Apparition of Mrs. Veal*. If our modern realistic writers would give to Defoe the attention they seem to give to newspapers, they might discover something of the secret of his power to impress his narratives on the belief. It is somewhat melancholy, however, to observe the down grade on which Defoe traveled, till at last his imagination was overcrowded with thieves, strumpets, pirates, and ruffians. The edition now completed is edited with great skill and good judgment. — *Natural History of Selborne and Observations on Nature*, by Gilbert White, with the Text and New Letters of the Buckland Edition. Introduction by John Burroughs; illustrations by Clifton Johnson. In two volumes. (Appletons.) There is a special fitness in an introduction from Mr. Burroughs to this new edition of one of his favorite books. He has told us before, in *Indoor Studies*, why he likes Gilbert White's book, and has there pointed out some of the sources of its "perennial charm," but the present essay brings out characteristics of the Selborne parson which had not been touched upon before. The illustrations are almost all from photographs taken by Mr. Johnson, though the title-page would lead one to expect drawings. They show us the streets, houses, people, gardens, fields, and

woods of the Hampshire parish, with an occasional glimpse at its feathered inhabitants, apparently taken from "mounted groups." The subjects are attractive, and the photographs are well taken, and so numerous that we are sure the sun must have reproduced for us, under Mr. Johnson's direction, almost everything of interest that he shines upon in that neighborhood.

Poetry and the Drama. The *Father of the Forest*, and *Other Poems*, by William Watson. (Stone & Kimball.) Three or four longish poems, two lyrics, and three sonnets, all marked by Mr. Watson's seriousness of mind and literary attitude toward poetry. The *Tomb of Burns* is the best, because it most directly reflects Mr. Watson's distinctive excellence in the treatment of human subjects connected with the high realms of imaginative production. It is man in connection with nature that offers a theme to this poet, and thus such exalted images as Wordsworth and Burns afford inspire him most deeply. — *Macaire*, a Melodramatic Farce, by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. (Stone & Kimball.) A three-act farce ending in a tragedy, but so nonsensical throughout that Macaire's death itself seems like a light jest. It ought to be acted like lightning, and it reads as if it were written between two pipes. — *To-Day and Yesterday*, by Edward Willard Watson. (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.) — *Shadows of Yesterday*, by Charles Gifford Orwen. (Rochester, N. Y.) — *Dies Iræ*, Nine Original English Versions, by W. W. Nevin. (Putnams.) — *Undergrowth*, by George C. Bragdon. (R. J. Oliphant, Oswego, N. Y.) — *Pauline*, and *Other Poems*, by Arthur J. Stringer. (T. H. Warren, Printer, London, Ont.) — *Nicodemus*, by Grace Shaw Duff. Illustrated by Frederick C. Gordon. (Arena Publishing Co.) — *Acrisius*, *King of Argos*, and *Other Poems*, by Horace Eaton Walker. (George I. Putnam Co., Claremont, N. H.)

Biography. *Margaret Winthrop*, by Alice Morse Earle. In series *Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times*. (Scribners.) The letters between Winthrop and his wife have been drawn upon often, for they are among the most tender memorials of early Puritan life; but this is the first attempt, we think, to use them for setting forth the character of the wife toward

whom the great founder of New England showed such a lover's regard. After all, the book is quite as much a picture of New England and of John Winthrop. We suspect the subject of the sketch would have been somewhat dismayed at the notion of being treated as the occasion for a biography. Mrs. Earle's well-trained antiquarian mind leads her to lay too much stress upon the reproduction of documents in the ancient spelling. A little of this flavor goes a good way. Mrs. Earle has really gathered and used with skill pretty much all one could expect to find of the feminine aspect of early New England. — The Gillmans of Highgate, with Letters from Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated with Views and Portraits. Being a Chapter from the History of the Gillman family. By Alexander W. Gillman. (Elliot Stock, London.) The author appears to be engaged on an extensive family history, of which this volume is a fragment, but of more than genealogical interest, since inwoven with an account of this special branch are interesting memorabilia of Coleridge, hitherto unprinted notes, letters, and memoranda. The illustrations help to reconstruct Coleridge's outer life at James Gillman's house.

Nature and Travel. Vacation Rambles, by Thomas Hughes. (Macmillan.) Readers of *The Spectator* will recall the letters which for thirty years and more have appeared occasionally in that journal signed "Vacuus Viator." It was an open secret that they were by the author of *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby*, and Mr. Hughes has now collected them into a plump volume, which may be read with genuine pleasure, since the author writes with a boyish freshness which is indifferent to the parade of knowledge and full of hearty enthusiasm. The rambles recorded were in Europe and America, and amongst other places visited was the settlement in Rugby, Tennessee, in which Mr. Hughes was personally interested. A slight veil secludes most American proper names from all but those who know or know something about the persons frankly and agreeably noted. — Constantinople, by F. Marion Crawford. Illustrated by Edwin L. Weeks. (Scribners.) Readers of Paul Patoff will not need to be told that Mr. Crawford can write of Constantinople and its inhabitants

with exceeding vividness and picturesqueness. Such a description, for instance, as that of a service at Agia Sophia during the last week of Ramazán is not easily forgotten, and may be matched in this book by the word-picture of the ever-changing throng on Galata Bridge. These sketches, admirably supplemented by the illustrations of Mr. Weeks, give wonderfully lifelike glimpses of places and people in this meeting-ground of Europe and Asia. It is interesting at present to note Mr. Crawford's well-defined opinions regarding the Turk, whom he is inclined to believe in, when he can be found, and is not a Greek, Armenian, Persian, or African calling himself by that name. "He is sober, he is clean, he is honest," qualities not especially characteristic of the so-called Christian population of his city. In a few graphic touches the writer so well indicates the mixture of races and creeds in this swarm of humanity that it seems a natural sequence that it should be the most ill governed of municipalities. The publishers have united with author and artist in making this little volume attractive. — The Gold Diggings of Cape Horn, a Study of Life in Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, by John R. Spears. Illustrated. (Putnams.) This is a collection of miscellaneous information — with perhaps some misinformation? — picked up by a newspaper man on a journey to the end of the continent. The interest which this book possesses is that which naturally attaches to the novelty of the places and peoples visited, for Mr. Spears lays no claims to literary excellence, and we must confess to finding him for the most part exceedingly dull reading. The occasional coarse newspaper witticisms do not serve to enliven the narrative to any appreciable extent. The author gives us an account not so much of what he saw as of what he heard, and, in spite of the authoritative fashion in which he delivers himself, we may be pardoned for assigning it the value of all hearsay evidence. The chapters on the several tribes of Indians are the most interesting, but — we wish we could be sure it was all true. — Window and Parlor Gardening, a Guide for the Selection, Propagation, and Care of House Plants, by N. Jönsson Rose. With illustrations by the author. (Scribners.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Elicited Information. It happened once that school-teaching was thrust upon me for a short season ; and I find, in looking over some of the examination papers belonging to the pupils, that my labors were not quite without results, some of which, if unexpected or unusual, are at least suggestive.

For instance, should we understand that soap was formerly used more freely among the Italians than in these days we might be led to suppose, because a student of Roman history writes, "Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed by a stream of lather" ? And is there more than meets the eye in this statement, "When the Greeks and Romans became Christians, then they had more to quarrel about" ? Is this further announcement to be disputed, "Alexandria was one of the chief cities of iniquity" (antiquity) ?

In these days of hygienic feeding and much teaching thereof, the following *résumé* of our requirements is gratifying for its simplicity and comprehensiveness : "The three necessary sorts of food are carbonaceous, nitrogenous, and nutritious." It is reassuring to be told by the same student that "a tooth is so set in the jaw that they are not apt to come out ;" and according to one's physical condition is the impression produced by reading that "the organs and tissues of the body are continually changing ; those which are present one moment are gone the next" !

To persons who have forgotten the "words of the book" it may be a little bewildering to read that "a hair under the microscope looks like the roof of a house." Perhaps the simile would have suggested itself only in a town of shingled roofs. We find among other beneficent provisions of nature that "the oil-glands are of great use to us : they oil the skin and hair, and keep water out." So the phrase "wet to the skin" acquires new meaning, while "wet through" is destined to become obsolete, since science shows it to be an impossible condition. I am sure that only in a reposeful New England town could be written, "The arm is *sometimes* used in carrying things and to hit with;" and as an afterthought, or with a sort

of Western "keep-the-change" prodigality, is added, "There are two arms, and the leg is something like it."

On an American history paper I find that "Molly Pitcher's husband was wounded, and she went to get some water in a pitcher, and that is how you can remember her name." Among the admirable and impressive facts in the life of Benjamin Franklin it is recorded that "when he went to bed at night he used to take a book with him and deprive himself of rest." "At length, finding himself in America without a penny, he became a great writer ;" whether because or in spite of the geographical and financial situation is not stated. It is interesting to hear that "when Andrew Jackson found time he fed the adopted baby." It is to be hoped that in the intervals some one else "found time."

It hardly seems consistent with our notions of Washington's dignity that he should "mount a pine log on wheels and parade round with it," nor should we advocate such an excess of politeness as that shown by Mrs. Motte when "she chose to have her house burned down, since the enemy could not be disobliged" (dislodged). On the other hand, the Americans were surely rather exacting when "they ordered the British to lower their collars."

It is not clear as to whether it was accident, design, or the writer's arrangement that led one of the patriots "to store the powder in a house with his wife and his mother-in-law."

Recent events have justified the laconic answer of "Riots" to the inquiry "What is the practical result of strikes ?" And perhaps in the last few years the force of the following definition may have been felt : "A draft is an order that you send to a man, instead of money, but it has to pass through several hands before the right person gets it."

The last extract from these papers, containing so many fresh points of view, is one which shows the value to us all of some knowledge of grammar and rhetoric, since "grammatical form may be shown by speaking and spelling correctly," and "apostrophe is that figure of speech in which

absent things are addressed as though present, and the ignorant as though intelligent."

Renan's Birthplace. — Thanks to its being still ten or twelve miles from a railway, Tréguier is not in the least modernized or beset by curiosity-hunters. The drive, moreover, from Lannion gives an idea of the peaceful scenery amid which Renan was reared. It is an undulating country of pastures and orchards, with little wayside or moorland oratories dedicated to saints unknown outside Brittany, and with peasants' cottages, not nestling together as in most parts of France, but standing isolated in the fields. The sea is not visible even from a high table-land, and we must not imagine Renan familiar with the melancholy ocean. Tréguier is on a river, or creek, five miles from the open sea, and the boy's long rambles with his mother can seldom have brought him within hearing or sight of the waves breaking on the granite coast. Nor does Tréguier, at the first view, give the impression of an ecclesiastical atmosphere. It is sleepy and old-fashioned rather than religious. There are, indeed, three convents, besides the hospital, or poor-house, which is in charge of nuns; but these are not visible from the street, being concealed by high granite walls. Little, too, is to be seen externally of the college, or seminary, which Renan in his later days vainly sought permission to revisit. The cathedral, though the only religious edifice for the twenty-seven hundred inhabitants, is the smallest in Brittany, and its graceful spire, granite like the rest of the structure, was not erected till just before the Revolution. Then unbishoped by being annexed to St. Brieuc, Tréguier has not even a sub-prefect to represent civil authority. Not a single house in the town looks less than a century old, and the half dozen streets are almost lifeless. It is strange to find such a Sleepy Hollow lit up by electricity, but these incongruities are not infrequent in France. A natural oyster-bed is an element if not of prosperity, of well-being; for the small but delicate mollusk is in high repute, and cod and mackerel fisheries give employment to the people.

My driver, though so ardent an antiquary that he volunteered to walk through the town with me, pointing out with admiration all the picturesque houses, had evidently

never heard of Renan. Visitors must not expect, indeed, to find the great writer honored in his own country. In so Catholic a town no statue of him is likely to be tolerated in our time, even were strangers to subscribe for it; nor is the Grande Rue, a winding and usually narrow street of dingy granite houses, with very few shops, and those decidedly third-rate, likely to be renamed Rue Renan. Nor do his works or his photograph appear at any shop window. The landlady of the Lion d'Or directed me, however, to his house, a plain granite building one hundred and fifty years old, looking as if it might have seen better days. A baker's shop now occupies the frontage, while the back, the first floor, and the attics are let as tenements. The shop was where Renan's mother sold groceries and marine stores till the death of her husband, on whose coasting voyages she depended for supplies. On the first floor his sister Henriette must have afterwards carried on the school by which she bravely tried not only to maintain her mother and young brother, but to pay off the debts left by an enterprising but unbusinesslike father. On her departure for Paris in 1835, mother and son contented themselves with two or three rooms, letting all the rest. One of these is on the ground floor, and is shown to visitors as Renan's bedroom, now adorned, by the irony of events, with Catholic pictures. It looks out on a small yard and garden. The back attic, which was Renan's study, commands a view of the country. The garden, though stocked with vegetables and fruit trees, contains a few flowers, and the elderly woman who is now the tenant of it and of part of the house — she remembers Renan's mother well, describing her as a model woman, but apparently she knew little of the son until late in life, when, passing the summer at a neighboring village on the coast, he occasionally visited the spot — offers flowers to strangers, more numerous since his death, as mementos. What a tale that study could tell of mental conflicts while Renan was hesitating whether to risk breaking his mother's heart by renouncing the priesthood of a church in which he no longer believed! But for Henriette's counsels and purse, as is evident from their recently published correspondence, he might perhaps have silenced his scruples, and become at least a Catholic

professor, possibly a Catholic bishop, in lieu of three years' drudgery as usher in an insignificant boarding-school, and, as late as 1852, of earning fifty cents a night in cataloguing manuscripts at the Paris Library, after a literary mission to Italy for the Academy of Inscriptions. But Wisdom is justified of her children.

This intellectual evolution, by which, at twenty-six, Renan, in his then partially printed *L'Avenir de Science*, had reached all the conclusions developed in his later works, is not easily explained by heredity, albeit Henriette, twelve years his senior, had previously passed through a like crisis. The father, who was drowned, or drowned himself, when Ernest was only five years old, is described by him as melancholy, but this may apply only to his later days of adversity. Another authority depicts him as corpulent, courageous, taciturn, but hot-tempered and, like so many Breton sailors, addicted to the bottle. What is certain is that he had no aptitude for business, which defect, together with his obesity, he bequeathed to his son. His wife, a Lannion beauty, was lively and sanguine, very pious, but with so much of primitive heathenism blended with her religion as to allow a friendly witch to ascertain Ernest's chances of recovery from a dangerous illness by taking his shirt to a holy well and seeing whether it would float or sink. Both parents, so far as we can judge, were commonplace. So also was the elder son, Alain, who, beginning life as a bank clerk, then failing in business at St. Malo, became bookkeeper in a Paris business house, unable either to assist Henriette in maintaining mother and brother and paying off the father's forbearing creditors, or to advise Ernest in his mental conflicts. It is true that the paternal uncle, Pierre, was a sort of untutored genius, a belated troubadour or bard, averse to work, the life and soul of village taverns, with his fund of stories and jokes, or retold chapters of Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and the Diable Boiteux, books rescued by him from a priestly expurgation of his brother's scanty library. Who had collected these forbidden books does not appear; perhaps the paterfamilias in his voyages. It is not derogatory to Renan to suggest that he resembled this ne'er-do-well uncle, who died by the roadside, more than his parents, — which of course

implies inheritance of qualities from a common ancestor; for atavism is the only explanation of the difference between Henriette and Ernest and the rest of the family. Renan's own theory of the influence of his mother's Gascon ancestry would fail to account for uncle Pierre. Grandfather Renan, moreover, must have been an intelligent man, or he would not have migrated from a fishing village to Tréguier, nor have sent his son to Brest to learn English and navigation, which proved useful acquirements to him when captured by a privateer and imprisoned on English pontoons.

As for the *milieu*, on which Taine lays so much stress, other Breton towns, indeed the very nearest, Lannion, possess much more architectural charm, and other Breton districts have much wilder scenery. Regarding the legend of the submerged town of Is, its spires sometimes visible, its chimes sometimes audible, it was not peculiar to that region, for several localities compete for the site. Tréguier is perhaps exceptionally disinclined to enterprise or money-making, and this would help to account for Renan's indifference to wealth, his dislike to pushing his way, whether in soliciting a post or entering a car; but it does not explain his own or Henriette's mental evolution. Most of his schoolfellows must have become parish priests, devoid alike of his gifts and his doubts. We can no more explain why Tréguier produced Renan than why it produces oysters. It is in both cases an unconscious production, the very reverse of Oxford, which, as a waggish alderman of my acquaintance once told a parliamentary committee, has "two manufactures, parsons and sausages." Brittany has produced but one Renan, for Chateaubriand and Lamennais do not count; they sprang from that part of Brittany which is Norman in speech, and at least semi-Norman in race. But Britain — whether the island or the peninsula is uncertain — produced also Pelagius; and a curious analogy might be traced between the optimistic rationalism of the earlier and that of the later heretic.

However baffling, too, in other respects, a visit to Tréguier leaves a distinct conviction that Breton was Renan's mother tongue. Breton is still the predominant language, not only in the working class, but among the *bourgeois*, and seventy years ago French must have been as rare in the towns

as it is now in the villages, for which the English Bible Society has provided a Breton version of the Bible. My driver, a man of forty, did not know a syllable of French until he joined the army, and the present occupants of Renan's house habitually use Breton. Renan tells us, moreover, that his mother spoke Breton admirably, and her folk-lore would have lost half its charm in French, while uncle Pierre would assuredly have been unintelligible in that tongue in village inns. It is not a little surprising to find that one of the greatest of French stylists was thus of alien race and speech. It is as though Macaulay, the grandson of a Presbyterian minister in the Hebrides, had lisped in Gaelic.

The Master in Arts. — We have been wrestling with a big problem in our corner of the wide club-room, and since "the like events may be expected to happen hereafter in the order of human things," — as hath been said, through Jowett's lips, by grave Thucydides, — our struggle may interest other coteries no less.

The chief portico for our Museum of Arts and Sciences is to have six columns, and, ergo, five intercolumniations, which it is desired to surmount with five supreme names; perhaps, also, with the statues of their immortal bearers. (The general problem, whether lists of names are fittingly placed upon exterior walls at all, was regarded as settled affirmatively beforehand. Our own feeling is, that all external detail should be architectural in its effect, subsidiary to the main design and purpose; ornamental, indeed, but with a certain austere simplicity and unity in the complete impression made, even upon the casual visitor at his first approach. The place for exhaustive and scholarly catalogues is provided within the edifice.) So arose the old question, What and how many are the creative and beneficent arts which glorify human life, and who are their typical masters?

Since speech is, on the one hand, our decisive mark of superiority over the brute, and imagination, on the other, our link upward toward the Divine, it was generally agreed that Shakespeare the poet claimed the central space.

Architecture might well demand especial recognition above the other arts of design, here, above all, at the entrance she herself supplies. But, fortunately, Angelo was

sculptor, too, as well as the shaper who "groined the aisles of Christian Rome,"

while Phidias was not alone the creator of Olympian Zeus and Athenian Pallas, but master of construction in the Periclean city at the same time. So these two — again with no dissent — supply the stalwart corner figures, adequately representing the arts of design united, in their two supreme epochs; and the relative dignity of these two arts need not be argued. Our own belief is that, in her ideal aim, in her material, in her loftiest triumphs, Sculpture is at least the equal and twin sister of Architecture.

If the seated Zeus of Phidias in the Olympian shrine had chosen to stand erect, he would without effort have thrust his royal head and shoulders through the frail temple roof the architect had woven over him. The Athenian Acropolis may well have been regarded as the true pedestal of the imperial Athenè Promachos, whose glimmering helmet-crest was seen from Sunion, or as a graded approach to that holiest place in whose dim recess the chryselephantine marvel of Phidian art received her votaries, the Parthenon, or Maiden's Bower. The Memnon statue in Egypt and the Rhodian Colossus, Michelangelo's Moses and David, the Hermann monument and our own Liberty Enlightening the World, may remind us that there is no limit for the heroic dimensions of sculpture, if only the adequate pedestal, a sufficiently remote point of view, can also be assured.

As all architecture finds its first suggestion in the hut, in the mere necessity of shelter, so sculpture first arose, doubtless, from a desire to preserve the outlines of the perishable human frame. As that divinely fashioned and divinely inhabited frame is nobler than its purely material protection, so the colossal statue, if worthily conceived and placed, is at least as fitting, as independent, as imperishable, as the lordliest edifice. Indeed, the most lasting monuments of man, the pyramids, are perhaps in the borderland between the arts of architect and sculptor.

Finally, the positions on either side the master were assigned to the two more perishable arts, or those, at least, whose antique masterpieces have almost vanished from the world. That Beethoven is the Shakespeare of music was not questioned. The prevailing cry, however, which gave Raphael, and

painting, the final niche, overbore many and persistent doubts in one mind ; doubts, indeed, for whose allaying (or confirmation) the present appeal is chiefly taken.

A previous embassy had been sent to a certain oracle of high and deserved repute. In true oracular fashion, the response failed to meet our chief doubts ; but it was declared that poetry, the supreme art of expression, must be recognized in all its three unrivaled masters. The sides of the projecting (and projected) portico afforded one intercolumniation each, and therewith an opportunity to obey the mandate. So Dante will support his fellow-Florentines on the one side ; and on the other, Homer, adequately distinguished beside Phidias, happily marks also the transition to the classical wing proper, and indeed counts as one of the twelve greatest Hellenes, who are to be named, if not figured, upon the architrave of this Grecian section. The latter list is in itself a very pretty problem, but we may leave it to the Hellenists, while we return to Raphael and to the doubts hinted at already.

First, then, a bold paradox after the manner of the Platonic Socrates : Is painting one of the great creative arts at all ? In origin it was ancillary to architecture, and, as we now know, to sculpture no less. Even on the great Stoa at Athens, and in the Delphian Leschè, it merely furnished a masterly adornment for structures which architecture had left essentially completed. So Rubens's Descent from the Cross was but a splendid ornament added to the cathedral of Antwerp. No cathedral was ever built around a picture merely or chiefly to enshrine it ; no Rospigliosi palace ever crystallized its blocks of stone about a painted Aurora.

Moreover, alone of artists, the painter sets before himself, as his chief aim, deception ! With ignoble materials, mere pigments and stains, upon a petty rectangular cloth, or at best upon a stretch of crumbling plaster, he, like the Indian magician, bids us see what our own prosaic senses will never suffer us to believe actually present. Again, the Theseum if not the Parthenon, the Hermes though not the chryselephantine triumphs of Phidian art, have crossed the centuries essentially intact, as imperishable as Homeric epic,

"And shall endure, long-lasting as the world."

If they are lonely on the earth, it is the hand of man, not time, that has overthrown their kindred. The colors of Polygnotos, on the other hand, are more utterly vanished than the notes of Terpander's lyre ! Is this art, petty in its materials, aiming to deceive, unable to preserve its own memorials, one which can give its votary the immortality denied to his work ?

Even if painting deserves the equal rank which, by the general voice, is undoubtedly accorded to it, yet its peculiar province and potency lie in coloring. Therefore, its true home is not Florence nor Rome, but Venice ; and Titian, master of color, is, *ipso facto*, foremost and typical among painters. We hold no brief, however, even for him.

The question we wish rather to raise, perhaps a hydra-headed cluster of questions, is this : Does not artistic prose in general, or history, or oratory, or ethics, deserve one of these five seats ? In particular, is not Plato, or Socrates, or the Platonic Socrates, as the creator of a lofty ethic, both scientific and ideal, more conspicuous (even in absence) than any colorist can be ? If the dominant ethical belief of the modern civilized world denies Plato's orthodoxy, the Hebrew Paul would offer one further advantage ; for no single race would then be laid under contribution for two among our five monarchs. The name of Paul's master could probably not be inscribed, even in the central position, in any list, without raising the question over which a disunited Christendom has merely ceased to fight and persecute to the death, — the question on which no agreement or compromise is possible, whether that be the name of a man at all.

But on all the lesser problems here raised this is but an echo of Ajax's cry, a prayer for light. Bacon and Hawthorne, doubtless a host beside, ordered well and impressively the great classes of benefactors to men ; but our problem is set afresh by the peculiar environment and occasion.

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You must all remember the advice to novelists to consider the uses of a "spiritual Don Juan," and the sketch, for their guidance, of his relations with the lady who loved him despite his piteous efforts to turn her love to hate.

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